McCLURE'S

CLEVELAND OHIO
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JUNE
1919

NOTICE TO READER.—When you finish reading a magazine bearing this notice, place a 1-cent stamp on this notice, mail the magazine, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers, sailors or marines. No wrapping. No address.

A. S. BURLESON,
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20
FEATURES
FOR
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Painted by
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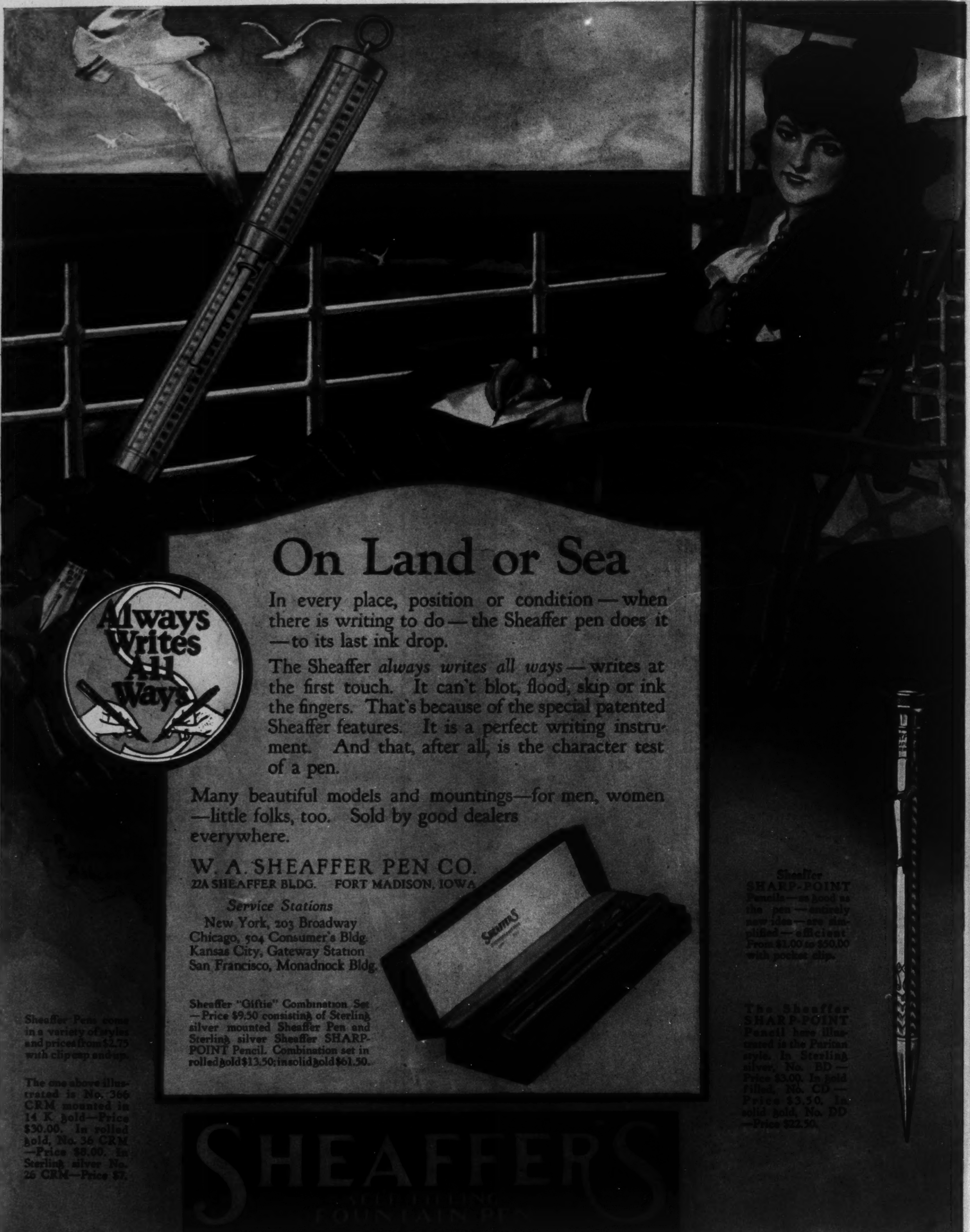
The Inside Story of

WHY GERMANY QUIT

A New Serial—Conversations With Roosevelt

THE McCLURE PUBLICATIONS, NEW YORK



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The Sheaffer *always writes all ways* — writes at the first touch. It can't blot, flood, skip or ink the fingers. That's because of the special patented Sheaffer features. It is a perfect writing instrument. And that, after all, is the character test of a pen.

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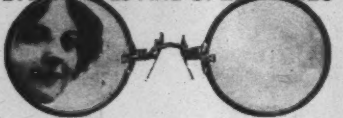

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McCLURE'S

Volume 51 Number 6

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"Holler 'nuff!"

They hadn't a thing in the world against each other—unless it was that Tom Sawyer thought the other boy altogether too well dressed. They had never even seen each other until a few minutes before—and here they were tied in a knot.

Do you remember the time when the mere sight of another boy made you mad—and what mighty good friends you might be with that boy a few minutes later?

It is the undying spirit of youth—of boyhood—the precious, subtle something that has passed away with the years and that comes back to you with a laugh—a choke in the throat—every time you open a page of

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THE INVALID AGED DEPENDENTS THE SCHOOL CHILD THE FEEBLE-MINDED THE ORPHAN

Due to the lack of proper fire safeguards, the chances of a disastrous fire are greater in hospitals, schools, asylums, etc., than in most buildings.
In the last six years 219 hospital fires swept away $4,360,000 worth of property. Every school day a fine school building is destroyed.

To save the helpless from fire

WE send hundreds of little children into schools, confine thousands of aged and mentally unfit in asylums, and house hundreds of thousands of sick in hospitals with little thought as to their safety from fire. Men and women have been thoughtless while harrowing catastrophes in public buildings have gone on, year after year.

"But our hospitals have fire-escapes," one man will say, "and all the doors open outward."

"And I, myself, see that absolutely all the rubbish is kept cleared out of the basement in the high school," a woman will exclaim proudly.

"And in our schools we have fire drills," a third will say in tones of patient explanation.

Of course they will say these things, say them because they do not think. *They and you* should not assume that all that is humanly possible has been done to guard against a catastrophe until you have taken the trouble to find out what constitutes adequate up-to-date fire equipment.

Today we are finding out that everything has not been done, not even the first and simplest thing.

Men have protected some five billion dollars of their business property from fire by the use of automatic sprinklers.

State Industrial Commissions are guarding the lives of factory employees by requiring this same unfailing protection in business property.

The United States Government insisted on war industries being so protected because it knew that no combination of safety measures was at once so economical and so certain as the drenching of a fire at its start by an automatic sprinkler.

Stirred as they now are with the value and sacredness of human life, men and women of this country are saying and will say insistently:

"Let our little ones, the helpless and the sick, enjoy the benefits of this greatest fire safeguard. Yes, all of them, the orphans, the insane, the old and infirm, the prisoners, over whom we have constituted ourselves guardians, must have it to protect their lives."

Read—"*Fire Tragedies and Their Remedy*"

RECORDS show that schools, hospitals and asylums, due to their lack of proper fire safeguards, are more dangerous than thousands of flour mills, textile plants and other dangerous industrial enterprises.

Hundreds of citizens want to learn the truth about such fire-trap buildings. Any individual, trustee or official will find in "Fire Tragedies and Their Remedy" the unvarnished truth and a path of imperative social service. Write for it today. Address General Fire Extinguisher Company, 285 West Exchange Street, Providence, R. I.

GRINNELL

AUTOMATIC SPRINKLER SYSTEM

When the fire starts the water starts

Put Your "*Creator*"

IN LESS THAN ONE MINUTE, you can easily and quickly demonstrate to yourself that you are only half as dynamic, vital, well, strong, energetic, and vigorous, and that you are but half as authoritative, forceful, dominant, self-reliant, daring, and courageous, and that you are merely half as progressive, masterful, aroused, powerful, and creative as you may easily become through putting your "*creator*" to work for you—to create for you.

Only the "Supreme" Know the Pleasures of Supremacy

Everywhere intelligent and smart men and women, in every walk of life, are secretly and privately advancing themselves in life, happiness, joy, power, health, and personality, through consciously employing the principles of evolution, by compelling their "creators" to work for them, strive for them, plan for them, evolutionize for them, and create for them, and to give them better and more vital and energetic bodies, and more intense and conscious personalities.

Only the "Masterful" Know the Joys and Pleasures of Life

Whether you are a doctor, farmer, lawyer, laborer, banker or soldier, business man or sailor, philosopher or scientist, greater success is waiting for you, through compelling your internal "creator" to build, construct and create for you.

Only the "Vital" Know the Pleasures and Joys of Real Success

Mentally and physically, you are the result of blind evolution. You can amazingly advance yourself beyond your blind evolution through compelling your internal "creator" to create for you a better mind and personality, better brain, a better nervous system, a better digestive system, a better heart, better arteries, better lungs, better liver, better blood, better protoplasm, better every cell, tissue, gland, organ, and every part of your body, as well as a higher and more wide-awake and more able mind.

Daily Results

"Problems that formerly worried me are now as easy as to seem almost unreal, since I gained power of personality through Conscious Evolution."

"I would not take fifty thousand dollars for the power which in six weeks Conscious Evolution has given me."

"I owe my rise from the position of a country insurance agent to virtual head of one of the largest insurance companies of the world entirely to the power of personality Conscious Evolution has given me."

"My weak will and personality for years made it possible for my business partners to rob me of my proper share of the profits. Conscious Evolution gave me courage, self-reliance and power of personality, and I made my partners pay me $160,000.00 out of which they had bulldozed me during my feeble and powerless days."

"I became aware of the beneficial power of Conscious Evolution at the end of the first ten seconds."

"What more can I say except to express my appreciation of your method and sincere thanks for your interest and cooperation. What more can one want for so little? What more does one get in this world?"

"Conscious Evolution has taken away that tired, lazy feeling and replaced it with a feeling of energy—a feeling to do something and to take an interest in doing it. Truly, Conscious Evolution is a wonderful discovery. My experience with it enables me to say that it is all that is claimed for it, and more."

"Conscious Evolution made me feel twenty-five years younger. I can run up and down stairs, and walk six or seven miles at any time. I rest and digest as I did in my youth. I have no worry, and I feel happy. My arms and legs are getting strong, and I thank your System for it all. I have got along so well, I constantly think of going into the shipyard, to see what I can do. I want to stir around at something even though I am eighty-three years of age. Conscious Evolution is bringing me back to life. Conscious Evolution is bringing me back to youth. And I thank you, Mr. Swoboda."

"I am happy to say that I received your instructions and that in spite of traveling a good deal my health, is remarkable at ninety years of age."

Only the "Mighty" Know the Pleasures of the Mighty

Your "creator" is ready to furnish you with higher power of mind and body, if you only make the demand in the way your internal "creator" understands and recognizes. Conscious Evolution uses the means and avenue through which the internal "creator" is reached positively, successfully, easily, and conveniently, and without loss of time, compelling the internal "creator" to create for you just what you really desire, and really need, and really want. Your "creator" gives you the mind, the ideas, and the power to obtain what you want, if you activate your "creator" through the proper medium.

Only the "Evolutionarily Perfect" Know the Joys of the Conqueror

Why deny yourself the super-joys, the super-pleasures and the super-happiness? Why deny yourself the best there is in existence? Why deny yourself these advantages when they are so easily available, and when it is absolutely certain that you can attain them? Why, in other words, live the inferior life in preference to the superior—the genuinely successful life? Why cheat yourself of the advantages of life? Why deny yourself this super-energy, this super-power and this super-activity of personality and mind, which is made easily and absolutely possible through progressive evolution—self-evolution—scientific evolution—personal evolution.

Conscious Evolution

Conscious Evolution must not be confused with Darwinian evolution or Physical Culture, nor should Conscious Evolution be confused with Hindoo philosophies, auto-suggestion, self-hypnosis, gymnastics, or mere physiology, anatomy, histology, theosophy, morphology, medicine, pathology, exercise, New Thought, Christian Science, calisthenics, embryology or psychology.

Conscious Evolution is not an occult science, nor a metaphysical science, nor a divine science, nor a spiritual science, nor a material science, nor is Conscious Evolution a symbolic science, nor a hoping, wishing, longing and dreaming philosophy.

Conscious Evolution must not be confused with any of the conceptually symbolic systems of the secondary and tertiary type, and Conscious Evolution cannot be comprehended in any of the present-day concepts in science and philosophy, including the science of biology.

Conscious Evolution must not be confused with any present day philosophies or sciences of a material or mental character.

Conscious Evolution cannot be understood by physicians, psychologists, physical culturists, philosophers, chemists, cosmologists or biologists of the present day.

Conscious Evolution is a new and original science, an exact science, a demonstrable science—a science of the evolution of and through Conscious Energy—a science of the Ultimate.

Conscious Evolution is the beginning of a new evolutionary era for the human race.

Swoboda
26 Years Ago

From a sickly youth Swoboda made of himself a magnificent physical specimen of the human race. This was just the beginning—his greater evolution was yet to come.

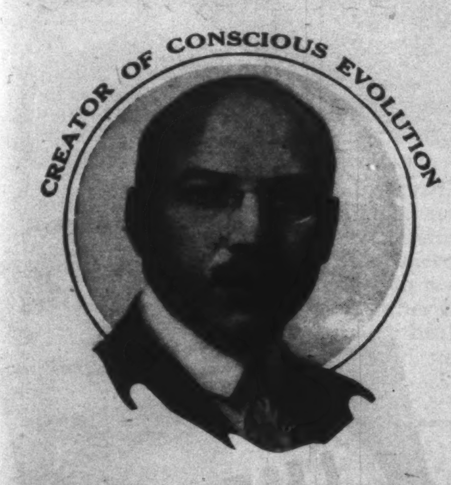
To Work For You

How To Gain What You Want

The way for you to get what you want is by increasing your power of mind and body evolutionarily, so as to compel conditions to yield to your superior and irresistible energies. Conscious Evolution is the easy and sure means of making yourself supreme.

Why be Satisfied with Inferior Life?

Why be satisfied or content with inferior vitality, inferior health, inferior energy, inferior digestion, inferior heart power, inferior lung power, inferior nervous system, inferior brain power, inferior memorizing power, inferior reasoning power, inferior sensing power, inferior scheming power, inferior business power, inferior conscious power, and inferior personal power? Why not attain the vital power of supremacy?



Swoboda To-Day

A Remarkable Personality

Swoboda, himself, is perhaps the most perfect example of what Conscious Evolution can accomplish. As Swoboda gains in years, he grows younger in enthusiasm, younger in vitality, younger in health; he is becoming stronger, more energetic, more confident, more dominant and more alive by capitalizing his creative powers through Conscious Evolution. What Swoboda is accomplishing for himself, you too can accomplish—every individual can accomplish, for every individual is governed by the same laws and principles, and every individual has it within himself to make use of these laws and principles. Swoboda's mind and body are so alert and so active that in his presence one feels completely overpowered. His personality dominates everything with which it comes in contact; yet Swoboda is real!—there is absolutely nothing mysterious about him. He knows not what fatigue is—he is a tireless worker. He delights in making sick people well and weak people strong. He loves his work because he feels he is of benefit to humanity—making a better, more vital, more potent race of men and women—Swoboda is not only a mental superman, but a high powered physical dynamo, an unheard of combination.

More Daily Results

"I am certain I am gaining in every way, for I feel as full of 'fight' and energy as a wild cat."

"A year ago I was down and out financially and physically. I was a wreck. Conscious Evolution gave me power of mind and health. I am to-day better than ever and I am more prosperous than ever. Naturally I am a believer in the Swoboda idea."

"Your system makes me feel like a different person. Every one whom I have ever met who has tried it out, has the same thing to say about it. Was talking to a man to-day whose wife is a Swoboda enthusiast."

"Your system is direct, simple, scientific, effective and makes one feel so invigorated. As an athlete and a physician, I endorse Conscious Evolution unreservedly. It is, and more, what is claimed for it."

"Conscious Evolution has given me surprising results. I expected good results but I am surprised."

"Conscious Evolution sent a message of energy, health and power through me in twenty seconds, which has been increased from day to day."

"I feel very much better. You did me more good in three weeks than four doctors did in sixteen months."

"Your course has been of great benefit to me. I am able to do a great deal more work with less fatigue. My pleasures are also increased; all work seems a pleasure now."

"When your first letter of instructions reached me I was tired and blue. I read it and saw the 'light.' My blues disappeared. I used my energies for about ten seconds, and my tiredness left me. Conscious Evolution is increasing my every power of mind and body as I wish and as you promise."

"I indeed realize what physiological gladness means. My sensation of physical enjoyment is wonderful. It seems too good to be true. It is something as I felt when I took my first trip to the Bermudas, where nature has combined the blending of dainty coloring so exquisite that nothing short of fairy land can describe it. This is how Conscious Evolution causes me to feel."

"I can honestly say that the benefits I have received from Conscious Evolution cannot be measured by any payment of money, and I can say unhesitatingly that your system far exceeded my fondest hopes."

"I could see the tremendous reality and possibilities of Conscious Evolution in less than half a minute's direction of my energies into creative channels."

"Conscious Evolution has changed me from an invalid into a tireless human machine."

"I would not consider trading the benefits I have received from Conscious Evolution for gold."

"As a student of physiology and histology, I at once recognized the feasibility of Conscious Evolution."

"Ten seconds from the time I started Conscious Evolution, I felt myself more alive and energetic."

"I have used Conscious Evolution for a few weeks, and I find myself marvelously improved in both body and mind. Conscious Evolution is wonderful, and the world will be brighter when men and women everywhere grasp it."

"My doctor has been quite interested in my results. To-day I went to his office for a personal examination. It is my practice to have my physician examine me once a year. The doctor said he would not have thought me susceptible of so much development and improvement and reiterated, 'It is wonderful. Does not seem possible, etc.' He was highly impressed and you could not expect him to be more favorably so."

These Rare and Amazing Books Are For You

SWOBODA has published for distribution two remarkable books which explain his system of Conscious Evolution and what it has already done. Write for these books—not because Conscious Evolution has meant so much to 262,000 other men and women, not because there is scarcely a prominent family in the country that hasn't at least one member a pupil of Swoboda, but because they contain valuable ideas for you. Conscious Evolution is being personally used by many of the most prominent physicians, and such men as Woodrow Wilson, Charles E. Hughes, the Rockefellers, the Vanderbilts, the Goulds, the Huntingtons, the Cudahys, the Armours, the Swifts, and McAdoo for advancing themselves in energy, health, vitality and power of personality.

Write for these books because they mean so much to YOU in multiplied living power, earning power and personal power. They are filled from cover to cover with the vital facts about yourself and how you can acquire the degree of power in body and mind that you so consciously or unconsciously desire. They explain the dangers of excessive deep breathing, excessive exercise, and excessive muscular development, also the fallacy of conscious control of physiological processes.

CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION and THE SCIENCE OF LIFE show how to double or even treble your power of mind and body; not by tedious, prolonged study, but by a process of energization which raises the very level of your life and mental power.

The Science of Life and Perpetual Youth
CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION

CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION and THE SCIENCE OF LIFE supply the key to dominant personal power, dominant business power, dominant success power, dominant mental power, and dominant will power. They show how to change your aimless and fruitless life and attitudes into ambition, inspiration, enthusiasm, and the higher success.

Conscious Evolution is as Effective for Women as for Men

These books show how to amazingly increase your power of will and personality, as well as your power of body for every action, for every purpose and process.

Conscious Evolution is a new science, and no one can afford not to know at least the simple facts about it. These facts show how Conscious Evolution overcomes weak will, poor health, feebleness of mind and body.

They show how to overcome the inferior, pleasureless, feeble and unsatisfactory life, by giving the means to the successful, superior and abundant life.

Conscious Evolution also shows how to arrest the aging of the body, and how to remain young, energetic, vigorous and active all the days of life.

These books are absolutely free and there is no obligation now or after. These books are yours to keep, that you may attain a higher understanding of yourself and of evolution and the means to a higher existence.

Even if you gain but one idea or the realization of [illegible] principle of life through CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION and THE SCIENCE OF LIFE, these books will be of eternal advantage to you.

Just write your name and address on the coupon of this page, tear it out and mail it to Swoboda, or draw a ring around your name on your letterhead, or merely send a postal, giving your name and address. Do it today! This is your opportunity! Now is your turn! This is your day! This is your hour! Write NOW.

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THE great illuminated Metropolitan Tower clock cost $100,000 and it's worth it. It tells time night and day to thousands of New Yorkers—but its utility is limited to its immediate vicinity.

The Ingersoll Radiolite costs as little as $2.75, and because its dial is coated with a substance containing real radium, it glows your night time wherever you are. It's the watch that gave our soldiers in France better service than any other watch on the front—it's giving the same faithful service to thousands throughout the world ***now.***

Imagine the convenience of this watch at night to the business man, the housekeeper, the sportsman, nurses, doctors—***everyone*** whose work or play takes him into the dark.

The Radiolite is a sturdy watch encased in nickel. The Radiolite 2-in-1 is the same watch in an attractive stand. For outdoor men and women, the Midget Wrist Radiolite is the ideal timepiece; small and strongly built, it comes with pigskin strap. The Waterbury Radiolite is a handsome and durable jeweled watch. Encased in nickel and made in popular size. Look for the store with an Ingersoll display and remember—

"There's no Radiolite but the Ingersoll Radiolite."

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NOTE:—The U. S. Revenue Law, effective April 1 1919, places a 5 per cent tax on all watches

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Tells Time
in the Dark

McCLURE'S School Directory

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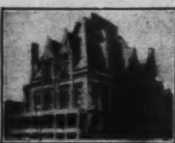

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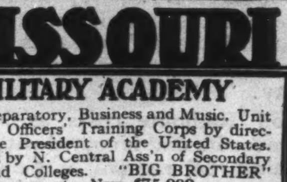

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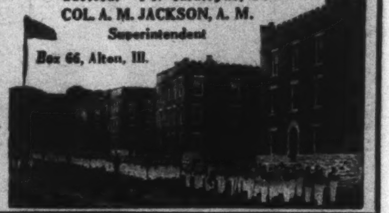

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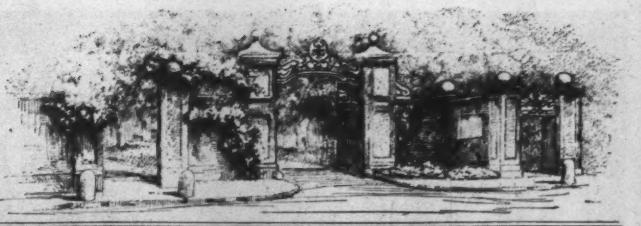
McCLURE'S School Directory



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525 Boys from 47 States last session. Largest Private Academy in the East. Boys from 10 to 20 years old prepared for the Universities, Government Academies or Business.

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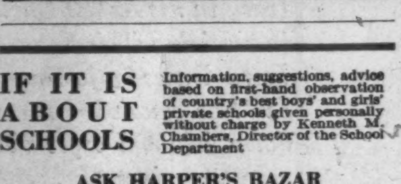

IF IT IS ABOUT SCHOOLS

Information, suggestions, advice based on first-hand observation of country's best boys' and girls' private schools given personally without charge by Kenneth M. Chambers, Director of the School Department

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119 West 40th St., New York

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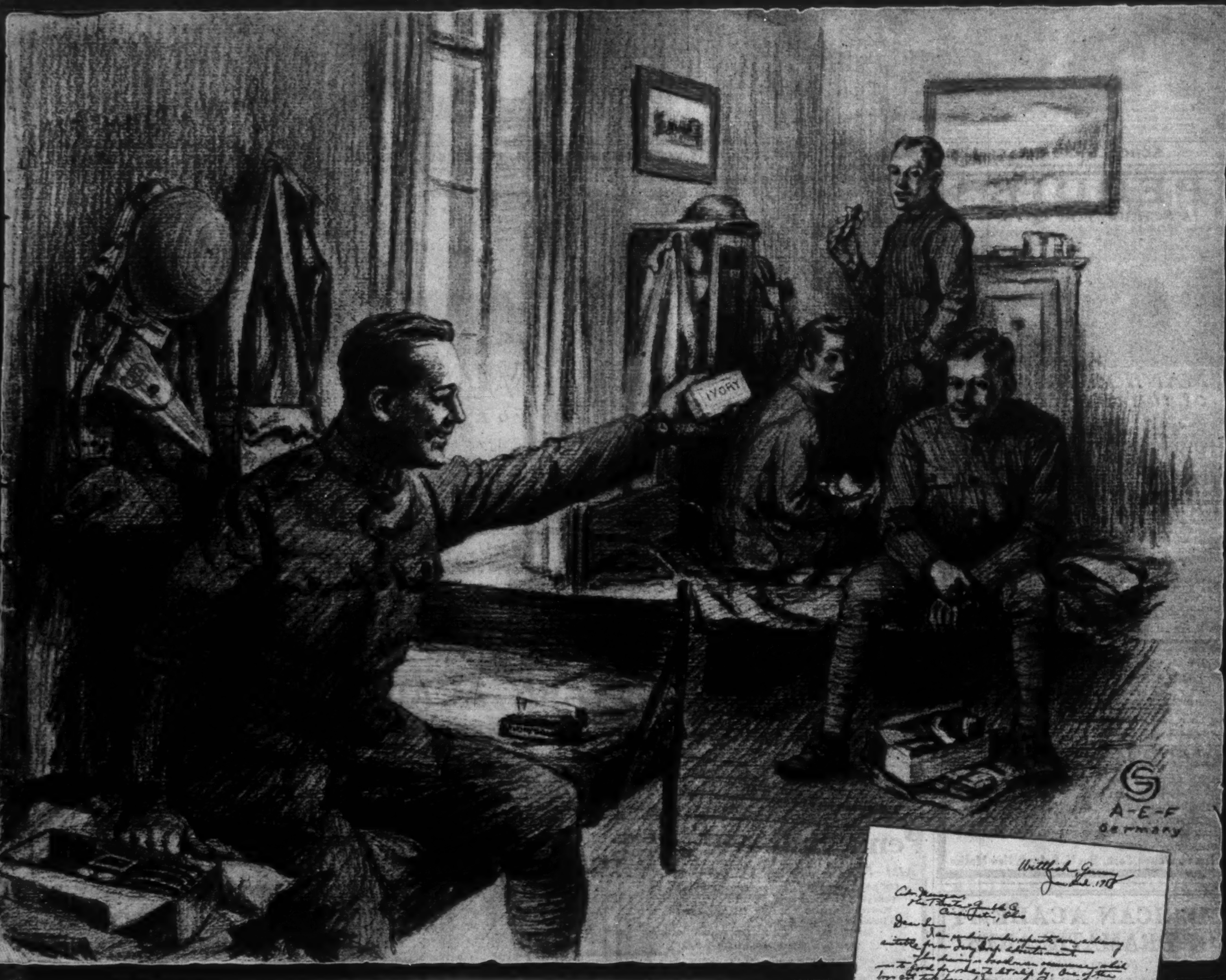
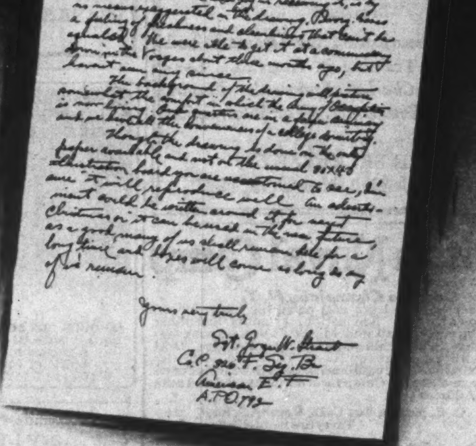




A picture and a letter from one of the doughboys in the Army of Occupation

Wittlich, Germany, Jan. 2nd, 1919.

Adv. Manager The Procter & Gamble Co.,
Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear Sir:

I am sending under separate cover a drawing suitable for an Ivory Soap advertisement.

This drawing is based on an occurrence which was too good for me to let slip by. One of the boys got two bars of Ivory in his 3x4x9 Christmas box and his attitude and joy in receiving it, is by no means exaggerated in the drawing. Ivory leaves a feeling of freshness and cleanliness that can't be equaled. We were able to get it at a commissary down in the Vosges about three months ago, but haven't seen any since.

The background of the drawing will picture somewhat the comfort in which the Army of Occupation is now living. Our quarters are in a former seminary and we have all the conveniences of a college dormitory.

Though the drawing is done on the only paper available and not on the usual 30 x 40 illustration board you are accustomed to see, I'm sure it will reproduce well. An advertisement could be written around it for next Christmas or it can be used in the near future, as a good many of us shall remain here for a long time and boxes will come as long as any of us remain.

Yours very truly,

Sgt. George W. Straub,

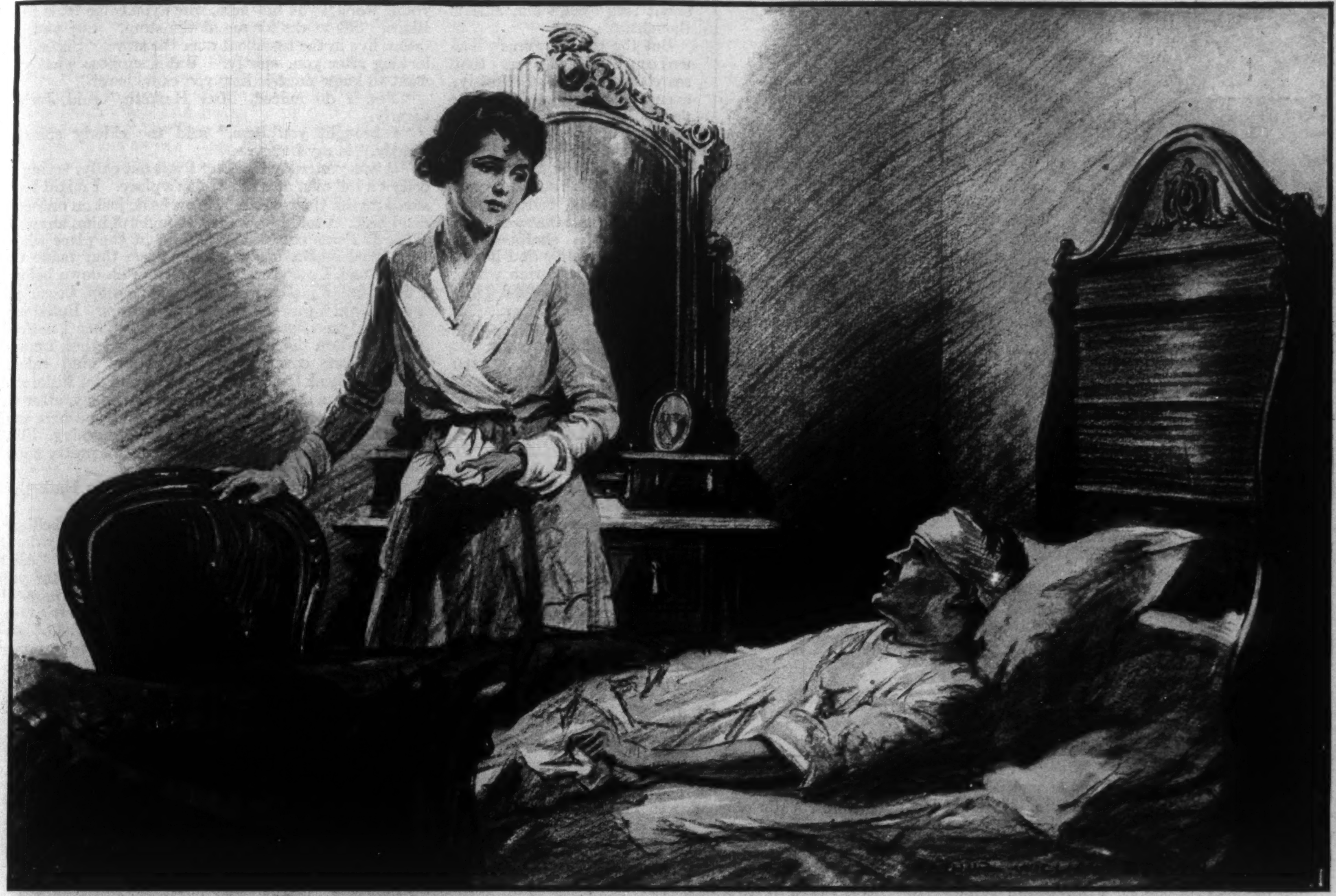
Co. C, 326 F. Sig. Ba., American E. F., A. P. O. 792.

Volume 51
Number 6

McCLURE'S

JUNE
1919

FREDERICK L. COLLINS, *Publisher*   CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, *Managing Editor*



"Where — where am I?" asked Jurian. "You've been crying. What's the matter?" "It's nothing," was her whispered reply. "You squeezed my fingers so tightly it hurt me, that's all"

Something for Nothing

The Start-off of Our New Serial, Fat with Cheer

by Freeman Tilden

Illustrations by Arthur William Brown

Mr. Tilden

HE seemed to be hanging by his fingers to the rim of the world. His body was swaying helplessly in the fearful, swirling space. He couldn't pull himself up. His fingers were growing numb. He must pull himself up. He must. He couldn't — he mustn't let go. He put all his remaining strength into a mighty effort. It was no use. He felt his fingers slipping, slipping, from the rim. Only the tips of them held. Only the tips — only half the tips. . . .

He was falling. . . . An uprush of air; not unpleasant at all. . . . Falling swiftly, swiftly, down . . . down . . . down. . . .

Jurian opened his eyes. Two earnest brown eyes were looking straight into his. The long, delicate eyelashes of those brown eyes were wet. There were tears on the young woman's cheeks.

"Where — where am I?" asked Jurian. Then, "You've been crying. What's the matter?"

"It's nothing," was the whispered reply. "You squeezed my fingers so tightly it hurt me, that's all. Do you feel better? Oh, I'm so glad! I must go over to the store and tell Miss Hesketh. No, first you must take this."

Jurian watched the lithe figure glide over into the light of the window. There was a tinkle of glass. Then a drink was held to his mouth. The stuff had an acrid taste, and he shivered. But it was cold; that was something.

He thought he had never heard a voice so musical and soothing as the one that was now saying, "You won't stir till I come back, will you? You promise? Thank you."

All was still.

Jurian turned his head ever so slightly toward the window. From a matted vine of some sort little living tapes of sunshine were born and danced and shimmered on the wall beyond. Then a bird began to sing, outside. Half-way through that fluty song, coming from a full heart, trembling with the ecstasy of June, Jurian closed his eyes.

"I'm dead," he murmured. "Birds never sang like that in the world I used to live in. That must have been an angel. But she said I squeezed her hands and hurt her. Do angels cry? And where the deuce am I?"

He looked around the room, as best he could, without sitting up. It was clean and white and cool looking. There was a little table with bottles and glasses on it, beside the window; and beside the table a rocking-chair. On the wall straight in front of his eyes was a picture — a steel engraving of a waterfall. On the floor was a straw-matting, much worn, but spotless and summery.

"I'm alive, wherever I am," said Jurian, aloud, "because the straw-mattings in heaven wouldn't show any wear; and in the other place, they couldn't stand the temperature. But where am I?"

Then, very slowly, imperfectly, hazily, memory meandered back to the young man on the bed.

It had something to do with an automobile. An automobile. Oh, yes, it was *his* — his roadster. He

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was on a trip somewhere — where was it? Oh, yes, now he recalled — it wasn't anywhere. He didn't have any objective in mind. He had just wanted to get away from New York, and his friends, and the pavements, and go out, out somewhere. He remembered being very indefinite about it at the club. He had said, "Hold my mail till you get a forwarding address from me."

And then he had stopped for gas. No; that was later. He stopped over night in Albany. Yes, and another night at — where was it? No matter. Then he stopped for gas at a garage, in some little town. A town with a queer, long, Indian name. Well, never mind. There were two men — two men.

"I'm getting near it," murmured Jurian. "Two men — two men."

Ah, he had it! The two men had hailed him just as he was leaving the garage. Each had a hand-bag. They had looked like working-men of some kind. They wanted him to give them a lift to the next village. He remembered taking them aboard. One sat on the seat beside him; the other rode on the running board on the opposite side. And then —

Something had happened. A great arc-light, or something had fallen from somewhere, and struck him on the head. As he recalled the impact and the dazzling light, Jurian put his hand up to his head, and his fingers touched something which was not his hair. It was soft, and gauzy.

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Jurian. "A bandage! I've been unconscious! I've been ill! That was a nurse — that young woman! Those fellows struck me with something. One of them put his hand on the wheel just as I saw that light — I remember now. Whew! I must be in a hospital."

The door opened, and Jurian looked toward it expectantly. Instead of his erstwhile angel, there entered a tall, angular female, and a short, fat man with eyeglasses and a black beard and mustache.

The tall woman came over to the bed and looked down at the patient with tightly set lips and scrutinizing eyes. She was not beautiful. The skin of her face was sallow of color, and taut-stretched. Her features, while not masculine, were stronger, more rugged than one expects to see in a woman. Her nose was big, discerning and slightly hooked. She made no deceitful attempts to disguise the curveless lines of her figure; on the contrary, she wore an artless, tight-fitting gown. Her hair was coiled behind, in an old-fashioned "pug"; it had been tawny, but now was plentifully mixed with gray. She was about sixty years old, Jurian thought.

Hazel Kernon

But the elderly woman had unforgetable eyes, that searched Jurian's mercilessly, even while, now and then, a flash of maternal tenderness flickered in them. It was as though she strove not to be kind; but as though years and years of this striving had failed, and she resented the failure. Perhaps that was what gave her the sharpness of voice — an acidity and harshness that made Jurian wince, and sent his thoughts flying back to the mellow voice of her whose fragrant, healing presence still lingered in the room. The elderly woman said, crisply:

"Well, young man, ye've got back to the land of living, have ye? — Look him over, Doc!"

Evidently, the bearded, round little doctor stood in awe of the woman. He had remained respectfully in the background while she effected her survey, and now he waddled briskly forward.

After taking Jurian's pulse and temperature, the doctor asked, without especial concern, "How do you feel?"

"Kind of dizzy and weak," replied Jurian.

"I should think you would," went on the doctor, with a little cluck of the lips. "It's a wonder to me that you didn't get pneumonia, in addition to that broken head, lying all night in a ditch."

"Lying all night in a ditch?" said Jurian, faintly. "Did I?"

"Should say you did!" The doctor clucked again, and added, with professional cheerfulness, "You're the pneumonia type, too. Big, athletic fellows like you usually go out quick."

"But I don't understand. How did I come to be lying in a ditch — ?" began Jurian.

The doctor pulled up the tails of his coat, preparatory to sitting down to explain, but the tall woman forestalled him. With as little ado as though she were shooing children from her front yard, she snapped out:

"If there's nothing else you've got to do, Doctor Flint, you needn't bother to wait. Anything else we ought to give him?"

"No; keep him quiet and keep on with those draughts," replied the doctor, a little sulkily. "But he should be very quiet. If he doesn't sleep well to-night, I'll come over."

"Very well," replied the woman.

She stood for several seconds looking at the patient, and then she asked quickly, "What's your name, young man?"

"My name is Frederick Jurian."

"Where do you live?"

The outright, rasping catechism almost made Jurian laugh. But he only smiled a little and replied, "In New York City."

"I thought as much," was the comment, in a tone that indicated no great approval of the young fellow's place of residence.

"My name is Hesketh," went on the woman. "Lucy Hesketh. This is my house you're in. I own one of the general stores here in Foxlake —"

"Foxlake?" interrupted Jurian. "Is that where I am? I never heard of it."

"You're in Foxlake," was the cool reply. "That young woman you saw here, when you came to, is Miss Blair. She works for me at the store. She and her father live in the tenement over the store. She's been looking after you, mostly. But I suppose what you want to know most is how you came here?"

"Yes, I do indeed, Miss Hesketh," said Jurian, eagerly.

"I brought you here," said the elderly spinster shortly, "in my buggy.

"It was yesterday morning I was out early, trying to collect a bill over at Theo Welch's place. I might have saved myself the trouble. He's a beat, just an ordinary dead beat. I told him what I thought of him, anyway. Well, as I was coming back, right at the place where they filled in Bradshaw's Flats when they made the State Road, I saw you lying in the ditch down below. I don't know just how I happened to stop, because I thought you were one of the town boozers. But something told me to get out of the buggy. Then I noticed some blood on the side of the bank; and then I could see your face covered with blood and mud caked. So I drove back to the nearest house and got Fiske and his hired man, and they put you in the buggy, after we found you were breathing, and brought you here and called Doc Flint. That was yesterday morning. Flint said this morning if you didn't wake up pretty soon, you probably never would."

"I don't know how to thank you, Miss Hesketh," began Jurian, shakily.

She precluded any attempt at thanks almost belligerently. "I hope common decency and humanity don't require any thanks, young man," she said. "All I hope is that you profit by this experience, after you leave here. I'm not going to pry into your affairs. I don't want to know what you've done. And it's none of anybody else's business. This place is as full of gossips as a nut is full of meat. Already their tongues are clacking and their heads are wagging, and they're talk-

Dorothy Blair

ing about everything but their own business. Let 'em talk! You're free to remain here till you're able to go back where you came from. I've got to hurry back to the store now. Dorothy Blair will be over very soon. Is there anything you would relish?" Miss Hesketh added, with that quavering tenderness coming to the surface. "Oranges, or something like that? I don't think orange juice would hurt you."

"I would like an orange, thanks," replied Jurian, licking his dry, chapped lips at the idea.

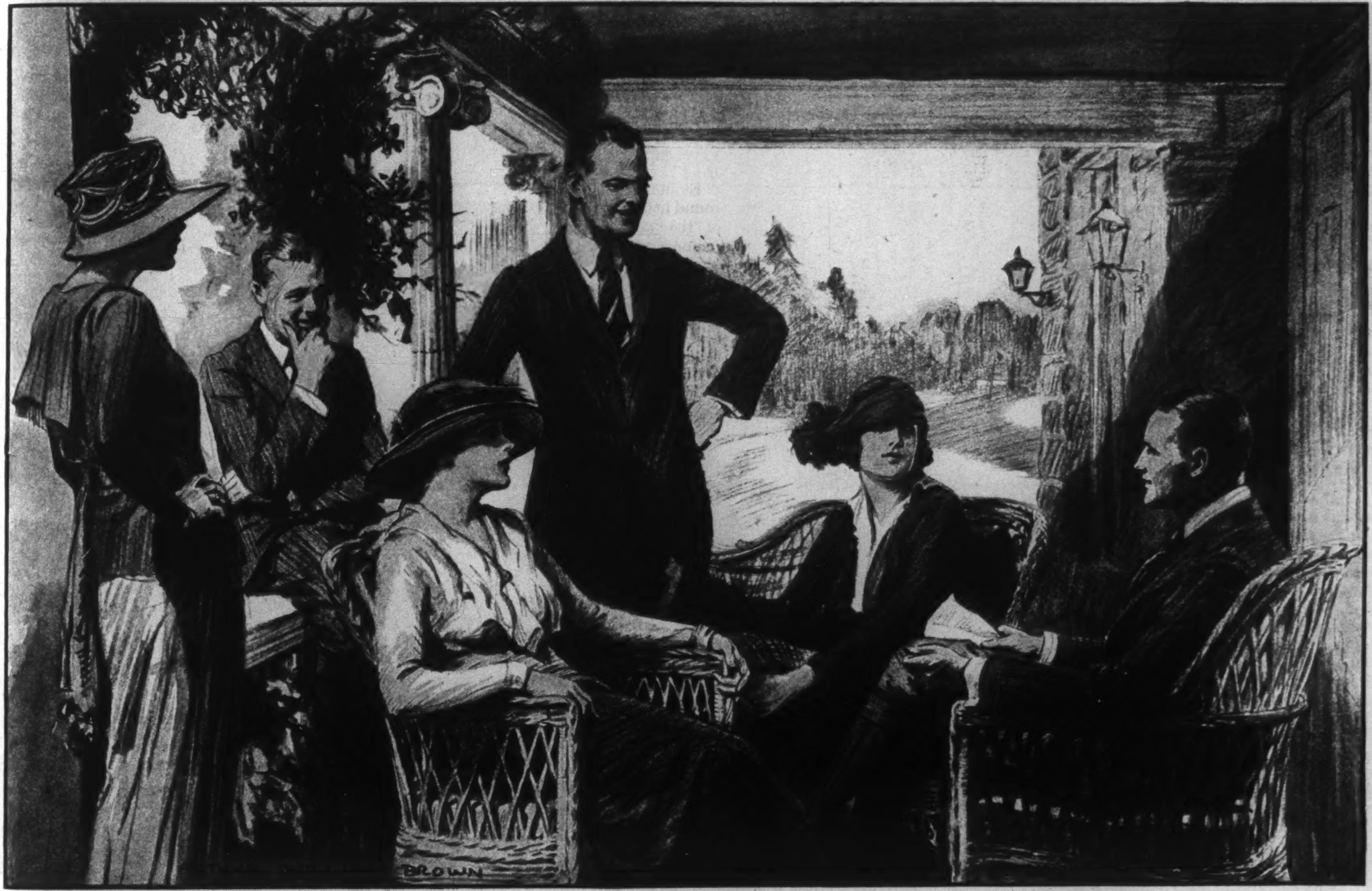
"I'll send some over by Dorothy."

Miss Hesketh went out. But in a minute she was back, carrying a book. "Do you ever read?" she asked.

"Oh, frequently," said Jurian.

"Here's a book that you might be interested in. It was given to me by my father, years ago. It isn't any of your nonsensical foolishness printed nowadays. It's really improving. It shows how — how success and happiness can't come from following anything but straight paths, and from anything but honest, useful work."

She handed him the book awkwardly, and marched out. Jurian opened to the flyleaf, and saw the inscription, "To my daughter Lucy," and then to the title-page: "*Self-Help*, by Samuel Smiles."



Jurian laid the book down beside him and began again to collect the fragmentary details that led up to his presence in this room, with a broken head and a subsiding temperature. But he didn't feel like thinking at all. He felt pleasantly drowsy. . . .

When he opened his eyes again, the day had gone. To close one's eyes in the daytime, and awake in an artificial light, gives one a distressing reminder of the uncanny nature of the thing called Time. Jurian, without stirring, found himself blinking at a kerosene lamp, which was on the table by the bottles and glasses, beside the window. Enough breeze simmered through the vine-covered window to send gnomish shadows flickering upon the walls. The soft air had a night tang.

Beside the table the young woman sat, reading. She was turned toward the lamp so that only a quarter of her face was in the shadow. In the same unconsciousness of being observed as a child at play, the girl's whole being was free from pose — so utterly, wistfully natural that Jurian felt a shamed sense of intrusion. But he could not take his eyes off her face. He saw her soft, half-parted lips move in silent pronunciation of the words, as she read. Little vagrant emotions flitted across her mouth. Once or twice she smiled; once she made a little grimace, as though she disagreed with the author. The lamplight, so near her luminous chestnut-brown hair, made tiny incandescent sparks upon it when her head wavered ever so slightly. Her nose, brought into profile, was small and straight, with a faint, roguish upturn at the tip.

"She's not beautiful — not beautiful as Hazel Kernon is beautiful," thought Jurian. "But — twenty years from now she may be more beautiful, and Hazel — may not. I wonder if she has a sense of humor?"

Immediately, Jurian followed this with another thought. "What the devil does it matter? This cursed introspection and analysis is what is the matter with me. She's just a sweet girl. Let it go at that."

Suddenly the girl laid the book on a corner of the table and looked at Jurian. He closed his eyes quickly; but not quickly enough. Or she felt, intuitively, that they had been open.

"You were awake?" she uttered softly, half question, half challenge.

Then Jurian opened his eyes frankly. "Yes," he admitted, feeling queerly sheepish, "I was. I beg your pardon."

Jurian rejoined the party, at last. They heard the letter through with a polite attempt to share his feelings. "Oh," said lovely Miss Kernon, "it's really too bad. She was kind to you, wasn't she?"

"Is there anything you want?"

"Is it late?"

"Twenty-five past eight."

"I would like you to sit nearer. There are some things I would like to ask you."

She placed the chair beside the bed, near his head. Jurian turned upon his side, facing her.

"I'm sorry I hurt you, squeezing your fingers, Miss Blair ——"

"Miss Hesketh told you?" she said quickly.

"Yes, she told me your name. I'm sorry I squeezed your fingers so tightly. But I'm curious to know how I got hold of them."

He saw the alert color flow into her cheeks. But, though embarrassed, she was frank and unafraid. "It sounds silly," she said, "but I was trying to wake you up. I took your hands and looked straight at your eyes and tried to wake you by thinking hard at you. Doesn't that sound absurd? Then you clung so hard I couldn't get away."

The simple truthfulness turned Jurian's quizzical question back on him like a boomerang. It was he who felt ridiculous.

"How do you feel?" she asked, gently.

"I feel strangely well. There's a bit of soreness and ache in my head; but I feel a kind of clearness — like after a summer rain has washed the pavements. I'm afraid I'm a terrible nuisance. I'm quite all right. It isn't necessary for anybody to stay here. Of course it's fine to have your company. But it's an imposition ——"

"Miss Hesketh decides those things," was the smiling answer. "If you knew her better, you wouldn't even mention it. She orders things done, and people do them."

"Won't you tell me about her — and about yourself, Miss Blair?"

The girl looked toward the door prudently. "I'm not sure she'd care to have me. Miss Hesketh is peculiar. Most people are afraid of her. But they don't know her. She has been very kind to me — and to my father."

"She told me she owned the — some sort of store here."

"Yes, the Hesketh Store, people call it. There are two stores. The Oldridges own the other. Samuel Oldridge and his son."

"My name is Frederick Jurian," said the man. "I live in New York City. Miss Hesketh doesn't think much of New York or New Yorkers, does she?"

The girl gave him a swift glance. "No, I think not," she said, guardedly.

Jurian was silent a moment, with his eyes on his companion. She was not looking in his direction now. "Miss Blair," he said, finally, "I wish you could explain something to me. It may help me a good deal to know. You see, Miss Hesketh has been telling me how I came here. All I remember is being

[*Continued on page 48*]

Great Guns and Little Railways —

by Cleveland Moffett

IT was the American spirit, the men behind the things, the national resourcefulness behind the nation's resources, that turned the tide against Germany and drove the Kaiser to despair.

This spirit shines in nearly everything that we did in the War, in big things and little things, in the miracle of steel production worked by America, which we shall presently consider, and in a million trifles like the tragic search for harness needles by a certain second lieutenant that I shall also tell about. We find it among our acclaimed heroes and among tens of thousands whose brave deeds have never been officially recognized.

I know a young U. S. Marine, Charles A. Kuehne, who has been doing guard duty at the White House, pacing back and forth with rifle on his shoulder before the iron picket fence. He was in France through the bad fighting (twice wounded), and at one time he was cut off with eight other marines in a shell hole where they were left for three days, without food or water, while the battle raged over them.

He does not tell about this unless you ask him, but the other evening he referred to his experiences when the subject came up of looting from the dead on the battlefield.

"Was there much of this?" some one asked.

"No," he said, "but once I looted from the dead myself. I looted water and chocolate and any scraps to eat I could bring back. We certainly were a hungry bunch in that shell hole."

"You did this under fire?"

"Sure," he grinned. "Somebody had to do it."

That was all. No details of heroism, no self-glorification, no picture of suffering. He just went out and did it. His pals were in that shell-hole, wounded, starving, and he crawled out in a businesslike way among shells and bullets and got them water and some scraps of food. *Somebody had to do it!*

I love to honor these brave boys who have not yet been publicly honored. I wish the readers of McClure's would send me authentic instances of American heroism during the War (with names and details), whether these occurred in France or in the United States, so that I may present some of them to the great audience of patriots who will read these articles.

Let us now consider one of the big things of the War — the prodigious quantity of steel produced in the United States and used by America and her Allies. Without steel no nation can make war. Japan is not a serious military adversary because she has no iron mines within her boundaries. And Germany, stripped of her steel and iron resources, as she will be, in the Briey Basin and the Saar fields, will be crippled in her war-making power. To-day the steel-producing power of Germany is about 7,000,000 tons a year, of Great Britain 18,000,000 tons a year, of the United States 44,000,000 tons. *In our effort to conquer Germany we have increased our annual steel output about 16,000,000 tons!* Experts say that the entire amount of steel shot away in the War by all combatants amounts to between 10,000,000 and 12,000,000 tons. This is more than all the steel used in all the wars of man since wars began. This would make a mass of solid steel as big as the Great Pyramid, the Woolworth Building, the Flat Iron Building, the Washington Monument, the White House and a dozen ordinary sky-scrapers all put together — in solid steel. It would be enough to build 100,000 steel locomotives weighing a hundred tons each; and if each of these locomotives should haul a train 1,000 yards long, there would be trains enough to reach twice around the earth, and then enough left over to form four continuous trains to reach across the country from New York to San Francisco!

All that steel shot away! Without counting steel for ships and other war necessities!

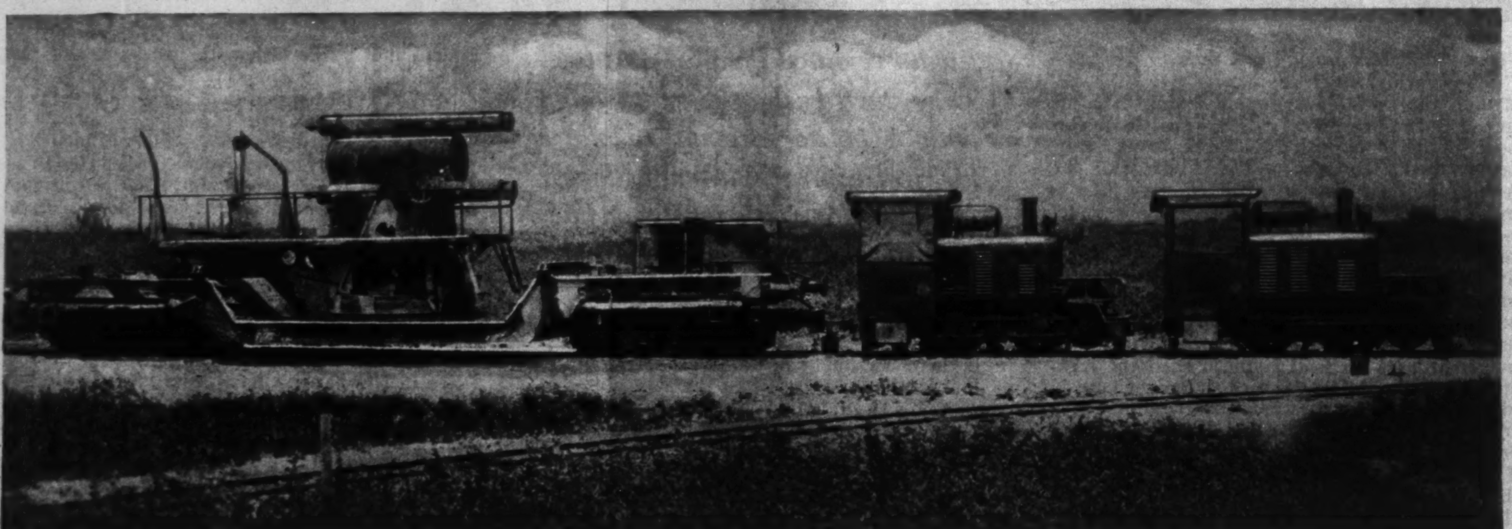
Our immense Neville Island plant alone would have consumed 50,000 tons of steel every month, changing this into fifteen huge guns, 40,000 projectiles, and various other steel products. Every month!

Is it any wonder that Germany quit?

I may add that the total cost of this Neville Island steel plant — land, housing, means of access, yard service, power, fuel, etc., would have been $150,000,000 — a large sum, yet well spent (as a matter of fact only $12,000,000 was actually spent because of the Armistice), if the potential frightfulness of this new construction, with its overwhelming output, shortened the War by only three days; for $150,000,000 is what the War cost America every three days!

Furthermore, there is this comforting thought, that, vast as were the quantities of steel wasted in the War, yet the quantity of American steel and the processes of American steel-making were so much improved in fulfilment of our war needs, (the very best grades of steel are required for guns and projectiles)

One of our great American guns in action in France. This photograph was taken on the firing line



An 8-inch Gun Car, Model 1918, Mark 1, on narrow trucks with 200 H.P. narrow-gauge locomotive

Another Reason Why Germany Quit

that the world will be compensated to some extent, and our children will ride on safer car wheels and automobile axles because of this war.

Coming now to one of our big achievements, let us consider that daring and characteristically American idea of removing the huge guns that guard our coasts and harbors from their massive sites and of placing them on improvised railway mounts for mobile use on the battlefields of Europe. These great cannon were not meant to be hauled about by locomotives, over the fields and hills of France, but to stay where they were built, at Sandy Hook and Fortress Monroe and other points along our shores in formidable immobility. Nevertheless, we sorely needed big guns to conquer Germany, and we could not wait to manufacture big guns, for that meant eighteen months' delay; so, early in 1917, it was suggested by some of our keen-headed officers, careless of tradition, bent only on victory, that we build railway mounts to carry these coast-defense guns and despatch them overseas.

Why not?

We had several hundred of these big fellows doing nothing in particular along the Atlantic and Pacific, except to frown at the waves, and it certainly was inspiring to think what might happen if a few of them — twelve-inch mortars and fourteen-inch rifles — could somehow be moved up against the German lines and set to work bombarding German railway stations, ammunition dumps, airdromes and fortified places. If this were only possible!

And, presently, these American officers decided that it was possible, it must be possible — they would make it possible.

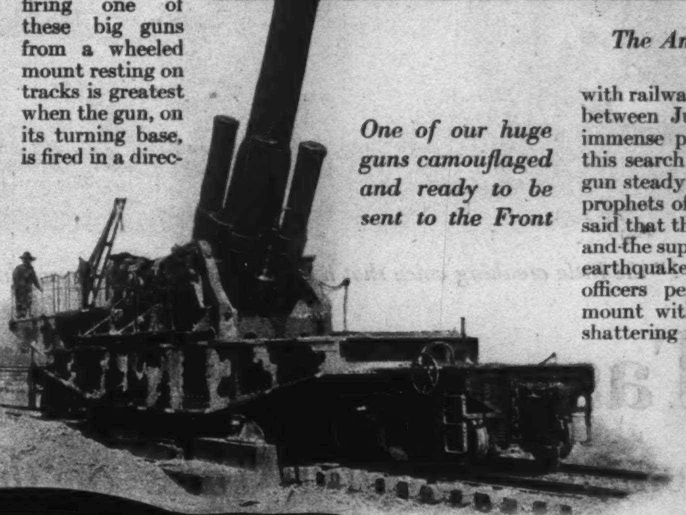
But many experts called this foolish talk, since the plan required that we devise and build in a few weeks or months huge rolling structures of steel, the like of which had never been seen in America, that would safely carry our biggest guns (some of them weigh ninety tons) over the rather flimsy railways of France, moving them hither and thither wherever they might be needed between Switzerland and the sea, and permit them to be fired successfully against the German line *from these improvised mounts.*

We knew, of course, that other nations, including our Allies, had used big guns on railway mounts; in fact, this idea went back to our Civil War when a thirteen-inch mortar weighing 17,000 pounds was used on a flat car in the siege of Richmond; but no nation had ever thought of doing what America undertook to do in the summer of 1917; that is, to remove twelve-inch coast-defense guns and mortars from their permanent emplacements and adapt them hastily to battlefield service.

That was the point — *hastily!* No one questioned that this engineering feat could be accomplished if enough time was allowed, say a year or two, (other nations had taken many years to perfect their railway mounts); but our officers were talking in terms of weeks, and European experts declared that the thing simply could not be done. To build a railway mount strong enough to carry a single fourteen-inch gun, or a single twelve-inch mortar, and provided with a suitable mechanism for resisting the shock and recoil of its blasting fire (these guns hurl projectiles weighing twelve hundred pounds for a distance of twenty-five miles or more) would require at least eighteen months, given the best factory facilities and the fullest engineering experience, and America had no such facilities and no experience for this particular job!

Nevertheless, America went at it!

The Americans keep a Watch on the Rhine



One of our huge guns camouflaged and ready to be sent to the Front

It should be explained that the problem of firing one of these big guns from a wheeled mount resting on tracks is greatest when the gun, on its turning base, is fired in a direction at right angles to the line of the tracks; in which case, unless the recoil is checked, a length of rails will be driven violently backward — torn off the ties, and the whole line will be put out of commission. Some French and English railway guns are provided with an elaborate spring or hydraulic recoil mechanism, but the building of such a mechanism would have taken years, and America could not wait years. The alternative was either to get no battlefield service from our formidable coast-defense guns (which might almost win the War) or else to find some way of solving this recoil problem. Our Army officers decided to solve the problem.

King George decorating an American soldier, Private Harry Shelly, for gallantry in the advance from Hamel, July 4, 1918. General John J. Pershing in the background

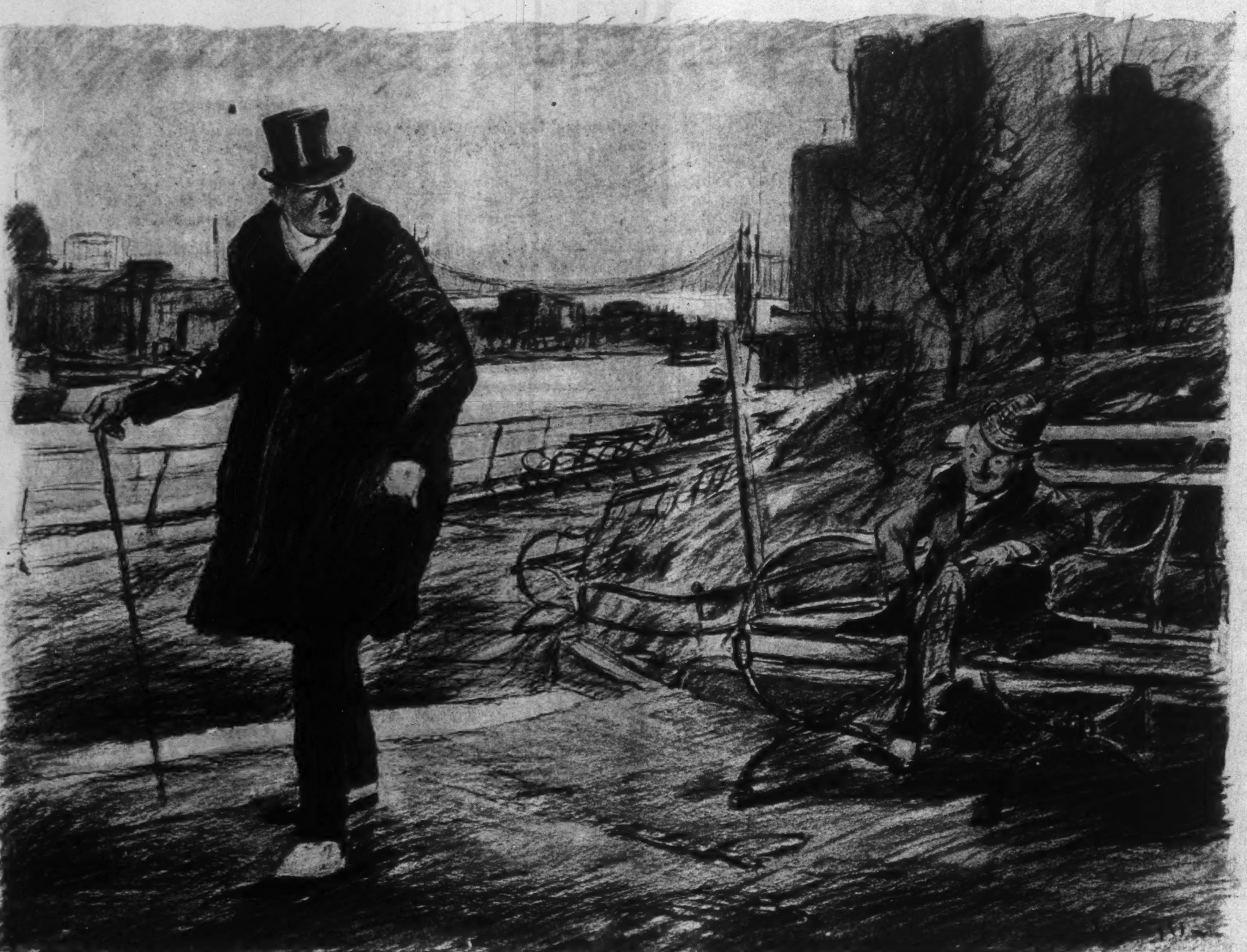
The world will never know what difficulties and disappointments these officers faced during experiments with railway mounts, secretly conducted at Sandy Hook between July and November in 1917. Hundreds of immense projectiles were hurled into the Atlantic in this search for some way to hold the big experimental gun steady on its mount after the shot was fired. And prophets of evil seemed to have their way. They had said that the rails would spread or buckle or be torn up, and the supporting carriage wrecked under stress of these earthquake explosions; and so it happened. But the officers persisted. They clamped the experimental mount with its big gun fast to the rails against the shattering recoil; but the whole track bellied out fourteen inches from alignment when the shock came. Then they anchored the mount to the ground by six steel cables strong enough to hold three locomotives; but the cables snapped like straws when the gun was fired.

Then they tried ponderous steel chains to restrain the plunging monster; but the chains snapped, too. This was *some* military job!

Still the experts persisted, for Uncle Sam needed these guns in France; and, finally, they devised a system of four steel out-riggers braced against earthen embankments in the line of the recoil thrust. *And these held!* With this arrangement they were able to fire the huge gun 250 times from its mount with practically no displacement, which meant success on the battlefield, especially as this bracing and holding device could be operated quickly, put up and taken down in less than half an hour, — a far better record than Europe had ever made.

The importance of rapidity in this setting-up operation cannot be overestimated, inasmuch as these powerful and costly guns are brought up close behind the battle line, often within a mile or two of the front, where they are in danger of capture by the enemy, assuming any reverse, or of destruction by enemy airplanes, unless they can be moved back quickly. This quickness of removal is not possible with many of the French and English railway mounts, which require hours of painful labor to be made ready for firing, and more hours to be made ready for withdrawal.

An American expert in railway artillery who fought for months in the St. Mihiel region told me of horrible memories of rainy nights during which his men wore themselves out getting these French guns ready to fire at daybreak by the slow French process of lifting them from their wheeled trucks and [*Continued on page* 74]



"Down and out, Mister?" the little creaking voice shot him from behind and caused him to whirl, gasping and foolish

Demi-Tasse — *by* Wallace Irwin

The Second of the Little Tales of the Big Town

Illustrations by George Wright

STANCHWETHER caused his expensively modest town car to be stopped at a white marble palace at the corner of Eighty-seventh Street and Fifth Avenue. He had no intention of calling, although it was still tea time and the owner of the palace would have been politely glad to see him. Tersely growling "Wait!" to the man at the wheel, Stanchwether strode away eastward, secure in the assurance that his chauffeur, being perfection itself, would sit there until dinner time, say, when he would notify the police or do whatever was suitable about his master's peculiar disappearance.

Striding crosstown, past all the social grades from the prosperous vistas of Park Avenue to the cluttered fire-escapes of Avenue A, he finally came to his destination, the river. There on a hilly strip of herbage — a strolling foreigner had told him it was called East End Park — he found a bench at a turn in the walk, where he seated himself and reflected as impersonally as possible upon the mechanics of suicide. All the way across from Fifth Avenue he had argued that the water route would be the easiest and most dignified; but a face-to-face inspection of the soupy tide racing under the giant cantilever which spans Hell Gate turned his stomach against so common a departure from this fashionable life. Why should one die in water which one would refuse to bathe in? To be swept away among brick-barges, railroad-lighters, perhaps to be bumped by the fat red ferryboat *Bouerie Bay*, in a few absurd hours to be feeding the gross lobsters of Long Island Sound — bah!

AND yet Stanchwether had made up his mind that he must depart by one of three routes: poison, water, or a leaden pellet. He had an engagement to dine with the Van Laerens at eight this evening, but he was resolved to be unavoidably detained — by a death in the family. He could not live through another dinner, that he knew; just as he knew in advance exactly what they would have at the table. There would be Plantagenet roses and fish mousse and a débutante. Plummie would try to intimate that his claret was a shade better than Stanchwether's. The débutante would be beautiful but slightly shop-worn — he had known her for years — and she would again lay snares against his forty-six years of bachelorhood. Then they would go to something dreadfully musical. He would be bored again.

In a word, that was why Stanchwether was here gazing so moodily into the East River tide. Life's infinite entertainment was as infinite as ever, but Stanchwether's eyes, heart and stomach had grown tired. The picture had blurred into a dingy gray, but even as he so decided he caught himself admiring the death-inviting stretch of East River which lay before him. There was a good Whistler etching in the lace-work of those elfin bridges, Manhattan, Queensboro, Hell Gate. He looked upon them with a sense of proprietorship — and why not? The Stanchwethers — who had spelled the name Standtveeder in Knickerbocker days — had shown old Peter Stuyvesant how to build New Amsterdam and, as a fee, had appropriated a slice of the island. Even from where he sat he could pick out forlorn apartment houses from which his estate collected rentals.

"How can people live in such places?" he thought, and at once got back to the business of the afternoon, which was to commit suicide before dinner time. The East River seemed hopelessly bourgeois. There was something comically fatalistic about the ferryboat *Bouerie Bay*, and her short-nosed bobbings as she plied industriously toward her dock, somewhere in the lower Nineties. Suppose he should time his life by the *Bouerie Bay*? Suppose he should wait till the instant she touched her muzzle on the Manhattan side — then for his splash?

He would have scorned the charge had any one intimated that he was growing hysterical; but he forced his mind to stray, as hysterical people will, in order to avoid the ghastly issue. He thought of elegant Petronius, who drowned himself at leisure in a Roman bath after a kiss from false and rosy lips. The idea brought a laugh which was dry as an oven; he had abandoned romance with his fortieth birthday. Then he reflected on the sixty grains of morphine which he carried neatly prepared beside a hypodermic needle in his inside pocket. And of the blue-nosed little revolver tumbling loose in his overcoat. What would people say if his butler should find him tomorrow morning, stretched over a library table, his brains spattering the Social Register.

No. It must be the river. The *Bouerie Bay* would decide how soon.

"The trouble with us is," said the Inner Stanchwether, speaking to the Outer Stanchwether, who was inclined to dally, "that we have eaten our meal and lost our appetite. We have spent three fortunes on three items: groceries, wines and entertainment. We have done nothing in excess and we have exceeded in everything. It isn't love that is driving us to suicide; if we had enough feeling left to be miserable we shouldn't want to die. Don't you remember how we spent several years in search of a claret which, when we got it, didn't please us very well? Why can't we get drunk and enjoy it? What about our library de luxe of foreign cooking? Is there any new flavor in the world? Any new flower, any new song, any new way of preparing a salad dressing? Is there any light of the opera, grand, comic or musical-comic, that touches even the hardened ring of our heart? Love means nothing to a man who has cardiac sclerosis, superinduced by over-stimulation. Materially we are very rich. Spiritually we are bankrupt. Nothing left but to eat, drink and be merry. Horrors! What is death to such a fate?"

The Outer Stanchwether refused to take up the argument. He was too weary for rebuttals. Also the deathship *Bouerie Bay* was now four-fifths of the way across her short stretch of water. In two minutes, maybe three, she would make that contact with the shore which, like the touch of an electrocutioner's switch-button, would plunge him into the stream of eternity. Eternity meant nothing to this man, New York's most successful materialist, save a restful blank where there would be no music with meals, and, if possible, no meals. All he craved was rest from the empty gnawings of spiritual dyspepsia. Life had been a banquet — everything as perfect as possible. Even his coffee had cost him five dollars an ounce—there is one Armenian in America who deals in the treasure.

Well, coffee is the finishing touch to a session of over-feeding. Stanchwether smiled grimly as he turned and looked at his watch. It lacked five minutes of six. The *Bouerie Bay's* snub nose was now a hand's breadth from the first pile of her New York pier. He took a deep breath and looked round him. The park was, to all appearances, quite empty. It would be but a short dash to the water-rail; his pockets were weighted down and he could slip in unseen, because there had fallen a hiatus in the procession of river craft. . . .

"Down and out, Mister?"

THE little, creaking voice shot him from behind and caused him to whirl, gasping and foolish, as we are apt to appear when Conscience speaks into our guilty thoughts.

Then he saw it — the little manthing sitting there on the bench he had just quit. Troll, kobold, goblin, how came the mite to be there, dressed in the latest manner of Broadway? The world-weary Stanchwether experienced a creeping sensation under his hat. Certainly no mortal man this; the figure was no larger than that of a half-grown child; the face, which was humorous, gray-moustached and slightly wrinkled, stared at him with the quick eyes of Puck. Altogether a modish troll, it seemed. Two feet, about the size of Brazil nuts, wagged boastfully below pearl gray spats; the trifling body was surrounded by an overcoat of sporting cut with diagonal pockets and a wisp of muskrat at the collar. The suicide-elect struggled to move away. What avails our mortal strength against the elfin spell?

"Down and out, Mister?" croaked the voice again.

Stanchwether's tongue clove to the roof of his mouth.

"I say," he drawled at last, making a show of that aplomb which his code required, "is this sort of thing — necessary?"

"Not as I know of," replied the little being, stroking a child's size bamboo cane against one of his insignificant legs. "I was just taking a chance, that's all."

"How the devil did you — pop into this?"

STANCHWETHER'S suspicions were growing. The dull fire in his brain had materialized this gnome out of the stubbled grass of East End Park.

"Where d'you think I popped from? An airplane?" The gnome perked his head.

"I didn't hear a sound — yet here you are."

"We're pretty light on our feet, I guess."

"My word!" He was sure of it now. "What, may I ask, do you call yourself, if anything?"

"Me? Why, I'm the Demi-Tasse."

"The Demi ——"

Words failed Stanchwether's gaping mouth as he stared with renewed superstition upon this, the last small dainty on life's menu. Of course. His poor brain had created the vision. Quite rightly, too. After a full meal one sips one's coffee. Child of his disordered soul, the Demi-Tasse had come to jeer at him much as the Troll's Brat babbled in *Peer Gynt's* hour of torment.

"Well, then, you're the Demi-Tasse," agreed Stanchwether in the voice which Alice might have used in speaking to the rabbit. "And would you mind telling me how you knew I was down and out, as you call it?"

"You're one of those dude bums," replied the Demi-Tasse quite candidly.

"I thank you."

"I know swell clothes when I see 'em. Pretty swell dresser myself — what? But clothes ain't nothing. Lots of folks go round looking like a wedding day just to keep the hearse waiting. Get me? Take a slant at my shell. Wealthy costume, what?"

Stanchwether slanted and agreed that Demi-Tasse was outwardly opulent.

"Pipe the overcoat, for instance — stood me forty bucks, although there ain't more than two dollars worth o' goods in it. Shoes came to eight-fifty. Would you believe it?"

"I could believe anything," said Stanchwether. The shoes in which he stood at that moment cost a trifle less than the Demi-Tasse's overcoat.

"And here's the tag-line to my whole make-up," went on the gnome in his perculiar argot. "I'm the guy with the happy lining. You can turn me inside out if you want to. Search me in vain for one dark spot."

Demi-Tasse stood on the bench and struck the pose of one inviting visit and search; the operation would have required some small instrument like a toothpick or a buttonhook, reflected Stanchwether, and found himself smiling. A moment later his morbid gaze had reverted toward the river. *Bouerie Bay* had already docked herself on the western shore; the tide raced under Hell Gate Bridge, yet the best-fed man in New York still lingered and still lived.

"Say, Mister, what's *your* name?"

Stanchwether turned and found the Demi-Tasse poised bird-like on the bench, his head to one side as though he were about to twitter and fly away.

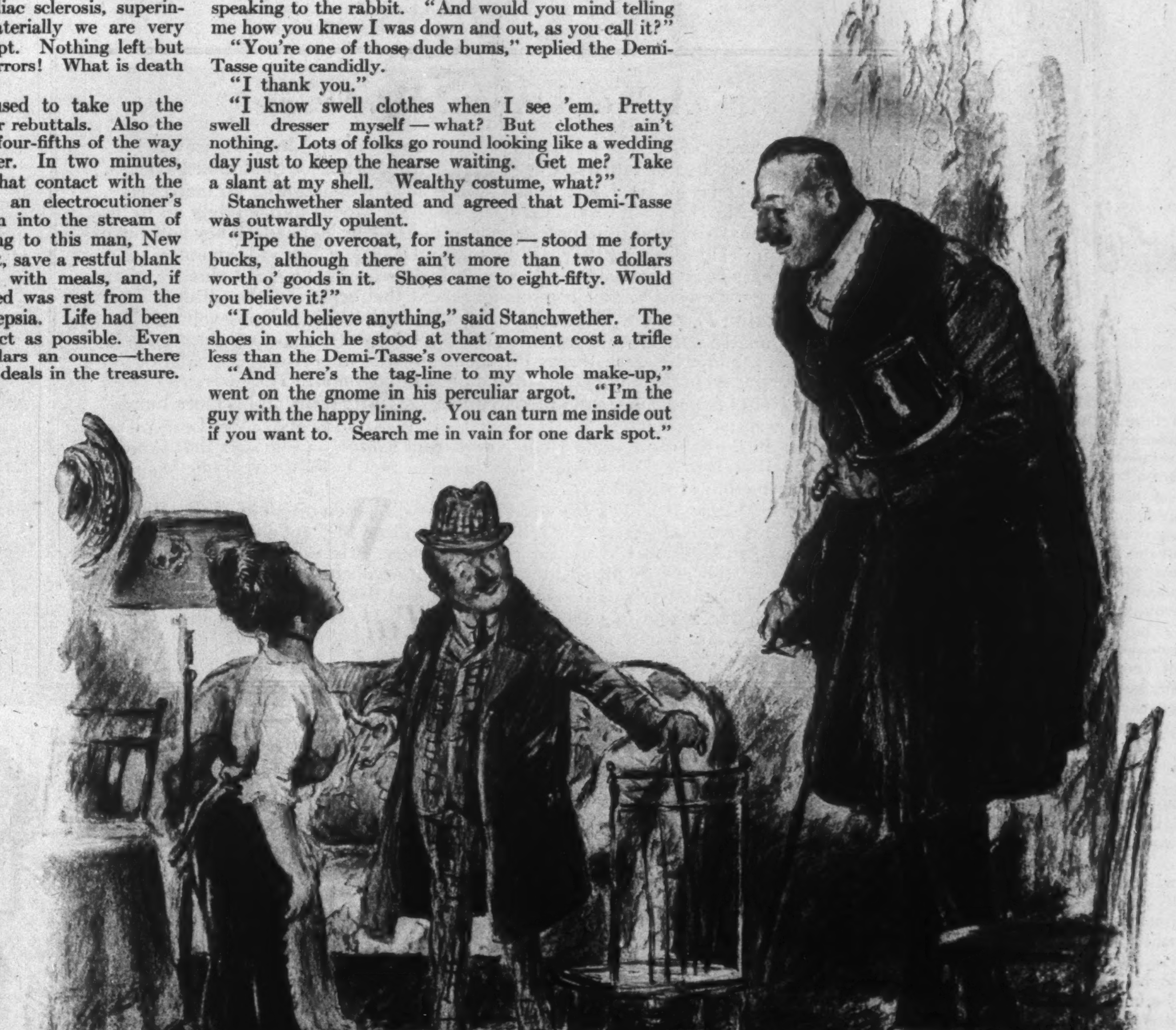
"Name?" said Stanchwether. "Just call me Al." That seemed sufficient to one who had become so easily known.

"Well, Al, what say we start something?" The Demi-Tasse pulled from his lavender waistcoat a watch which was not much larger than a dime. "Six eleven! Way past supper time. What say we blow over to the flat and have a bite to eat?"

The invitation came as naturally as did the Troll King's request to addled *Gynt*. So the Demi-Tasse kept a flat! Were his associates dwarfs like himself, or still smaller people with fierce eyes and long spiked tails? Whatever they were, it was plain to see that they supped at an unfashionable hour.

"I wasn't thinking of eating ——"

"Well, that's what you ought to be doing. I know. When a fella gets to flirting with the river the way you done there's nothing like a mug [*Continued on page 44*]



"Charmed, I am sure," declared the guest and reached down for Loo's infantile hand

Conversations With Roosevelt

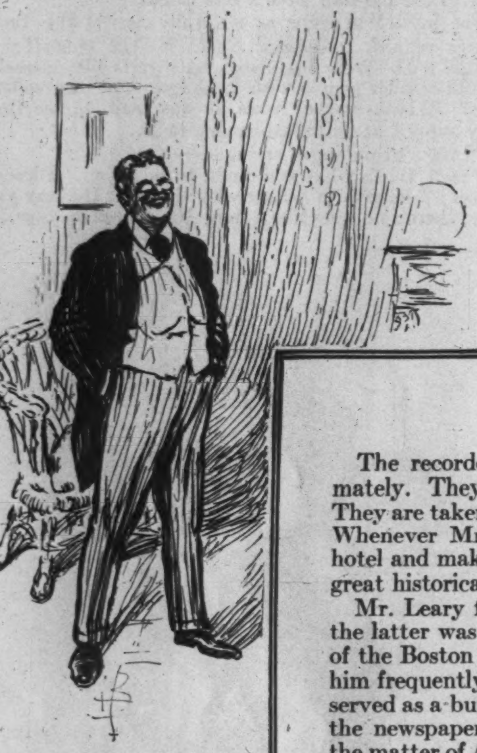
Historical Talks that Now Have a New and Thrilling Interest

by John J. Leary, Jr.

Sketches by Reginald Birch

Where the Drink Story Started

FEW things in Colonel Roosevelt's later life are fresher in the public memory than his suit against a Michigan editor who accused him of drunkenness. The unfortunate editor, unable to produce a scintilla of proof, admitted his fault, and so far as the records go, the matter was disposed of. There was nothing developed, however, to show where the tale started or what foundation, if any, it might have had.



Colonel Roosevelt, however, had an explanation. He gave it to us one afternoon in the trophy room in Oyster Bay; when passing the cigars around, he remarked that he would vouch for the quality. "They must be good," he remarked, "for they're some of Leonard Wood's. I never smoke myself, so I have to rely on the judgment of others."

"Did you ever smoke," some one asked.

"There is where that story of my drinking started," he continued, not hearing the question or ignoring it.

"You see, when I would decline a cigar, saying I did not smoke, folks would often ask, in a joking way, "What are your bad habits?" In the same spirit I would reply "Prize fighting and strong drink."

"Now it so happens that the Lord in His infinite wisdom elected to create some folk with whom it is never safe to joke — solemn asses who lack a sense of humor. I am very fond of that story of Sidney Smith's, who, playing with his children, stopped suddenly, saying, 'Children, we must now be serious — here comes a fool.' You know the kind he meant — those poor unfortunates who must take everything said to them literally.

"One of these to whom I made that remark said: 'Roosevelt, I hear, drinks hard.' The other fool replied, 'Yes, that's true He told me so himself.'

"And so it went.

"That is all there ever was to the talk of my drinking. From that start, it spread and spread until, in self-defense, I was compelled to take action to stop it. Some folks have said I went out of my way to find a little editor who could not well defend himself. The fact is, he was the one editor I could hold to account. There were and are editors nearer New York I gladly would have sued under like circumstances, but they knew better than to print what they knew was untrue. Had any of them done so, I would have hauled them up short, and with much more glee than I did the Michigan man, for the men I have in mind have real malice toward me and he, I am satisfied, had none.

"We parted good friends. I certainly had nothing against him. In his zeal to do things, he put in print what shrewder and really malicious men who would harm me if they could, dare not do. I believe he was honestly sorry when he found his error.

"However, the thing had its value. We're never too old to learn and I learned to be careful with whom I cracked the simplest joke. Thank God, there are many you can joke with in safety. If we couldn't laugh once in a while, what a world this would be! It wouldn't be a world—it would be a mad house."

A Word About Mr. Leary

The recorder of these remarkable conversations knew Colonel Roosevelt intimately. They are not haphazard records, written down after the Colonel's death. They are taken from Mr. Leary's diary, which he kept assiduously for many years. Whenever Mr. Leary interviewed the Colonel, he would immediately go to his hotel and make an almost verbatim report of the talk he had had. They now have great historical value and they will be published in *McClure's* for an entire year.

Mr. Leary first met Colonel Roosevelt in Boston in the early nineties when the latter was a civil service commissioner and the former on the editorial staff of the Boston *Post*. He traveled a great deal with Colonel Roosevelt and met him frequently at his home, and in New York City. On many of these trips he served as a buffer between the ex-President and the importunate, in and out of the newspaper profession. They had much in common. They were as one on the matter of Americanism and preparedness, and Mr. Leary in his more humble sphere was as radical as Mr. Roosevelt on these subjects. Mr. Leary is at present on the editorial staff of The New York *Tribune*, and he says that Colonel Roosevelt was the most human man he ever met in all the years he has been meeting men in every walk of life.

Of Mr. Leary, Colonel Roosevelt wrote to Lieutenant-Colonel R. H. Van Deman, in November, 1917: "I have long known Mr. John J. Leary, Junior, well and intimately. I vouch for him absolutely. He is a man of exceptional intelligence and energy, of entire discretion, of excellent judgment; a dead game man, and absolutely straight, and a through and through American of the best type, in character and in single-minded loyalty. I would put him in any confidential position under me if I were given command."

A Threat to Support Wilson

IT is not known to many that, in 1915, Colonel Roosevelt threatened, in the event that certain contingencies became facts, to support President Wilson for re-election against the Republican nominee.

The threat was made at a luncheon given at the Harvard Club in December of that year by the late Robert J. Collier. Later, in explaining the famous Gary dinner to me, Colonel Roosevelt repeated the threat.

The Gary dinner may well be described as the mystery of the 1916 campaign. Exactly what it meant, few knew then, and, publicly it has never been authoritatively explained.

The facts are that it was but an incident in the Colonel's campaign for preparedness — he attended it that he might explain so that "big business men, who have not been my friends, but who now know that I am right, might see the situation exactly as it is, and be in a position to help."

"There is," said he immediately after the dinner, "no politics in this. We have come to a situation where all Americans must stand together — big business men and little business men, farmer and banker, artisan and longshoreman. I have not gone to the big business men — they have come to me."

That the Gary dinner threw the politicians into a flutter and sent such old guardsmen as Boies Penrose and Murray Crane flying to New York to find out what it was all about, was entirely due to the fact that Mrs. Harold Vivian, wife of a political writer on the New York *World* had an engagement to attend a concert on the night of the dinner.

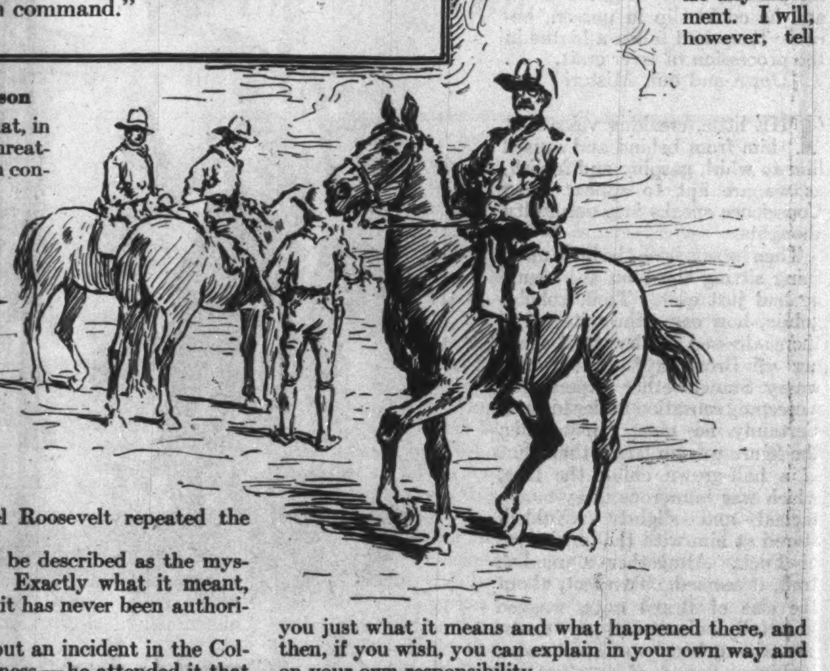
The next morning, Vivian, in the course of breakfast small talk, asked how she enjoyed the entertainment.

"I did not go," said she. "You see —— (naming the young woman with whom she was to have gone) had to sing at the big dinner Judge Gary gave Colonel Roosevelt last night."

Vivian lost interest in the grape fruit then and there. He knew of the Colonel's rule about attending private dinners except in his own home or in the homes of his immediate friends as well as the Colonel's horror of large private dinners any place. It appealed to him as a story, and the next day the fact that there had been such a dinner, together with the names of the guests, was made public. What happened, what was said at the dinner, was not. In consequence, political editors and the public jumped at the conclusion that Colonel Roosevelt was preparing to run for the presidency again. For some days there was considerable speculation as to what it really meant, until Robert E. MacAlarney, then city editor of the New York *Tribune*, suggested I see Colonel Roosevelt and end the mystery.

My reception by the Colonel was characteristic.

"I certainly will not give any interview on that dinner," he declared. "Neither will I authorize any statement. I will, however, tell you just what it means and what happened there, and then, if you wish, you can explain in your own way and on your own responsibility.



"It is absolutely nonsensical to assume, as some have assumed, that this dinner had anything to do with my being a candidate for President. I am not thinking of anything of that sort now.

"All that was discussed at that dinner was what you might for want of a better term call 'the greater Americanism.' If that is politics, then we talked politics.

"Now, let us sit down and discuss this thing. When I am through you can tell me what you think you want to do. You can have all the facts; you need all the facts to write of the thing intelligently. But whatever you write, it must be understood that I must not be quoted and it must not be made to appear that I am the source of information."

"How was it," I asked, "that Judge Gary, whom I know to be interested in preparedness, happened to ask you to meet the people who were at that dinner?"

"It is not my practise," said he, "to cross-examine those who invite me to dine as to their motives for so doing. But if I were to guess, I would say that one actuating motive was a feeling of 'I told you so.'

"Gary, as you probably know, has always been friendly to me. I do not know that he voted for me in 1912, but I would not be surprised to learn that he did. All but two or three of his guests that night were anti-Roosevelt men eighteen months ago. They were very much opposed to my work for preparedness. The few that were not anti-Roosevelt men were of the opinion that I was committing political hari-kari. The others said I was rocking the boat.

"Now they say that in preaching preparedness, I was right and am right. And I think that Mr. Gary had in a way a sort of desire to say to his friends in important business:

"'Come and have a look at this fellow you thought so terrible; notice that he does not shoot at the musicians; that he eats in a normal way and prefers his food cooked; that when he talks he talks sanely as you and I talk, and talks nothing but the soundest kind of Americanism.'

"That is only a guess, however. In any event it could not have been the big motive. Behind it all, I believe, was a desire of these men — all Americans, men who have done things and are doing big things, men who have a stake in the country — to take counsel together on the big problem of national preparedness. Under the circumstances, was it not natural that I should be asked to attend and submit my views? I was glad to go, glad that these men were seeing the light. That's all there was to that.

"What did I tell them? Exactly what I have been telling others and what I propose to tell everybody who will listen to me — the need of preparation.

"But with all of this talk about the Gary dinner why is the luncheon Bobby Collier gave at the Harvard Club overlooked? There were politics there in plenty. Mr. Collier, I suspect, had something of the 'I told you so' idea in his head when he planned the luncheon, for, in the movement for preparedness, he was in much the same position as Judge Gary — with me, but lonesome so far as his everyday associates were concerned.

"All but one or two of the men he had at the luncheon were anti-Roosevelt men three years ago. They were anti-Roosevelt when I began talking preparedness eighteen months ago. Then they said, as Judge Gary's friends had said, 'Roosevelt is rocking the boat.' Three-fourths of them — most of the party were writers — agreed with me before they left.

"We did talk politics there — the straightest kind of politics. The political discussion was started by some one referring to an editorial in the New York *Tribune* calling attention to the way party leaders were dodging the real issue and asking, 'Do they want Roosevelt,' meaning, as you know, for President in 1916. That editorial was strong meat. It appealed to me immensely.

"In the discussion that followed, I said that much as I dislike Mr. Wilson and despise his policies, that in the event of the Republicans nominating any man on a hyphen platform or on hyphenated promises, I would support President Wilson for re-election with all of the strength at my command.

"And, by Godfrey, I mean it! If there's a mongrel platform adopted by the Republican convention, much as I dislike Wilson, I'll stump the country for him from one end of it to the other and I won't ask his permission to do so either.

"No platform and no man who swerves in the slightest degree from absolute loyalty to the greater Americanism can have my support. I will not be neutral if such a candidate is named or such a candidate nominated. There is no such thing as being neutral between right and wrong. Neutral, I do not care who the man is or who his friends are or who comes to me in his behalf, if such a candidate is named, I will fight him with every weapon at my command.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood

This rare photograph of the late Theodore Roosevelt was taken through a car window, and the Colonel did not know he was being snapped. An enterprising young man climbed upon a bridge when the train came to a standstill, with the above wonderful result

"But at neither place did I say anything to advance either my own candidacy or that of any other man. I am not interested in candidates. I am interested in principles. My sole interest at these two affairs was to try and arouse the American people, to urge them and ultimately through them, compel Congress to take the proper attitude on the question of greater Americanism and national preparedness. If you say that I am working not for a nomination, but as every American should work to secure the peace and prosperity of the United States, you will have hit the nail on the head.

"And don't overlook the fact that any Republican who seeks President Wilson's place by pandering to the hyphens will find that he is fighting Roosevelt as well as Wilson.

"I dislike Wilson, I dislike his policies almost to the point of hate, but I am too good an American to stand idly by and see him beaten by a mongrel American or by one professing mongrel principles."

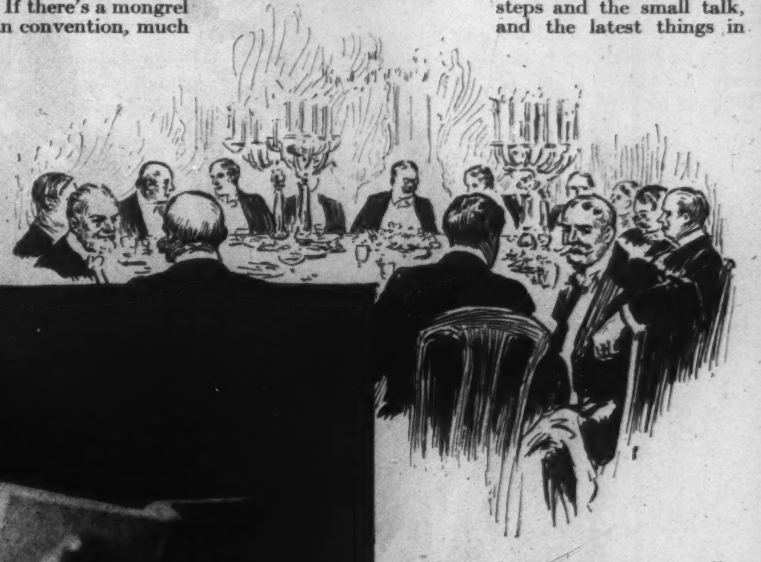
Colonel Roosevelt on Boys

"BETTER a boy you have to rescue from a police station because he whipped a cab driver or a 'cop' than a 'Miss Nancy'" — that was Colonel Roosevelt's idea of the kind of boy one should have.

This preference Colonel Roosevelt expressed to me one Sunday afternoon at Oyster Bay, following a question from him as to how my own boy was getting along.

"All right," I replied, "only a little too much football and swimming and not enough school-work — almost too much boy."

"That's all right," he replied. "Don't let that worry you. Do you know you are fortunate in having a real boy? Some of the most splendid fellows I know have boys that if they were mine I'd want to choke them — pretty boys who know all of the latest tango steps and the small talk, and the latest things in socks and ties — tame cat, mollycoddles, and their fathers real men, and their mothers most excellent women! Throw-back, I suppose. I'd feel disgraced beyond redemption had I such boys.



"Mine, thank God, have been good boys, a bit mischievous at times, all of them, but every boy is. Honestly, if I had to take my choice, I'd rather have a boy that I'd have to go to the police station and bail out for beating a cab driver or a policeman, than one of the mollycoddle type. He might worry me but he wouldn't disgrace me."

On another occasion when he asked about my boy, I said he was in a bit of trouble.

"He has had his first real bump," I said. "He flunked on his examinations, and probably will fail to get promotion. Consequently he feels badly."

"Now, see here," advised the Colonel, "just don't be severe with him. Tell him I said, as an indulgent grandparent, that it really is not such a serious thing. You just tell him that for me and just make him feel more than ever that his father is his best friend and understands all about such things."

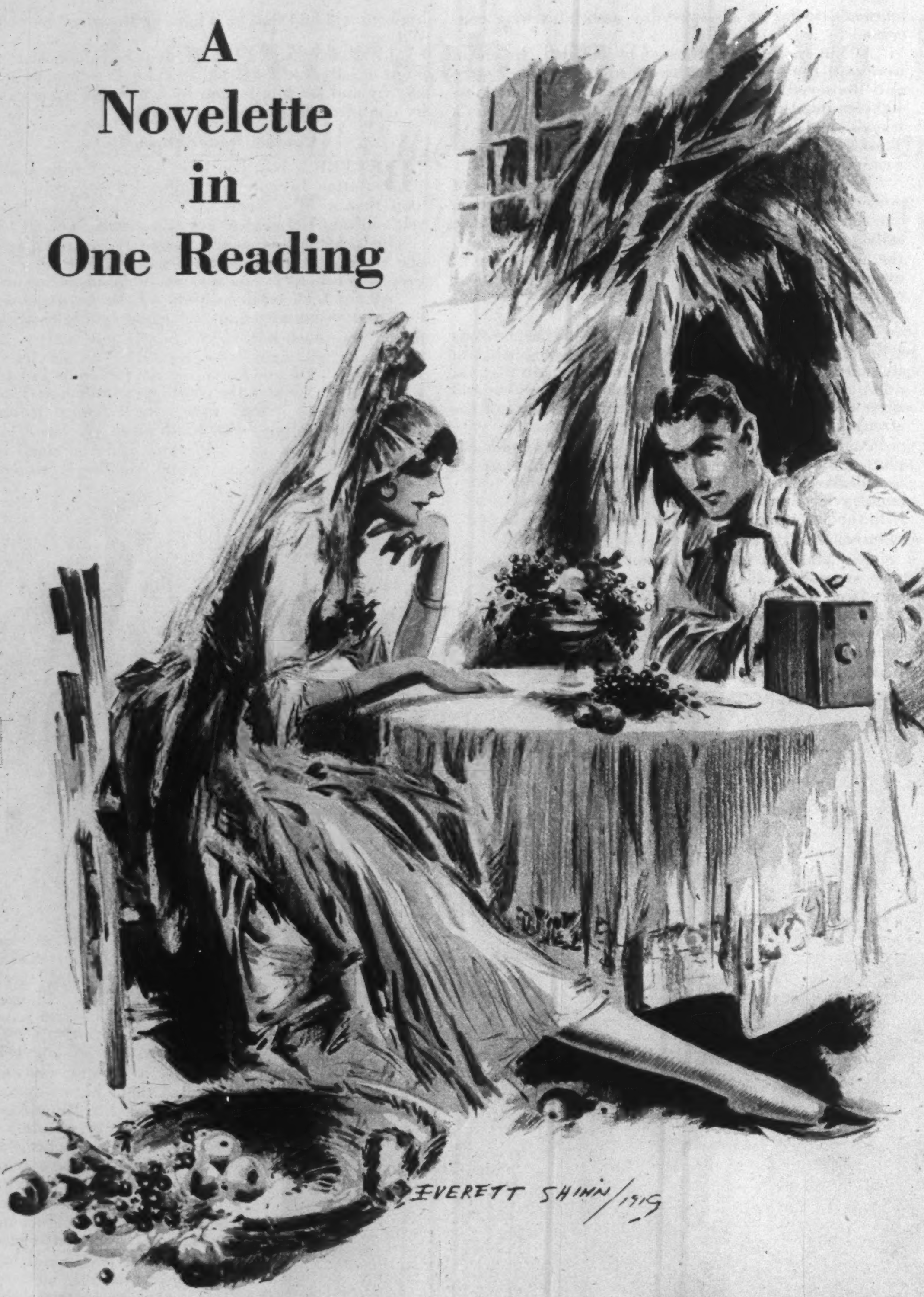
"I have wired him as much," I said.

"That's fine," said he. "You are on the right track. Sometimes we fathers do not realize how important such things may be and we do not always do the right thing. We can become excited about something and chastise or severely lecture a boy and make him afraid of us or we can sit down with him, man fashion, and reason the thing out. Sometimes, I grant you, chastisement is exactly what a boy needs most. Then he should have it. But when a boy's in trouble as your lad is over something that really involves at most only carelessness, it often is a mistake to do anything more than point out to him what a foolish fellow he's been and try to plan out some way in which he, not you, can undo the mischief.

"In other words, every boy thinks his father is a pretty big man. One of mine told a teacher once his father was 'it.' That confidence is something no man can afford to lose, and if he can make his boy see that the thing to do is to go to his

[*Continued on page 72*]

A Novelette in One Reading



"Poor kid," he thought, yet again. And suddenly he felt the impulse to help her. He set his teeth. He would help her if he could—Emily, he assured himself, would want him to

Nothing to Write Emily

by Royal Brown

Illustrations by Everett Shinn

EVENING peace was in the air when the *Velasquez* steamed into the harbor. It was, according to Jimmy Winston, some harbor! Jimmy lounged at the rail, long, lithe and bronzed, looking exceedingly fit in his white ducks. He was with McVickers, the *Velasquez'* chief engineer (Scotch and extra-dry, Jimmy had described him in his second steamer letter to Emily), who said nothing, but puffed at an exceedingly strong and juicy pipe with idol-like stolidity.

McVickers was seldom what you might call communicative, but Jimmy had cottoned to him because they were both technical men. Anyway the choice was not wide. In season the *Velasquez* carried its fill of passengers, but though it is quite true, as the ship's doctor had told Jimmy and as Jimmy had duly written Emily, that the tropical thermometer doesn't differ a darn bit winter or summer; those fortunate beings who can go where they please when they please, prefer Bar Harbor or some place like that—in July.

Everybody aboard the *Velasquez* at the moment had some good and cogent reason for being there. There were a quintet of South American coffee growers, four of them the color of *café-au-lait* and the fifth as black as *café-noir;* a middle-aged woman from Boston who intended to study and collect tropical butterflies, and an exceedingly important young man whose past, future and present were merged, indeed, almost *sub*merged, in the fact that he was to be consul at a place that can best be described as no-where-in-particular.

To hear him talk (so Jimmy had written Emily) one would have thought he was accredited to the Court of St. James.

Jimmy was aboard because of Emily. Emily was the girl in a million as far as Jimmy was concerned. The fact that she would some day be a girl with a million, while Jimmy had only his technical training and the chance any man has to make his own millions, had nothing to do with it. This you can believe or not —and be damned as you deserve if you don't.

It was all as simple as A B C. Jimmy loved Emily because she was Emily and she loved Jimmy because he was Jimmy. They were blessedly certain it had all been arranged in the beginning long before Adam kissed Eve. And so Jimmy, having kissed Emily, had gone to break the great news to Calvin Dwight, and although the latter had not been as enthusiastic about Jimmy as Emily, he had been darned decent.

Jimmy himself said so. "I got his viewpoint perfectly," he assured Emily. "If I were he and I—I mean some young upstart——"

Emily stopped him with a kiss. "You mustn't," she chided, "talk that way about the only man I ever loved."

"The *only* one?" he teased.

Emily colored adorably, clear pink to her sweet, fair hair. "The only one I ever *really* loved," she insisted.

"But I promised," said Jimmy suddenly (after a considerable pause) "not to — well, not to make love to you until — "

"*I* didn't promise," retorted Emily decidedly. "And I sha'n't. So!" And she kissed him again.

They decided they would be very brave about it. As Jimmy pointed out, the opportunity was *some* opportunity — why he knew a lot of Tech men who would give their eye teeth for it. It was only, he enlarged, ignoring the howl his heart put up, for a year. Then he would come back to her, richer in worldly goods and in experience; come back so crammed with information regarding Calvin Dwight's mines and railroads and public service corporations that Calvin Dwight *himself* would admit that the five thousand Jimmy was to receive for a year out of his life was the best investment he had ever made.

"I'll think of you every minute of every day," he assured her.

"And how often will you write me?" Emily put in, practically.

"Every day," he promised.

They went through all this, the next night and the night after that and so on, until the day came for Jimmy to sail. Then they stood on a pier-head at an Atlantic port and were very, very silent, until Calvin Dwight, who had come down to wish Jimmy good-bye and good luck and also to give him a few more letters of introduction he had thought of at the last moment (he seemed to feel the need of extensive explanation of his presence), became silent, too.

"Er-hem," he said, at last, and glanced at them. But they didn't notice him, not even when he added, "Well, I guess I'll run along."

He was a big man, physically and metaphorically, and used to being regarded as such, but this was the first time he had ever felt like a crowd.

The moment his back was turned, their fingers clasped. She looked up at him, her eyes bright with the tears she was simply determined shouldn't be shed — until he was gone. Womanlike she was thinking of scorpions and ship-wrecks and boa-constrictors and dark-eyed señoritas and all the other perils of land and sea that Jimmy must run the gauntlet of before they should see each other again. But all she said was a tremulous:

"Oh, Jimmy!"

JIMMY'S jaws set, like a small boy who is being punished but who won't cry. He did not speak, but his fingers gripped hers until they hurt. She didn't care, she only wished he would hold them tighter.

The whistle blew warningly.

"Oh, Jimmy!" she said again and he felt as if her voice were reaching into him and wringing his heart. "You — you'll take care of yourself!"

Jimmy tried to smile. "You bet," he promised.

"And if — if there are any revolutions you'll — you'll take no chances," she went on breathlessly. "For my sake, Jimmy! I couldn't bear to have you — shot. I'd — I'd rather you were a coward — almost."

Emily, you perceive, had been reading "Soldiers of Fortune" for atmosphere.

"If I am shot it will be in the back," he assured her.

The hail came down to them — "All aboard that's going aboard."

Emily lifted her lips, "Good-bye," she said, brokenly. And added, "Just — just this once."

And Jimmy was forsworn.

After that Jimmy stood at the rail and waved and waved long after everybody else had stopped, and then he stood and gazed back until a justly famed skyline resembled nothing so much as a particularly raggedy-toothed comb. The call to dinner intervened, but he ignored it and going to the writing-room instead, he sat down and began:

"Sweetest and best:
It seems like a year already since — "

Eleven days had passed; days of experience which immediately resolved themselves into something to write Emily. Daytimes, to see Jimmy taking his ease on the steamer's deck or prowling about one of the ports-of-call, you would have believed he had not a care in the world. You would have been wrong. Emily had given him her picture, a picture from which she looked straight out at him, sweet and serious-eyed. In the daytime he carried it in his breast pocket, like a plaster over an ache, and at night — well, Jimmy came charging madly into his stateroom one morning, just in time to keep the steward from discovering it under his pillow.

And now the *Velasquez* was steaming into the harbor which was some harbor and Jimmy was lounging at the rail, smoking a cigarette that was some cigarette, (Dimitrino, costing forty-five cents in the States but to be had for a sixpence in King Street, Kingston) and eying his surroundings with keen and eager appreciation.

The harbor lay at perfect peace, protected from the trades by an almost encircling series of foot-hills which rose sheer from the startling blue like the cliffs of Norway. In the middle distance, on a little plateau only a few feet higher than the beach, was the city, its domes and towers gleaming white and gold in the mellowing light. Behind it the peaks of a mountain range soared higher and higher until one, in the distance, achieved the distinction of eternal snows.

From this prospect Jimmy's eyes returned to an island lying abreast of the steamer's course. Breaks in the palms revealed a stately building as white, Jimmy decided, (with no great originality, it must be confessed) as alabaster.

Emily, thought Jimmy, would have pronounced it ducky, but he, suiting his tribute to masculine consumption, nodded toward it and said, "some class."

McVickers' pipe continued to gurgle rhythmically, but Jimmy did not despair. The chief engineer was nothing if not deliberate.

" 'Tis a leper colony," he replied, at length.

"Leper colony?" echoed Jimmy, momentarily startled.

McVickers simply nodded. Jimmy's cigarette singed his fingers and he flung it from him, quickly.

"Well," he observed, with a return of characteristic lightness, "it — it's a swell dump anyway. The powers that be certainly treat the poor devils decent."

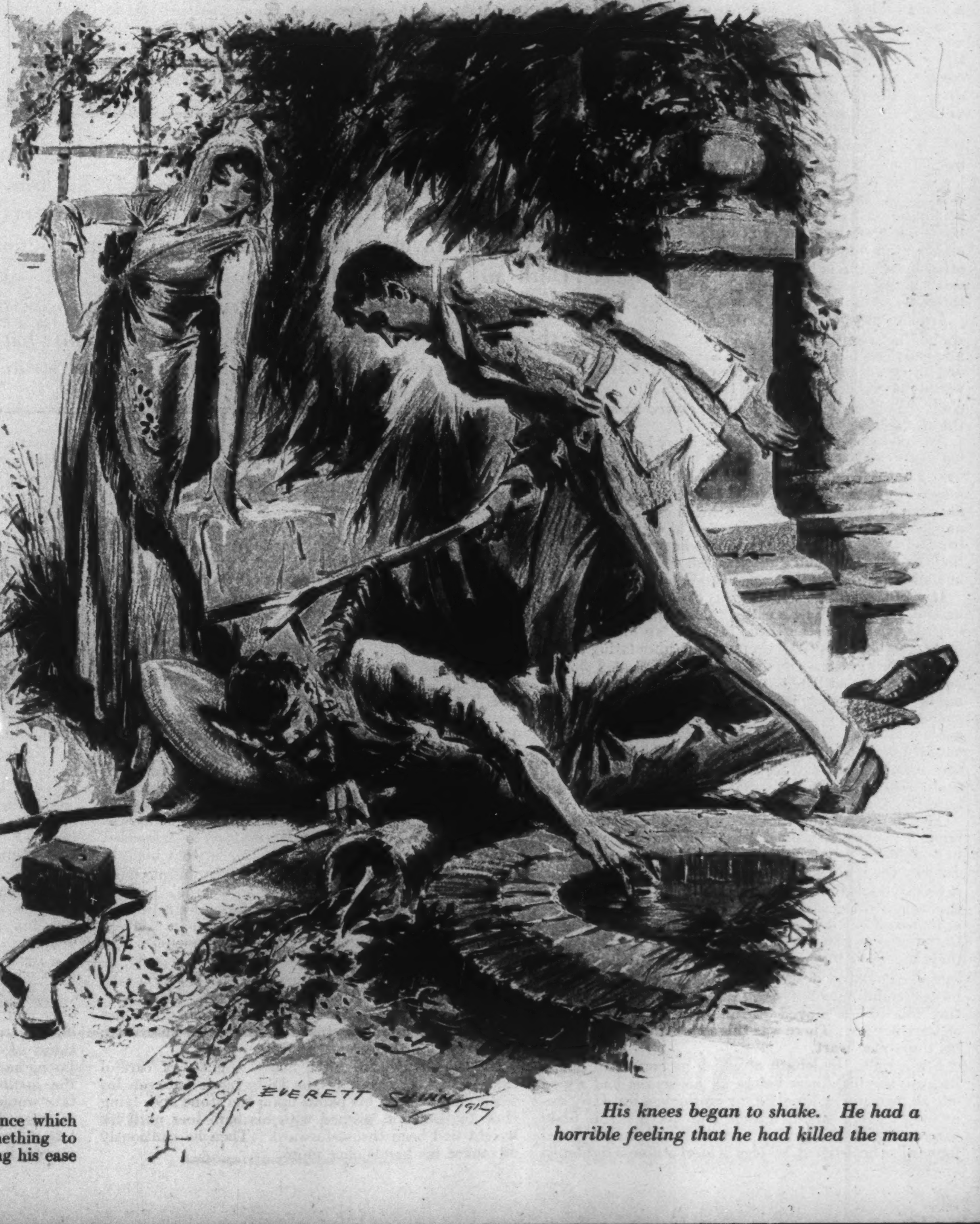
McVickers puffed at his pipe for a minute or more. "There isn't one of them," he said, "that knows when he may land there himself."

"Leprosy?" demanded Jimmy, startled afresh.

"Leprosy," affirmed McVickers, and added dryly, "or mayhap a change in administration. There are two former presidents aboard the island now. 'Tis a fine way to dispose of possible candidates for another term."

"But I thought — " began Jimmy.

McVickers, however, had turned away, as if ashamed of his prodigality in the matter of words and was headed below decks. Jimmy [*Continued on page 36*]



His knees began to shake. He had a horrible feeling that he had killed the man

The Cracking Knee

This Is the Final Instalment of Our Short Thrilling Serial

by Richard Washburn Child

Illustration by W. H. D. Koerner

Part III

DAVY BINNS, the hero of this romance, is employed in a perilous secret service mission in China. To aid him on that mission he marries an American girl whom he meets in Pekin, and who is traveling as a correspondent for a big newspaper. Dora and he finally find themselves in the old palace of an aged Chinese nobleman who, cognizant of the reason that brought the two westerners to his stronghold, and hating all foreigners, proceeds to defend himself with oriental strategy.

BINNS heard the sound of soft feet, he felt the rough hands which came out of the dark and lifted him by shoulders and feet, swinging him across spaces toward a faint rectangle of light which for a second showed the position of the door. Then a cloth was thrown over his face and he could only know that he was being borne forward, calves of bare legs striking against his bare skin as they moved forward.

At last these moving legs halted and the sound of a single native word spoken in the back of the throat of one of the men was a signal for a descent of steps. At the bottom, with grunts of exertion, he was thrown forward against a bale and when he twisted himself into a sitting posture he found that his legs and arms had been freed of their thongs by a deft slash of a knife. He heard a heavy bulkhead close above him and then all was as still and black as if the cellar were a vault under a mountain.

The dry air was heavy with the aroma of tea; an almost imperceptible current of thin air stirred softly the tea dust and stray bits of the dried leaves which covered the flat stones of the floor. Binns cautiously drew in a breath, filling his lungs and holding it in so that his ears straining open to listen, could hear the faintest sound. When, at last, he could keep in the breath no longer, he measured it out cautiously, so that in his nose or on his hot lips it should make no stir. He wondered whether he was alone in this cellar or whether the other man, knife in hand, already was coming toward him, cat-like, through the dark.

As the last of the exhalation slipped between his parted teeth he heard one faint sound from a distant corner — the sound which would have been made by the contact of a blade of metal with the stone flags.

At once into the plush-heavy blackness before his aching, staring eyes sprang a picture of his imagination's own painting; the vivid details of a thrust of pointed razor-edged steel through neatly parting flesh, into his heart or lungs, made his fingers clutch cautiously in the moments of pause as they crawled along the floor in front of him. His hands were moving as if exercising their own wills to find and seize the other knife which he had been told would be put there.

It was there. He felt his grip close over the rough handle, and though he recalled the scruples of his family beliefs he drew the blade into his lap and ran his fingers softly along its keen, waving, undulating edge.

He would not use the knife. But his fingers would not relax as he sat listening. He could hear the pounding of his own heart; it was loud in his breast, loud in his temples, loud behind his eardrums. It thumped against him as loudly as a great fat fist beating monotonously upon a heavy door; he could not believe that the listening ears of the half-naked, fright-maddened coolie would not hear this thumping and gain the knowledge of Davy's position.

The dark was the dark of an opaque so thick, so liquid, so heavy, so aromatic that the blackness seemed to be a black syrup, and there was an instinctive wonder why the body was not carried to its top like a cork; it was so thick that it was not only sightless except for the visions the imagination projected into it and hung in its folds, but it was so thick that it seemed impenetrable even to noise. Binns's ear openings ached as if they had tried to stretch and had burst the channels leading from the outer world to the recording sense; but he could only hear the faint microscopic noises of tiny bits of tea moved on the stone by the faint stir of the spicy air. There was this sound and the sound of his thumping heart.

For a time, the length of which he could not gauge because the blankness before all his senses had wiped out all measure of time, he sat motionless until, by immobility, every sinew, muscle and nerve in his body throbbed with the pain of inaction. His neck craned forward as he listened, his legs in alert stillness tightened beneath him as he crouched, his hand squeezed harder and harder the handle of his weapon as if a cramp had seized him and was holding him as inert as marble but in an agony of straining nerves.

His vision conjured for him a thousand swift thrusts from the dark until the black plush of the night was stabbed through in a thousand places with the glitters of knife points shot forward at his breast, his heaving sides, his bare back, his throbbing neck. When one of these ghostly thrusts appeared coming toward him to make its silent, deadly, cleaving way home through the soft flesh below his ribs, he twisted his face with a sudden burst of instinct and shot his own knife point outward into the bosom of the dark. It met no resistance and he drew it back out of the velvety meat of the blackness, still unmoistened.

"Fear did that!" he said to himself, suddenly gaining possession of himself. "That was a paroxysm of fear. Nothing but blind, wild fear, and I am no better than that beast of a man."

He told himself that he must not merely weaken. He must kill, if kill he would, not because fear drove him to kill, as Loong had said it would, but because killing had become a worthier act than not killing. If he were to kill, it must be for the safety of Dora, for the cause he served, for an obligation and not for an emotion, least of all the failure of courage.

HE had allowed himself to fall into the arms of fear. The tentacles of fear had intertwined with the nerves of his body. The skin upon his frame crept and quealed with fear of sharp steel; the terror had entered his veins and pounded a chill through his arteries. He shook with fear, and as he shook, his mad hands both at one time contended for a hold upon the handle of his knife so that they might strike wildly — to kill — to be free of fear of this other living thing, whose presence was revealed in no sound, no sight, no address to the senses.

He must use his head in any case, he told himself. If advantage were his it was in the use of a sharper mentality, not only superior because intellectual, but superior because a better constructed and more delicately accurate piece of machinery. He had crouched on one knee motionless by instinct alone. He knew now why he had done so; it had been because, subconsciously, he had feared, with a fear impossible to describe, the haunting, terrible notion that his knee — the knee which had been hit by a cricket ball — would crack and give out to the hideous blackness the fatal knowledge of his position there.

He leaned forward after many minutes of careful calculation, then taking the knife blade between his teeth, he put both his palms upon the stone and, lying close to the floor, pushed with his bare toes until his weight had been thrust forward. Then he cautiously advanced his hands once more.

Suddenly across the spicy odor of the tea came another warm and sickish odor of Chinese greasy kitchens. Binns paused motionless. One hand, without direction from him, went up again, and, as if it could understand fear, without aid from the brain, grasped the handle of the weapon upon which his teeth were fastened.

Davy could see nothing through the thick mud of the blackness. The new strange smell faded out; but it left the impression that another man crawling on the noiseless cushions of soles and palms had passed and had left a hole in the darkness through which he had wormed his evil, silent journey.

With a new degree of pains Binns drew up his legs and, crouching, pushed his weight forward again. He wanted to continue thus until he had reached a wall, because with a wall at his back there was a diminished arc from which an attack could come. If a struggle came it would come with a sense of a nearing presence of another living being. Or perhaps it would come with the sharp pain of a blade thrust through the spaces between the ribs. In any case, there would be a struggle and, with a wall behind, the direction of that struggle would be located. Without turning he could leap forward whether or not the thrust had reached him. He would leap with all the power left in his young, strong body and throw himself upon the other. There would be grunts, the thud of blows, the sounds of wrestling, roaring, screaming, squealing men. The thick folds of the silence would be torn into shreds. The depths of this bottomless stillness would rise up like the bottom of a volcanic crater, long at rest, in a nerve-racking swirl of terrible noises — the involuntary grunt of exertion, the groan and gasp of death.

In his slow painstaking progress he never moved his cracking knee without a chill of dread of its wilful sound — that snap of cartilage and bone which came so unaccountably and with such startling suddenness, and which he knew might bring his enemy scuttling toward him through the sightless black. It was a relief to him when, after a long lapse of time and infinite effort, creeping silently into new spaces in the plushy darkness, expecting every moment to feel the contact of human flesh, or to meet the needle point of the adversary's knife, he, at last, felt the hair on the top of his head give warning that his skull must not be thrust forward again. He raised one palm and felt the flat, cold, vertical surface of rough stone.

When he had turned cautiously with his back to the wall, he pushed his body upward until for the first time in an hour — or was it hours? — he was standing upright once more. The knife was still between his teeth. He took it in one of his hands, his fingers feeling around the handle for the firmest grip.

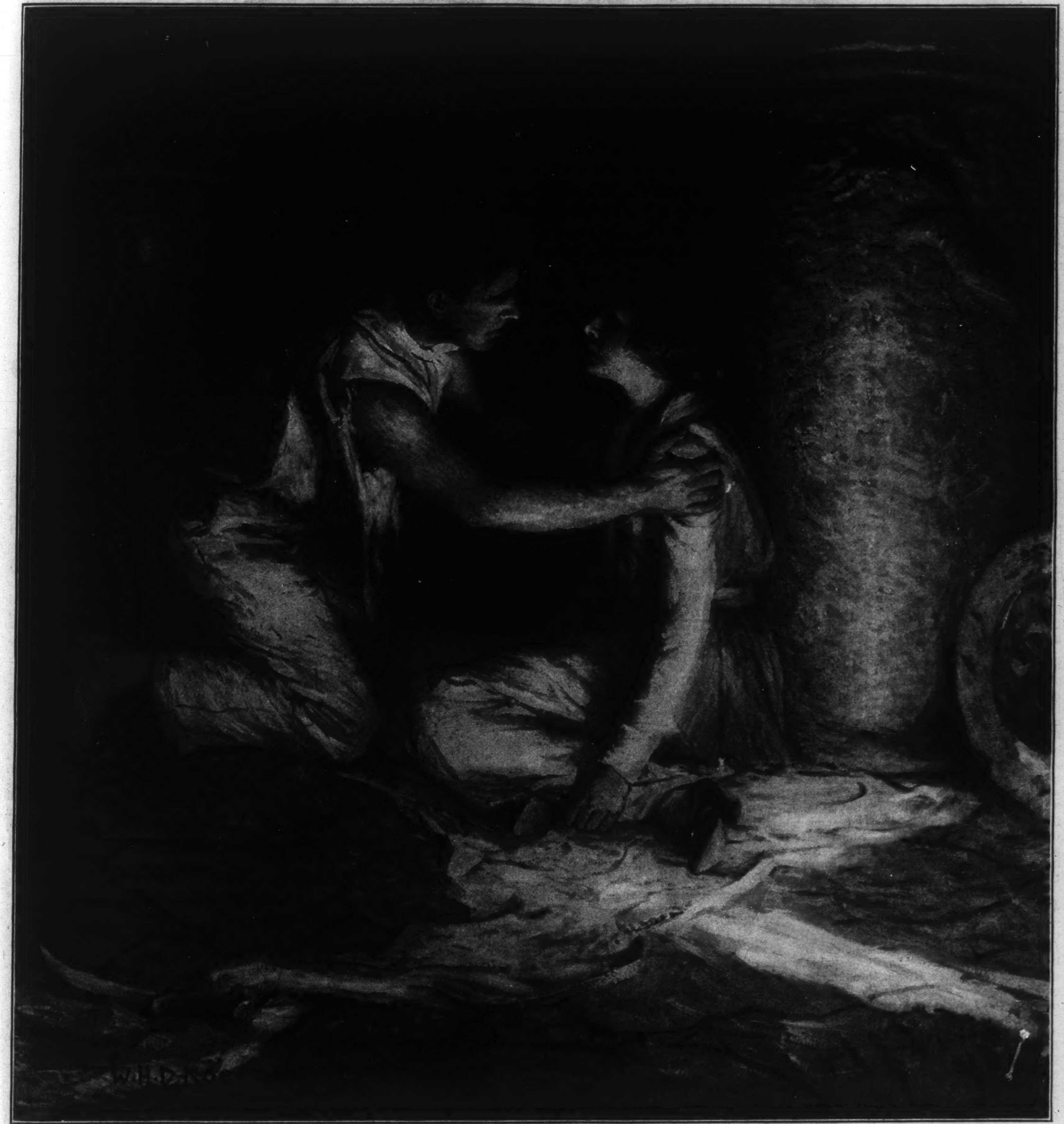
The dark gave forth no sound; its velvet thickness held no vision. For a long time he stood there, the sound of his own heart in his ears, his legs complaining of their motionless task, his eyes aching with the strain of trying to pierce the liquid blackness, his ears throbbing. Not a square inch of the expressionless darkness was without its menace, its threat, its terror. A cough, a sneeze, a false movement, or the cracking of his knee joint might bring the thrust.

He began to wonder how long this vigil was to be. If morning brought no light it might be endless if both men were to remain silent. No human nerves could last under such an unrelenting stress; a man would go mad. Sooner or later fear would overcome him. He would leap forward with a shriek, stabbing at the dark over and over again, wildly slashing at the blackness like a maniac until exhausted. Loong had known something of fear. Davy wondered whether, after all, Loong had not tricked him, leaving him to the agony of the instinct of self-preservation, of wondering what fate would be Dora's, of listening and looking for attack until reason was torn asunder and nothing was left of a man but a mad spirit ready to kill, drunk with murder lust, and then to the bitterness of the discovery that all the time he had been alone in this spicy cellar with the remnants of old bales of tea.

Binns shrank from this thought. He must not disclose his own position, but if this other matted-haired man with yellow skin and live sinew were there he must know. There must be an end, because, though he did not fear a struggle nor even death, fear was not made of struggles nor of death but only of waiting. Fear was clutching at every hair upon his head, at every finger tip, at every nerve in his body. Fear was not what men thought it; fear was not of action; fear was the terror of expectancy, of waiting, and of the seconds, minutes and hours passing toward an unknown terminus.

He moved one bare foot along the wall searching with its sole for the contact of some loose object. He had made up his mind he would be the victim of no ghastly, deriding oriental prank. So he sought a loose object with his foot and, having covered one area of the floor without result, he moved silently through the pitch blackness to another. At last his cautious toes came in contact with a small but heavy block of wood and bending down he picked it up and hurled it out through the darkness.

The impact of this bit of wood against the opposite wall of the chamber could not have produced a great noise; but in contrast to the hours of ruthless silence it created a crash which seemed to shake the world and then to go as quickly as it had come. Davy's ears were listening now for the telltale sound which might follow and indicate that the other man, if he were there, was scuttling through the blackness toward the place where the block had come tumbling down.



"Lift your head, dear girl," he said, trying to make his voice steady and strong. "Can you stand? Wait!"

The ruse was not in vain. Indistinctly came a sound which he thought was made by bare feet moving on their padded calloused soles. Davy believed that he had heard the half-naked coolie's body meet the wall. It was the faint sound of a blind cat springing in the dark and falling back repulsed by the heavy stones. The man was there! Binns could imagine the yellow, brassy face with its concave [*Continued on page 59*]

Why Not Call It By Its Right Name?

Bolshevism Is Really Anarchy and Nothing Else

By Newell Dwight Hillis

Decoration by Louis Fancher

NOT since August of 1914 has the sky been so dark as to-day. Then Belgium was being crucified by two foreign thieves, the Kaiser and the Emperor. Now Russia is being crucified by its own Trotzky and Lenine. She has become a land of trampled cornfields and bloody streets through civil war. For multitudes of Russians, standing desolate amid their ruined homes, it is as if the sun had been turned into darkness and the moon into blood. The Potsdam gang lighted a fire that has gotten beyond their control and which now seems about to become a world conflagration.

Berlin helped invent the Bolshevist scheme, fomented the plot, financed the leaders, and did it in the spirit of greed, envy and ambition. Germany gazed longingly at Russia, which seemed one vast treasure-box filled with platinum, gold, silver, copper, tin and coal, not to mention the treasures of coal-oil and forests. Her scheme was to find agents to kill off all Russians of ability, hoping later to divide the Bolshevist leaders and set them quarreling like cats and dogs until they killed one another off, which would leave the treasures of Russia to fall into Germany's hands. But Germany was like unto a man who secretly, at night, sets fire to his neighbor's house, that later on he may use the burned lot as a garden, which he can buy for a song, but discovers, to his alarm, that the flames he kindled have fastened upon his own roof-tree, and threaten to turn his own home into ashes.

At the beginning the Kaiser wrote Franz Joseph about his plan "to cut the throats of Belgian men, women, and the aged and children alike, to end the War quickly." But Germany's crime against Belgium is less, if possible, than the unspeakable crimes wrought upon Russia through the organization and financing of the Bolshevist revolution, now become a world menace.

Dr. Hillis's articles have brought in a flood of letters of commendation. He writes as he preaches, fearlessly, truthfully

Sixteen awful months have now passed since the secret German agent, Trotzky, with the help of Lenine, compassed the overthrow of the Republic of Russia. After the abdication of the Czar, the wisest men in Russia copied the American Constitution almost verbatim and organized a republic, with a Duma elected after the fashion of our representatives and senators. In the hour when the iron autocracy of the Czar was overthrown, and an era of self-government came, Russian people knew outbreaking joy. They passed from the uttermost of darkness and fear unto the uttermost of hope and happiness. For weeks they gave themselves to celebrations and speeches, and the long summer days of 1917 witnessed fêtes and celebrations in every Russian village and city. But secret enemies were abroad. Berlin could not endure the thought that a republic patterned after the United States was next-door neighbor to the palace of Potsdam. Just as our Monroe Doctrine is a barrier against the setting up of any European monarchy on this western continent that might injure our government, so Germany feared that her people, under autocracy, might be influenced by the free institutions of a Russian Republic. Therefore the Kaiser's government bent every energy to the defeat of the new Russian President and his cabinet. Soon Germany's secret agents, Trotzky and Lenine, succeeded in pulling down the new house of Liberty, and behold! all Europe is filled with the dust of the ruins, the groans of the dying and stench of the dead.

FOR ten years Germany has looked with covetous eyes upon Russia and Serbia. Prussia's soil is thin and sandy, and, without nitrates, grows little wheat, while Russia's rich soil makes her one vast granary. Germany has looted her land of minerals until her iron is nearly gone; but Russia is still a rich treasure-house. The American War Eagle plumes his wings for a flight of three thousand miles from New York to San Francisco; the War Eagles of Russia, flying from the Baltic to Port Arthur, cover seven thousand miles. Russia owns ninety per cent. of earth's most precious mineral, platinum. She has gold mines in Siberia that, under convict labor, have produced $800,000,000. She owns 65 per cent. of the hard woods of the earth for factories—oak, hickory, ash, maple, elm, with the fine soft woods, pine, spruce and the various cedars. The black earth country of southern Siberia is the richest undeveloped farming section on the globe. Russia's copper, lead, zinc, tin, iron and oil treasures represent thousands of billions of dollars. As originally organized in Berlin the plot was very simple. Kill off the various members of the royal families of Russia, Roumania and Poland, using the Bolsheviki as agents; then when the time comes, arrest and execute for their crimes these Bolshevist agents who have succeeded to the property of the murdered men of ability in Russia. Nothing then will be easier than for Germany to seize their treasure and use as cheap laborers the 180,000,000 millions of ignorant peasants. It was all a part of the Pan-German Empire scheme, conceived in avarice, developed in lawlessness, and carried forward in the spirit of hate and jealousy.

But the temptation was too great for Germany's agents. Once they realized the richness of the stake for which Germany was intriguing they determined to throw over Berlin and seize the loot themselves. There are overwhelming proofs that there were some Russian Bolsheviki who hated Germany and acted upon their own initiative, while others were trained German agents, concerning whom it can only be said that Berlin financed Trotzky, controlled him at the beginning, directed his every movement, until a crisis came when the Russian Bolsheviki and the German Bolsheviki got together and determined to seize Kerensky, and use Russia for their own ends. One of our diplomats who had lived long in Russia stood near Trotzky when, waving his left hand toward his associates, he pointed with his right toward the banks, stores and factories of Petrograd and exclaimed, "There is the treasure. It is all yours to be had for the taking." It was like a burglar standing before an Aladdin's cave and exclaiming, "Beyond that door are gold and diamonds, and here are the axes. Arm yourselves for the attack!"

Trotzky lured his followers by promising them great estates, rich men's houses for homes, with the Russian Empire as a vast place that could be looted, and he who willed could load himself with treasure. To prove their point, Trotzky and Lenine immediately opened all the jails and prisons and turned loose upon Russia a small army of murderers, thieves and degenerates. These miserable creatures armed themselves with knives, pistols and clubs, and entered upon an orgy of bloodshed. Not the history of the Red Terror of France makes up a page so black! Trotzky and Lenine have turned Russia into a hell on earth.

Just as the influenza and grippe spread over the world and cost society millions of precious lives, so the Bolshevist spirit is now appearing in every country and clime, accompanied by an outbreak of riots, arson and bloodshed, that is restrained only by armed force. In their alarm, all thoughtful men are asking, "What is this black spirit that threatens civilization?" The simple truth is, Bolshevism is *plain anarchy*. It is a revival of the law of brute force. The biggest bull moose rules the herd, and the strongest lion gets the carcases and the female; and Bolshevism is a return to the era of the club and the spear, when the strongest brute simply took what he wanted. In terms of economics, it asserts the right of [*Continued on page 64*]

The Cleverness of Being Beautiful

Campbell Studio

A little over a year ago the screen "went blank" as far as Anita Stewart was concerned. Now she is back again, lovelier than ever, and the movie fans are happy

The only and original Elsie Ferguson, who is known in chic black and white on the screen, and in her own brilliant colors on the stage

Ira Hill, photographer

The Wisdom of Being Fascinating

Alfred Cheney Johnston, photographer

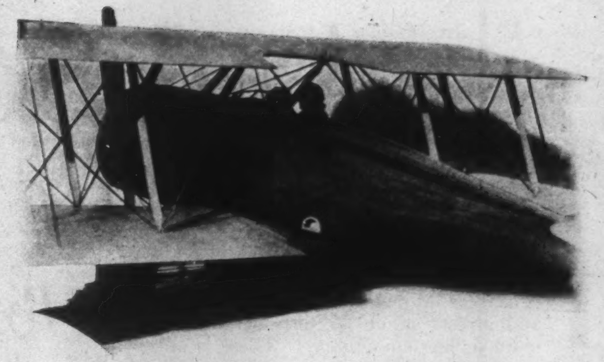
They have taken the famous old play, "Seven Days," wound it up with a musical string, called it "Tumble In," and set it dancing like a top. One of the girls who helps it to spin most fascinatingly is Peggy O'Neil

Here is Norma Talmadge, who never says a word, but really she doesn't have to. Every one else speaks for her and they never say a thing except the sort of stuff that is apt to turn a lovely head

Abbe, photographer

Taxis of the Air

by Campbell MacCulloch



"Aside from the alphabet and the multiplication table, those inventions which have operated to abridge distance have been of the greatest service to mankind" — Anonymous

FOR a solid year past nearly all the articles written about air travel seem to begin with the "Home, James" sort of fantasy, and to be almost invariably illustrated with a picture of a plutocratically fat female, blanketed in a furiously plutocratic opera cloak upholstered with uncut emeralds, and clutching an obese and low-browed dog, while striving to jimmy herself into a fanciful Pullman car with wings that rest upon an Edward Bellamyish landing stage, calculated to drive strong engineers to commit barratry and delicate architects into spasms. The caption usually argues that the time schedule between New York and San Francisco is about 38 minutes — except in bad weather when you can't expect to do it under 42.

I showed one of these pale prophetic piffles to a man who has built so many airplanes that he has to keep track of them with an adding-machine — power driven, whereat he sighed and said gently:

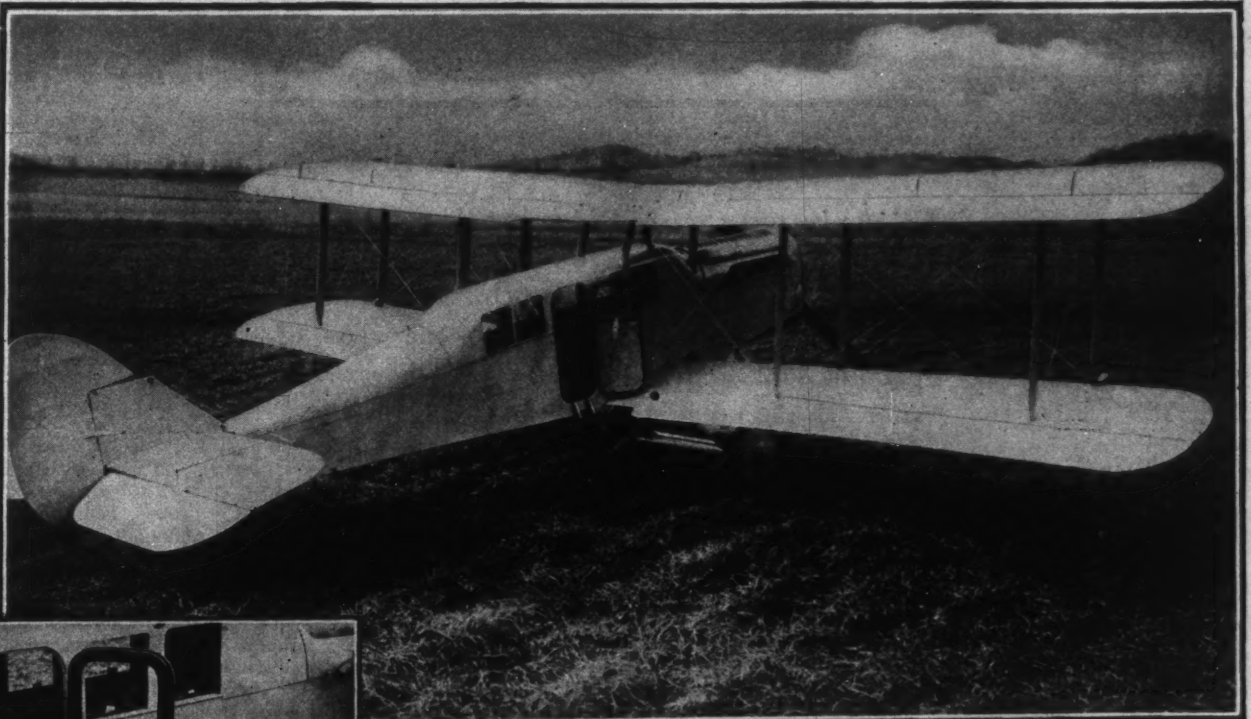
"Why will they do that sort of thing when the actual here-and-now facts are already amazing enough? Why, practically every solitary thing we can guess at is already a demonstrated actuality!"

When I repeated that statement to the Editor of McCLURE's he said:

"That's the idea! Let's have something az-iz! Anybody can *guess*, and the fellow with the wildest imagination guesses most — and worst. Facts will do us nicely. The up-to-the-minute *fait accompli* stuff!"

As a consequence of which —

A few facts, good people, that may have escaped your attention while you have been settling the smaller matters of the Peace Conference.



For June weddings —
The Honeymoon Express!

First, if the Atlantic has not already been crossed in an airplane by the time this magazine reaches your hands it will not be because the attempt has not been made by both England and America, for both are arranging that little feat now, and intend to accomplish it during the month of April. The planes are actually on the ground at this instant, the British machine at Newfoundland for a flight to Clifden in Ireland, and the American competitor at Newport News for the run to the Azores as the first leg of the course, and Spain for the second.

Second, if a light express service between New York and Chicago on a schedule of 12 hours is not actually on an operating basis in three months' time it will be because some detail wholly apart from the aerial equipment is holding up the plan, for the company is formed and the order given for the machines.

Third, if you are not running over from New York to Philadelphia and return via airplane by next September, or from San Diego up to Los Angeles, or from the latter city to El Paso, Texas, in the same type of conveyance, in about ten weeks from the time this reaches you, the chances are that it is one hundred to one that you don't want to travel in that fashion because you promised your family you wouldn't or — you're afraid.

Fourth, an aero-bus service between London and Paris is in operation, and just now, when Lloyd George or Bonar Law or Lord Fisher or some of the other big wigs whose time is worth a million a minute or so want to run back from Paris to London to get a forgotten item to tack on to the Hun's bill of costs, they just whistle up a plane and are back in the dear old town in 110 minutes by the clock. King's messengers no longer watch long nights in railway carriages with revolvers up their sleeves to guard their dispatches; they travel by plane to the Continent.

Fifth, Government officials in Washington having business in New York are falling into the habit of skipping over by plane in 80 minutes. On one day recently three such express planes reached Hazelhurst Field near Mineola in one day, and hardly a week passes that several do not travel back and forth.

Sixth, a company is already advertising (See New York daily papers, week of March 3-10) a plane service between New York and Florida.

Seventh, one metropolitan department store has already delivered a bill of goods by plane to a suburban customer.

These are facts — plain, ordinary, ungarnished, unimagined facts. And, as another fact, just as quickly as the populace will adjust itself to the changed commercial conditions and recognize that the world has swept forward a quarter century in the last four or five years, there will be other important facts. Once let the coy dollar cease from fleeing before the Administrative pursuer, and begin to carry on a flirtation with Mr. Commercial Opportunity, and you will see aerial development that will — I was going to say, amaze you, only I don't believe it would, so we'll substitute — wholly satisfy your love of progress and achievement. Frankly, as between conditions at this minute and potentialities a year from now, the difference is not worth considering, and, what is more, such difference as may exist will prove to be purely commercial and to have nothing to do with improvement in machines.

Will I shock you if I say that the airplane to-day is a sound, practical, commercial vehicle? Of course it will improve in detail, just as the motor car improves from year to year, but it is to-day a solid, substantial, and sanely safe machine in which your chances for accident or bodily harm are no greater than the risks you run in a motor car on the country roads or a taxicab in the city streets. Did you say, nonsense? Very well. Go back in your memory — if you are old enough to have accumulated vivid impressions then — and remember the mental antediluvian who vowed he would never risk *his* precious life in one of those "pesky automobiles," and the genial, intellectual giant who insisted with all the power of his lungs that speeds of fifteen and twenty miles an hour on public highways should be classed with first-degree homicide; and then kindly step out on Fifth Avenue, or Michigan Boulevard, or Leclede Boulevard, and find one horse — just one lone, inefficient, unsanitary horse, if you can, without prying seventy-five or eighty motor cars apart to locate him! Safe, indeed! (Snort.) [*Continued on page 73*]

And So It Happened

This Is About the Business of Getting Married

By Bruno Lessing

Illustration by F. Graham Cootes

THE great advantage of philosophy is that it enables its possessor to bear the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune with more or less equanimity. There is only one thing that annoys your true philosopher — life itself. He does not see why he had to be born. Everything else he accepts cheerfully — particularly the end. All the world should cultivate philosophy; it is infinitely more soothing and satisfying and profitable than Bolshevism. Some kinds of philosophy, of course, are better than other kinds — it is the same with shoes and soups.

The only point we wish to make is that any kind is better than none. Not that this has ever been denied or questioned. It is just a thought that naturally comes to the mind of any one who has ever met Morris Elsberg.

If any one had ever told Morris that he was a philosopher, Morris would have been surprised. Therein, you see, lies the touchstone of philosophy: if you have it you mustn't know it. Morris merely shrugged his shoulders at Fate. A shrug of the shoulders represents the philosophy of the ages in a nutshell.

Konetsky, Morris's uncle, told him that it was high time for him to go to work. Morris shrugged his shoulders and went to work. He went to Isenberg's cloak house and asked for a position. Isenberg surveyed him critically.

"Do you know something about the cloak business?" he asked.

"Not a blamed thing," responded Morris. Isenberg frowned and shook his head.

"I got an idea," he said, "that you don't amount to much. But your uncle is a smart man. I will give you a job at ten dollars a week, but if you don't make good I'll fire you."

Morris shrugged his shoulders and went to work. As soon as he reported to his uncle that he had found employment Konetsky stopped his allowance.

"So long as you are earning money," he explained, "you don't need any from me. Besides, you won't have so much time to spend money. When Mr. Isenberg raises your salary to twenty dollars a week I will give you a bigger allowance than you had before. Mr. Isenberg doesn't raise salaries unless people are fine workers."

Again Morris shrugged his shoulders. He felt that he had as much chance of getting twenty dollars a week from Isenberg as he had of getting a super-dreadnought for Christmas; but he also knew that moaning over the situation would not mend it. Then, one day, out of a clear sky, "Have you ever thought, Morris," asked his uncle, "about getting married?"

"Never," said Morris. "Why?"

"Well, you're twenty-two," said Konetsky, "and you got to get married some time. It makes a fellow steadier. You've been loafing all your life in school and college, and now you've got to settle down to serious business."

"How can I get married on ten dollars a week?"

"Oh, that's different. When you get married you know I'll take care of you. Only you got to marry the right kind of girl. Somebody what's got a little money on her own account. Then maybe you can go into the cloak business for yourself."

"I don't know any girl like that," said Morris. "Where will I find one?"

His uncle grinned. "That's all fixed up," he explained. "I seen Mr. Braun this afternoon and we had a long talk. He's a Hungarian, but that don't make any difference. You don't have to eat goulash if you don't like it. He's an old friend of mine and a fine man. He's got a couple of daughters and he thinks the oldest one ought to get married. Why don't you come over with me and take a look?"

And Morris shrugged his shoulders. As long as he had to get married some time — he thought of a familiar advertisement, "Eventually — why not now?" — and he smiled. At that particular moment any philosopher from Plato to Spencer would have been very proud to shake hands with Morris.

No ship was ever launched more smoothly or auspiciously than was the engagement of Morris Elsberg and Miss Dora Braun. Dora was nice to behold — brown eyes and brown hair and a clear, pink skin — exceedingly quiet in manner and rather placid in temperament.

"That's just the kind of girl every man ought to have for a wife," exclaimed Konetsky with great enthusiasm, when his nephew informed him that the Rubicon had been crossed.

"Really?" asked Morris. "I think I'll run down to the club and play billiards."

DORA, for her part, was very proud to appear in public with her fine young man. For Morris was quite tall and straight as an arrow and most girls glanced twice at his features. If their engagement lacked any of the fervor that youth and romance usually impart to such relations, neither of them seemed to notice it. Everything seemed natural to them, and they were content — the very acme of philosophy.

One evening, when Morris called, he heard singing in the upper part of the house.

"Elsie is home from boarding-school," explained Dora. "She is the noisiest little thing you ever saw."

"I'd like to see her," said Morris. "I've never met her, you know."

"Oh, you'll meet her, never fear," said Dora, laughing. "Elsie has a nice way of plastering herself all over the place and nobody could help meeting her if he lived in the same town."

From an Admiring Reader

"I HAVE just finished reading 'Looking for Levy,' by Bruno Lessing. Mr. Lessing was certainly right when he wrote this story and, in my opinion, he has jumped into the class of DeMaupassant and O. Henry as a short story writer. I intend to take some of the money I used to spend for beer and buy several of the February numbers of your magazine and send marked copies to my friends. W. P. WILLIAMS."

Morris happened to remember that he had brought some candy for Dora, and went out into the hall to get it from his overcoat. A swishing sound caused him to look upward and then to his amazement, he beheld a mass of pink fluffiness sliding down the balustrade from the second floor. For just a moment he stood watching it. Then he sprang forward just in time to catch the entire mass in his arms. For another second he stood holding it in his arms and gazing down into blue eyes that were sparkling with laughter and cheeks that were pinker than their wont with embarrassment. Then he deposited the mass upon its feet and bowed gravely.

"I suspect that it's Elsie," he said.

She burst into a peal of merry laughter. "I didn't know anybody was looking," she said. "Isn't it terrible?"

He took her hand and looked into her dancing eyes and — well, it's like this: philosophy doesn't believe in impulses, but philosophers, sometimes, are human — he bent forward and kissed her. And, of course, at that moment Dora had to appear in the doorway.

"What is all the rumpus?" she asked. "What are you two doing?"

"I'm getting acquainted with my future sister-in-law," explained Morris, gravely. But he was very quiet all that evening, and when he returned to his room he sat down for a long time and thought. What his thoughts really were he probably could never have told you. A pair of dancing blue eyes gleamed and sparkled before his inward vision, and he had only to shut his own eyes to hear again the merriest, most musical laughter that had ever fallen upon his ears. When a philosopher gets thinking about these things he rarely makes any headway; his thoughts usually travel in a circle, beginning with the dancing blue eyes and ending there. Of course, Morris knew, matters could not go on like this indefinitely. A man has no right to be engaged to a girl and have her sister's face haunting him. But, being a philosopher, he shrugged his shoulders. It would probably all end one way or another.

It did. It ended with this letter, which reached him just as he was starting for work:

"I've been thinking things over and I don't think there is any sense in our being engaged. You know you are not really in love with me, and while I like you very much and just love to go out with you, I don't feel about you just the way I think I ought. Father will be terribly disappointed, and I suppose your uncle won't like it very much, but why should we make ourselves unhappy on their account? I don't want to get married at all. And I notice that you have more fun when you're with Elsie than when you're with me. Can't we just be good friends?"

Men, whether they are philosophers or not, are queer creatures. After one long sigh of relief upon reading the letter, Morris became plunged in gloom. He felt that he had done something wrong, had been unkind and lacking in generosity, and he felt distressed. He went to work that morning in more depressed spirits than he had experienced in many years. It was one of those gray, rainy days on which it seems impossible for gloomy spirits to rise. Morris sat at his desk addressing circulars to the firm's customers. When he had addressed twenty he stamped them, and — more for the sake of a change of posture than for any hurry — took them out to the mail-chute in the hall. He was putting stamps on a second batch when Isenberg approached, picked up one of the envelopes and weighed it in his hands.

"How many did you mail already?" he asked.

"Twenty," said Morris.

"They only need a two-cent stamp," said his employer, "and you put on three cents. Tell the cashier to take twenty cents out of your pay on Saturday."

"Yes, sir," said Morris. And then, inwardly, and in total disregard of every system of philosophy from Neo-Platonism to the monistic theory, he cursed Mr. Isenberg for the stingiest, most close-fisted, tightwaddest, penny-grubbing, parsimonious, stingy miser that ever drew the breath of life. And, in a measure, he was right. Isenberg was one of those men who, while normal in every other trend of their mind, cannot part with a penny without experiencing a physical pang.

"I've got as much show of getting twenty dollars a week from him," muttered Morris, "as I have of flying."

Still, nowadays, people fly every day. The sky grew grayer, the rain became more persistent and dogged and Isenberg's cloak establishment was shrouded in a sad, dense gloom which you might have cut with a knife, when the door opened and a young, good-looking chap, shaking an umbrella from which the water spattered all over the room, bustled into the place, smiling cheerfully and radiating an aura of high animal spirits which penetrated even Morris's depressed consciousness. As for Isenberg — he fairly beamed.

"Well, if it isn't Mr. Aaron Meyer!" he exclaimed, quite jovially. "How is your father?"

"It's a buyer," was Morris's prompt deduction.

"Pop's all right," said the young man. "The only thing wrong with him is that he sent me down on a day like this to bring up some of your new samples. Get a move on, Isenberg. I haven't got much time. I want to take the eleven o'clock train back to Poughkeepsie."

Mr. Isenberg, obsequiousness itself, brought out the samples, showed them to Meyer and wrapped them up. They made half a dozen rather bulky packages.

"Morris," he cried, "call a taxicab for Mr. Meyer."

"Pop always gets sore when I take a taxi," said Meyer, laughing.

"I treat you," said Isenberg, generously. "Your father is one of our best customers, and I ain't going to let his son get wet on a day like this."

Taxicabs have a genius for being scarce on rainy days. After trying in vain to obtain one by telephone, Morris donned his hat and coat and went out to find one on the street. He returned presently and announced that the taxi was at the door. Isenberg told him to help Meyer carry the packages down-stairs, and when he returned for the last bundle,

"Go with him to the train," said he to Morris. "Help him put the bundles on the train, and then —" he hesitated a moment and looked out at the gloomy sky — "yes, bring the taxi back here. I got to go home early and it's hard to get one." He drew a roll of bills from his pocket, but there was none smaller than a twenty-dollar denomination among them.

"I'm in a hurry," said Meyer.

"Here, Morris, take this," said Isenberg, putting one of the bills into his hand. "Pay for the taxi and come back by street car and bring me the change. I guess I don't need a taxi."

Morris glanced at the twenty-dollar bill and then looked steadfastly at his employer. "Shall I give the chauffeur a tip?"

Isenberg reddened. Meyer, with a bundle under his arm, was holding the door open.

"If it costs more as a dollar," said Isenberg, choking slightly, "give him ten cents — or five, maybe."

There were no chains on the tires and the chauffeur drove slowly and carefully.

"Some day," said Meyer, tapping Morris on the knee, "friend Isenberg is going to give a waiter a twenty-five-cent tip instead of ten cents, by mistake, and die of heart disease when he finds it out."

Morris laughed — it was the first time that day — and whether it was the influence of Meyer's pleasant personality or whether philosophy, after its momentary abdication, had resumed its sway, he felt cheerful again.

"You looked like a photograph of hard luck when I came into your place," said Meyer, gazing at him with interest. "Anything wrong? Had a row with the boss?"

Oh, the magnetism of youth! Just one moment of hesitation and then, what Morris would never have dreamed of telling his uncle or his employer, he found himself pouring into the ear of a young man of his own age whom he had never met before. When the story had been told, Meyer reflected upon it.

"What I think," he said slowly, "is that you're sore because you were jilted. You were perfectly willing to get out of the engagement but you just don't like the idea of being thrown over like that."

"I guess you're right," said Morris. "I never thought of that."

"Why don't you go to see her?" asked Meyer. "I'll tell you what I'll do. I can take the twelve o'clock train just as well. I'll go along with you, if you like. You see, if you talk it over in the presence of a stranger, you'll both feel better. I know how to get on with girls. I'll take her side and — get the idea?"

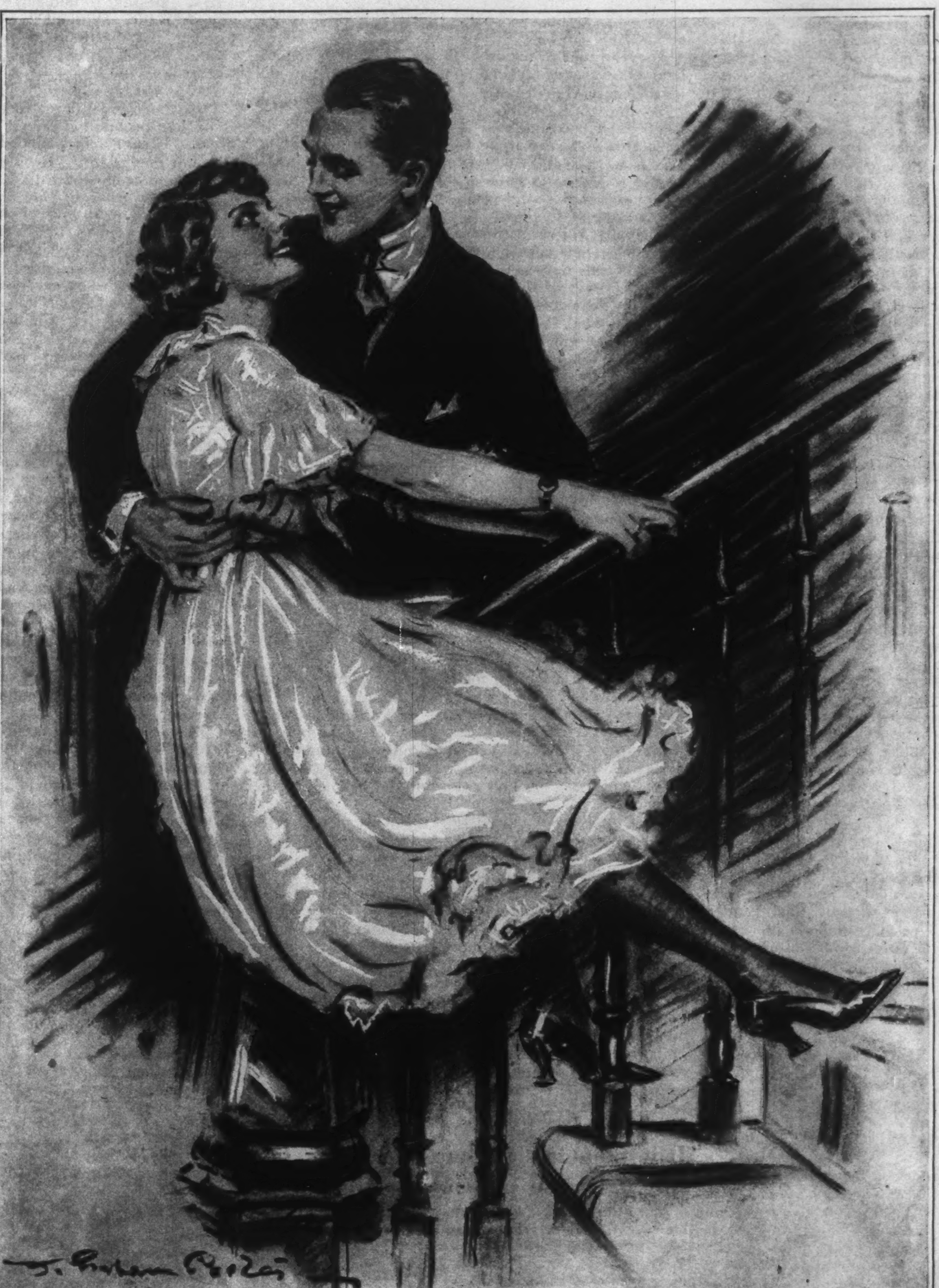
Morris had suddenly grasped his companion's hand and was now shouting to the chauffeur through the window to change his course. And thus it happened upon that dismal, rainy forenoon that Miss Dora Braun received two visitors.

We have striven, thus far, to keep this narrative upon a plane of abstract philosophy, i. e., a plane upon which events transpire in more or less orderly fashion and effect follows cause with some sort of justification. We must now, alas! abandon this method of procedure and, without the slightest excuse or explanation — because we do not know any — proceed to run riot.

When Meyer was introduced to Miss Dora Braun he took her hand in his. This frequently happens when people are introduced to each other. But why did Miss Dora blush? And why did young Mr. Meyer stand with his mouth agape? And why did they look at each other and then look away and then, furtively, look back again, without saying a single word? And why did they keep clinging to each other's hand? And why, when Miss Elsie came romping into the room and Morris, with an eager exclamation, greeted her and led her, in turn, to meet his friend — why, then, did Meyer hold out his left hand? The obvious answer, of course, is that his right hand was busy; but a real philosopher, attempting to explore beneath the surface of things, would soon have realized that he was in the presence of a phenomenon that was entirely beyond his realm. It was Dora who broke the spell by laughing and withdrawing her hand.

"Won't you sit down, please?" she said to Meyer. And Meyer, laughing pleasantly, sat down. We are not contending that Dora's suggestion was particularly brilliant, even though Meyer thought it was. The same remark has been made many times, in many countries and many climates, by many people, in many ages extending all the way from the dawn of history up to the last reception on Fifth Avenue. For its purpose, and as remarks go, it would be difficult to improve upon it. You must not think that because we dilate upon it we are finding fault with this remark or are treating it sarcastically. We have,

[Continued on page 72]



He sprang forward just in time to catch her in his arms. He gazed down into blue eyes that were sparkling with laughter

Labor and Beer

When You Invade a Man's Habits, What Happens?

By Samuel Gompers

Illustration by W. T. Benda

I AM not an advocate of drinking. I am not an advocate of wine drinking, or even of beer drinking.

Yet I am an anti-prohibitionist. Not an anti-prohibitionist of mere mushroom growth, but one opposed to prohibition, steadfastly and in principle, for more than forty years. And still I think I may honestly say that I have done as much as most men, and much more than many men, in the furtherance of the cause of temperance.

And it is as a worker for temperance — for the right and true temperance — that I wish to say that I consider the foisting of prohibition upon this country against the palpable wish of the large mass of the people, to be, in times like these, worse than a crime; it is a blunder. And moreover, a blunder charged with danger and loaded with disastrous probabilities.

The world to-day lies torn and tortured and tempest-tossed. All peoples of the earth have been upset and unsettled. The minds of men are excited and unstrung. Subtle, or open, discontent exists throughout the earth. From the bloody Bolshevism of Russia to the economic unrest of the still stable countries, it is there for the least observing to see and the most unthinking to recognize.

It is a singularly unfortunate moment to upset further a country by an invasion of personal liberty and a fatuous attempt to reorganize, by force, the daily habits of its citizens. The very fact that in some cases these habits are harmful is, of course, not sufficient excuse for the autocratic rule that attempts to control the daily lives of those in whom such habits are without harm.

This is no attempt, as it is no time, to deal radically with the evils of drink. They exist, and they should be corrected. But to rescue the few and bring disaster to the many is a policy too fatuous to admit of discussion. A general on the battlefield does not turn all his soldiers into stretcher-bearers. He wins the battle first and aids the wounded afterward.

That is precisely the condition that confronts us in this country to-day. To save a comparatively small number of people from over-indulgence in an evil habit we are taking a chance of wrecking the social and economic fabric of the nation. It is just as futile as it would be to save the people in the sick-bay of a torpedoed ship and let all the rest of the crew and passengers drown!

In Italy and in France and in the Balkan countries wine is plentiful and water is scarce. In the lands of middle Europe beer is always available and water hard to get. In this country great numbers of immigrants from those lands — great numbers of the descendants of those immigrants—have all their lives been accustomed to the quite legitimate and necessary use of light wines and beer. To them, beer or wine has become as much a part of a meal as bread or meat or potatoes.

They are not drunkards. They use their beer and light wines as sensibly, and no more harmfully, than do most of us use tea or coffee.

To stop them, deliberately and by force, from the use of their beer and wine is as unjust as it would be for a crowd of vegetarians to get together and pass a law to stop you and me from eating meat.

And it is sure to have upon them the same effect. They are voters. And yet they have had no voice in the passage of this law.

They are American citizens. And yet, because they have delegated their rights to certain elected officials, those officials have acted as they saw fit against the obvious wishes of their constituents.

Is this democracy?

That is what their question will be.

And what will be the answer?

At first, wonderment. If they are citizens and have a voice in the government of the country, why is their voice unheeded? Their voice is in a majority. That they know. Where there is a chirp for prohibition, there is a howl against it.

If experience demonstrates that Congress has erred in the enactment of a measure it is within the power of a majority in a subsequent Congress to rectify it; but no matter how disastrous the constitutional prohibition amendment may prove to be, thirteen states with a population of ten millions can prevent the thirty-five other states with a population of over ninety millions from correcting or rectifying the wrong.

It is an open flaw in our system of government.

In this instance, it is not the will of the many that prevails. It is the power of the few!

What then?

Resentment.

I worked in a factory for twenty-six years with my shop mates and I know what I am talking about. The lunch that a laboring man takes with him to his work by noon becomes nearly dried out. By chipping in with several others, he can procure a small amount of beer with which to wash it down and make it palatable. After which he sits and reads for the balance of the hour.

And in the evening, perhaps a pitcher of beer with his supper.

IT is his habit. It rests him and relaxes him.

It is his habit. It is plebeian, perhaps. But it is also plebeian to dig ditches.

It is not a question of right or wrong. It is not a question of whether we approve or disapprove of beer drinking. It is his habit.

And when you invade a man's habits, what happens? You upset that man. You unsettle him. Uprooting one habit uproots others. And you find that the man who was heretofore satisfied to labor as he had been laboring, to go home nights and talk or read, becomes restive and discontented. Instead of sitting down to rest and read, he restlessly goes out into the street. There he meets other men, restless and unsettled, like himself. And in the rubbing together of their mutual grievances, there are sparks, and sometimes fire.

I have heard it stated, and I believe it, that the birth of the Bolsheviki was in prohibition. Harmful as vodka was, it enabled the Russian peasant to find surcease from the dull monotony of his life. Without it, he found only trouble and torment and the desire to tear down that which he cannot rebuild. And to-day Russia lies bleeding, tortured.

It was too big a price to pay.

It is time for all of us to recognize the fact that a thing like prohibition cannot be attained by executive decree. It cannot be pounded, with heavy hand, from the top downward. It must, like democracy, flow from the bottom upward.

Total abstinence, like law and order and government, is a gradual growth born of the desire, first, of individuals, then of peoples, to grow. It is futile for the few to try to tell the many what they must or must not do, as it is sometimes equally futile for the many to try to tell the few when such commands are too drastic or too great an invasion upon the manhood and liberties of those who are commanded. Upon so small a thing as taxation without representation did the tiny colonies defy their mighty parent.

BEFORE you can make prohibition honestly and honorably effective, you must have the desire of the peoples themselves to totally abstain.

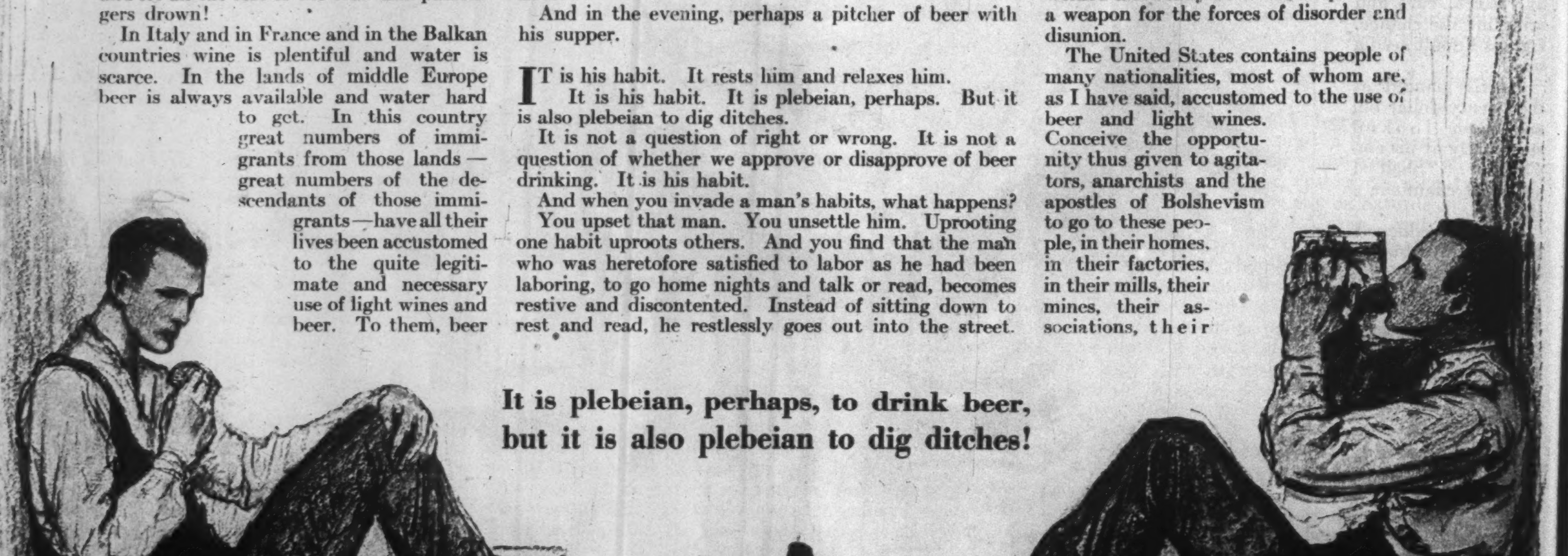
This, palpably, you have not. Else would the Prohibition party have been something more than an also-ran in every election the country has ever held.

The labor movement, by its efforts to secure the eight-hour work day, by securing higher wages and improved conditions of living, has been instrumental in making the workers more temperate. There are more non-drinking union workmen in the United States to-day than I have ever known in all my life, and the number of total abstinents is growing.

But it is with these men a voluntary act, and I know of no men who are such militant anti-prohibitionists as are the total-abstaining active union men in America.

Organized labor has been fighting its hardest to maintain the unity of this country. It is a great misfortune that at this time there should have come, welded and ready to wield, so powerful a weapon for the forces of disorder and disunion.

The United States contains people of many nationalities, most of whom are, as I have said, accustomed to the use of beer and light wines. Conceive the opportunity thus given to agitators, anarchists and the apostles of Bolshevism to go to these people, in their homes, in their factories, in their mills, their mines, their associations, their



It is plebeian, perhaps, to drink beer, but it is also plebeian to dig ditches!

Next month: Another article by Mr. Gompers, who lately returned from the Peace Conference

unions, and say, "Look here. This is what Congress has done to you. It has even taken away your glass of beer!"

It may sound but little to those who are accustomed to comfortable homes, to luxurious hotels. It may sound trivial to those who have never known the use of beer or wine. But to people so accustomed it is a source of constant discontent and never-ending nagging. It irritates and annoys and unsettles. And it puts them in a receptive mood for the deadlier propaganda that will follow.

The "No Beer, No Work" agitation is sure proof of this. It is claimed to be the work of agitators, the I. W. W., or the Bolsheviki.

Well, suppose it is? Who placed in the hands of these agitators the material to work with?

And how are you going to tell whether it is their work or not?

Whether it be the cry of the honest American workman standing on what he deems his constitutional rights, or that of the dishonest agent of anarchy or pro-Germanism trying to foment trouble, doesn't the cry remain the same?

By allowing the opportunity for a cry like this to be heard at a time like this, it looks as though we had unconsciously played into the enemy's hands. That he will use his opportunity to the full, we can be only unpleasantly sure.

What is to be done, I do not pretend to say. Party politics, whether they be democratic, republican, socialistic, populistic, prohibition, or any other, have no place in the conventions of the American Federation of Labor, and yet it is the duty of all to point out the dangers we see and leave for those in power to correct or avert these dangers.

But it would be well for my countrymen to know certain things.

Is the experience of other peoples and other nations to have no lesson for us? Wherever we can lead, lead we must. Where that opportunity is not afforded, the road to wisdom is to profit by the experience of others and for ourselves, to avoid or avert their mistakes.

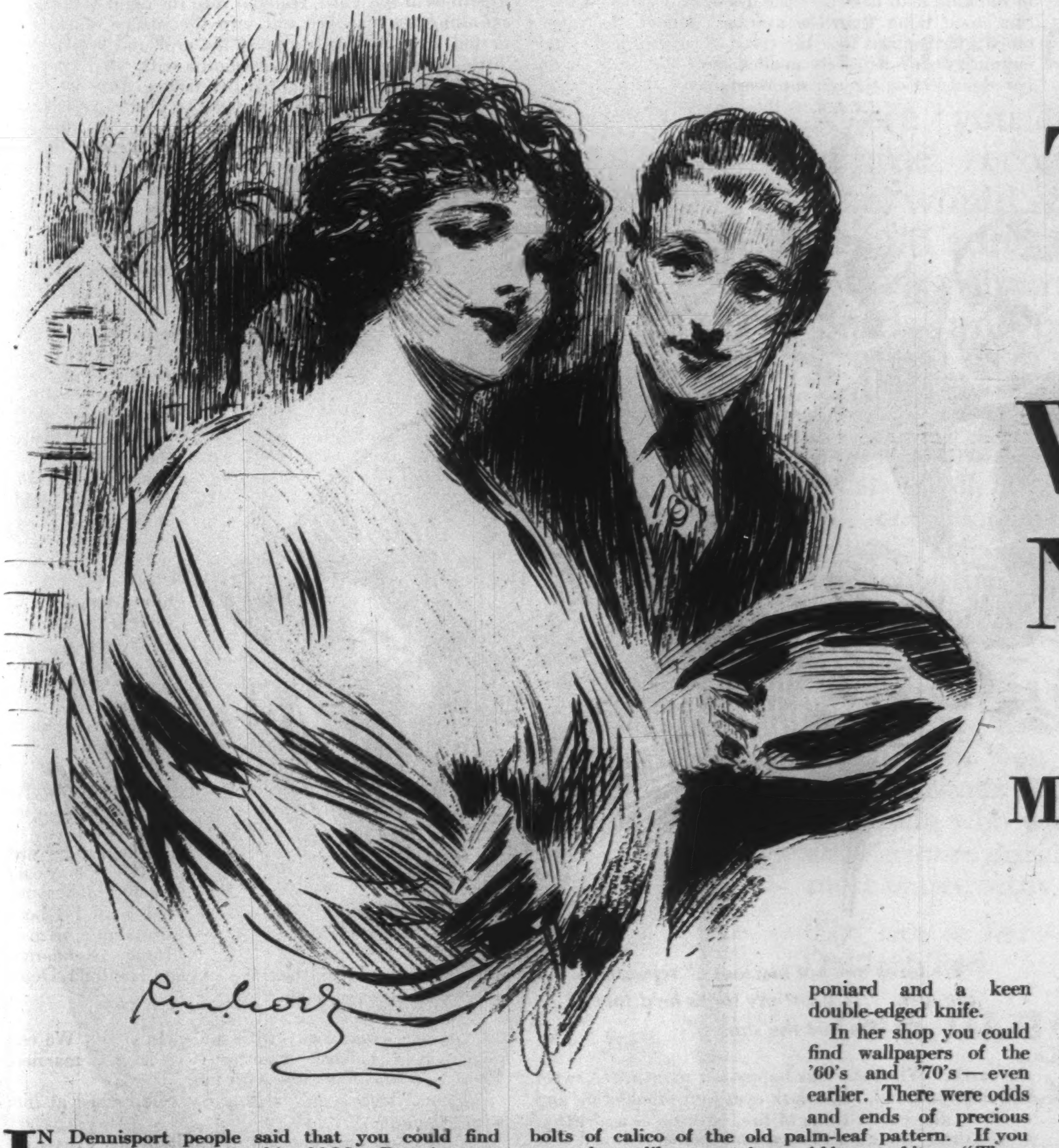
France and Italy have not even attempted to try prohibition.

England tried drastic limitation with limited hours. But in the face of economic unrest, England has had to increase the strength and quality of its beer.

Russia tried prohibition and found Bolshevism.

In the face of this, does the United States really wish to put into effect as a permanent policy a measure that other countries have found to be unnecessary, impossible or disastrous?

I verily believe it does not. Bound by every tie of principle, hope and aspiration for my country's welfare and progress, associated with the men and women of our country as closely as I am, for the first time in my whole life am I apprehensive for the future.



The Girl Who Wanted a New Face

by

Mary Heaton Vorse

Illustrations by R. M. Crosby

IN Dennisport people said that you could find nothing that you wanted in old Mrs. Perry's store, but that everything else in the world was there. If you had asked for a Great Auk's egg, it is possible she would have spluttered: "Great Auk's egg! Great Auk's egg!" and gone to hunting and rummaging, and finally pulled it out of some bandbox; but if you went in and asked for some turkey-red calico, like as not she would snap at you:

"Ain't got any more turkey-red — summer folks bought it all up!"

She herself was bowed and twisted till she seemed more like some desiccated old tree than a human being. But the flame of life was strong in her; there was youth in her keen eyes, and her tongue was alternately a poniard and a keen double-edged knife.

In her shop you could find wallpapers of the '60's and '70's — even earlier. There were odds and ends of precious bolts of calico of the old palm-leaf pattern. If you wanted tape like as not she would be out of it: — "Them summer people!" was her eternal explanation — but galloon she had; and through the incredible disorder of this store with its super-imposed purchases of the ages, where shiny scarlet and green pasteboard boxes turned the shadows into a mad checker-board, Mrs. Perry shot with the unerring deftness of a spider — when she was a-minded to.

Beside the store itself, people came to look at Mrs. Perry's flowers and at her granddaughter, Georgiana. The flowers varied through the year — now a fuchsia, Mid-Victorian, gracious and opulent, now a begonia with exotic salmon-colored flowers, and in the fall a magnificent tub of blue hydrangeas.

The way to conversation with Mrs. Perry concerning the palm-leaf calico was through a discussion of flowers. The way to sever diplomatic relations with her was to notice Georgiana, who stood there in the store, insolently magnificent, her beauty flaunting itself at you; now superbly indifferent to the men's looks, now sharply and sternly on the defensive.

She knew men and distrusted them almost as much as her grandmother distrusted her. It was not for nothing that almost ever since she could remember the knots of fishermen on the street corners had looked at her with their hot and desirous eyes, that they had followed her down the street, that gay young men from out of town had made kissing sounds after her.

Since she was twelve Georgiana had paid the price of her beauty in such humiliations as these.

How the old ladies hated Georgiana's beauty! They hated it almost as much as Mrs. Perry did, and she looked on it as a lure of the devil. Not that she hated Georgiana — except at times — for from the beginning she had differentiated between Georgiana and her beauty. She felt toward Georgie's beauty much as a poor woman might have felt toward a jewel of price that a child of hers through some freak of fortune was condemned to wear, and which continually excited the cupidity of those about her. "Your looks," was how she put it, speaking in an impersonal sort of way, as she might have said, "your clothes."

"With your looks, you mustn't do so and so," "With your looks, you can't go here or there," were the admonitions continually on her lips.

The times she almost hated Georgie were when with magnificent indifference Georgie ignored her. There was a calm arrogance in Georgie's silence under attack, when Mrs. Perry's barbed shafts fell clattering away, leaving Georgie unscathed.

There was one thing that always roused Mrs. Perry to fury, one thing for which she tried to make Georgie pay. This was when young men came into the store to buy things so they could look at Georgie.

Dennisport young men knew better than to do this, but in a seafaring town there are always strangers. Never a week passed that dark sailors off fishing vessels failed to make specious errands to the dusky, cluttered little shop. Then there would be scenes like this.

Mrs. Perry was selling muslin sheeting to Mrs. Augusta Higgins when a young man came in and engaged Georgie in conversation. Instead of waiting on him with her high-handed indifference she was challengingly defiant.

"What does he say he wants?" Mrs. Perry threw Georgie.

"Socks," Georgie threw back contemptuously.

"We ain't any his size!"

Mrs. Higgins turned around and looked the young man over. He was blond and good-looking, and young — not more than twenty-one or two. He was well-dressed also, and there was an appealing boyish quality about him. He looked like a good boy, but rather too pretty in his blond fashion.

"He's a summer feller," Mrs. Higgins gave out.

"I'll fix *him!*" Mrs. Perry informed Mrs. Higgins. "I tell you we ain't got any his size!" she flung at Georgie savagely.

Georgie turned away with contempt in every line of her; her grandmother might have been the wind among the trees. She picked out a red box and looked at the number.

"One pair?" she asked, looking the boy full in the face.

As she looked at him a little change like pale sunlight on a sullen day came into her eyes, a curious softening, a questioning look as though mutely she had said to him: "You look good — you look different from the others." Her look confused him; he examined the socks to hide his bashfulness. The full sense of her beauty, enhanced by this unexpected softness, had swept over him like a flame. He took the little bundle Georgie gave him, and his hand touched hers. He flushed with embarrassment and pleasure.

At sight of this, scarlet mounted to Georgie's cheeks, and she turned away and would not look at him any more.

When Mrs. Higgins had gone, her grandmother turned on her as though to rend her.

"He's been here before!" she cried, letting her words explode like firecrackers.

Georgie did not answer.

"He's been here before, I say! What makes him look at you like that! What makes him come here!"

"I can't help him looking at me," returned Georgie in sudden and unusual wrath. "You keep a store, don't you — and folks come here to buy things?"

"But you looked at him — you know you looked at him!"

A wave of translucent crimson swept over Georgie's dark face. She turned away.

"I wish to heaven you was married!" cried her grandmother. "I wish to heaven you was married to some good man! But who'd marry you — what honest good man would marry a girl with your looks? You're a capable girl, Georgie, but who'd ever believe it to see you?"

"Oh, leave me be!" cried Georgie.

Usually she was hidden in indifference, impervious, and so unusual was this outburst of hers that her grandmother stopped. She looked at Georgie from under her shaggy brows.

"*Aha!*" she said, in a tone of inexpressible comprehension. "*Aha!*"

AND at this Georgie fled from the store to her own room, and locked the door behind her, and once there threw herself sobbing upon her bed. She felt outraged and thwarted. It was as if some lovely gift had been taken from her and thrown in the mud.

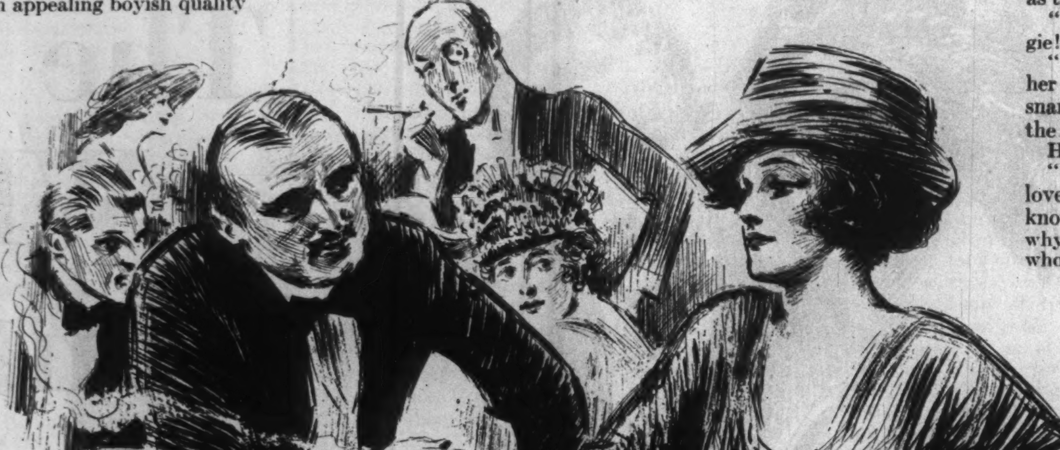
She hated her grandmother; she hated the world; she hated men, too, and the malicious jealousy of girls.

She felt cut off from all human sympathy. Whichever way she turned for affection she was imprisoned by the horrible trinity of Suspicion, Jealousy and Desire.

So she wept with rage and fury, as a prisoner might weep, hurling himself with futility against the bars of his prison. Only Georgie's prison was of the spirit.

Her grandmother's taunt recurred to her: "What good man'd ever want to marry you?"

She got up and looked at herself in the mirror. There swept over her a proud satisfaction. There was no use in blinking it to herself — the question of "her looks." She stood taller than the average, slender, deep-bosomed; her tanned face the color of ripe apricots, and cunningly and delicately molded, and her head set on her shoulders as though she were one of the queens of the earth. When she was happy her mouth was sweet and subtly curved. Her dark eyes were smoldering and quick to anger. A thing of fire, Georgie — a girl that would draw the eyes of men and women toward her, and children, too, like a magnet — pride and courage and fire in every line of her.



"He loves me, not my looks," repeated the girl. "If I lost my looks he'd love me just the same!"

She looked at herself with large and solemn eyes. "I guess there's folks somewheres," was her verdict, given with a grim comprehension of the nature of man, "that wouldn't mind marrying me!" Then like a bird flying to its nest, the secret thought of her heart flew to the boy.

"You fool!" she said to herself angrily. It hurt her essential pride that at so little cause she could think of him so much. She had had so much cause to think of other men, and had thought of them so little.

He came in the next day and bought one of the bandanna handkerchiefs that were Mrs. Perry's idea of window display.

"Are you going to the dance to-night?" he asked.

"Yes," Georgie answered, looking away. It was the first time she had ever made an appointment with any one.

She didn't mind when her grandmother screamed:

"What's goin' to become o' you — takin' up with a feller like that? Who is he — what d'you know about him? Ain't you got any pride?"

Behind her sullen arrogance her heart was singing. She did not care that her grandmother went with her. They marched into the town hall, a strange pair; Georgie, her cheeks aglow, her grandmother stabbing along beside her, wearing her immemorial dolman and a bonnet tied under her chin.

He was waiting for her at the door, and without a glance at her grandmother Georgie danced off in his arms. It was like no other dancing she had ever known. Between them there was some complete inner harmony — it was as if they were one person. The boy improvised, and Georgie followed.

He danced too well. If she had known more, the way he danced would have fixed his place in life for her — a semi-professional dancing man, a frequenter of dance-halls, whose secret dream it is to become a professional.

When the music stopped, he took Georgie's hand, tucked it under his arm, and led her unresisting down the steps of the Town Hall out into the night. Without speaking they walked out into the silence of the deserted street. She dropped his arm and stood at a little distance from him, overborne with what she was feeling. The moon lighted her face so that it shone like silver. The boy looked at her as though he had seen some miracle.

"Georgie!" he entreated. "Georgie! Georgie — I love you!"

"You don't know me!" she cried, her old suspicions of men, like snarling watch dogs, suddenly on the alert.

He did not try to touch her.

"Oh, Georgie — you're so lovely," he said. "Why — do you know what you're like — you're — why — I've never seen any girl who was like you — never any one who made me feel as you do —— "

It was as though the emotion in his voice had put the watch dogs suddenly to sleep.

"Oh!" she said, with a little sigh that told him more than a thousand protestations.

"Georgie, say my name," he pleaded. "Just say my name."

"I hardly know your name."

"But say it!"

With difficulty she said it after him.

"Georgie, just to touch your sleeve makes me feel as if I'd been drinking something wonderful. I feel so happy I can't bear it — I can't stand it! Don't you feel that way — don't you?"

"Yes — oh, yes!"

"Georgie, come away with me. Let's go! We can dance in a cabaret together — we'll get married. Georgie, won't you come with me?"

"I don't know you," she said. She looked at him with solemnity.

He was tall and blond and straight, his eyes wide apart, — a new type to her. His lack of force seemed to her gentleness. She confused the strength of his body with strength of character.

"Georgie, you don't belong here. You know you don't belong here in this little town with that old woman watching you all the time. There's no one here fit to touch you. Come with me, Georgie — say you'll come! Don't wait! Take the early train — I'll be waiting for you."

Here Georgie's prudence showed its head for a moment. "How'll we live?" she asked.

He laughed easily. "Why, for a girl with your looks it is easy enough to find [*Continued on page 60*]

Your Own Expert

Were you to name the one man whose recommendation on a tire you would value most highly, you would surely name Barney Oldfield—race champion, transcontinental tourist and pioneer.

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Write us today for our new descriptive catalog, No. 33. We will tell you where The Angelus can be heard in your own city.

It is a new you that music makes

AWAY from the hurry of every day affairs, out for a moment from the clatter of bewildering events, music is able to reveal *yourself* to you. It takes you into enchanted lands, it builds new resolves, reveals hidden strength that sends you back into the dust of daily matters re-enforced by the discovery of that other, stronger self of yours.

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is the medium that is discovering their other selves to a host of active American men and women today. The Angelus, the pioneer achievement in the reproduction of music in its purest form, has captured and held throughout the years the loyal affections of these people because it is so happy a combination of craftsmanship and art.

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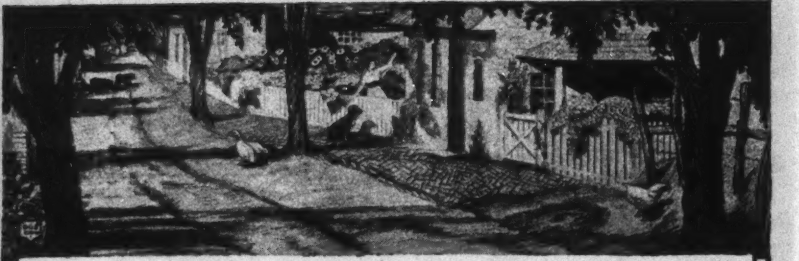
MERIDEN, CONNECTICUT



Home

by Charles Hanson Towne

I WAS talking to a returned soldier the other day — a lad who had fought in France ever since America entered the War.

He had just stepped off the transport; and there was a light of joy in his eyes the like of which I have never seen.

"I'm home!" he cried. "Think of it — home again!"

A few days later he was still in New York, busy getting his discharge papers.

"How anxious I am to see my folks down in South Carolina!" he said.

At first, he told me, the coast line was Home, and a thrill ran through his body when he saw the skyscrapers from our Harbor. Next, he saw the Statue of Liberty; and she was a symbol of Home. She was a living woman, greeting him. Then the vast, throbbing hive of Manhattan was Home to him — that city which he had always in his heart abominated for what he thought its agate and iron coldness and hardness. Now it pulsed with warmth for him, It, too, was a symbol of Home, after his long absence in a foreign land. How good her pavements were, how wonderful her people — for they were Americans!

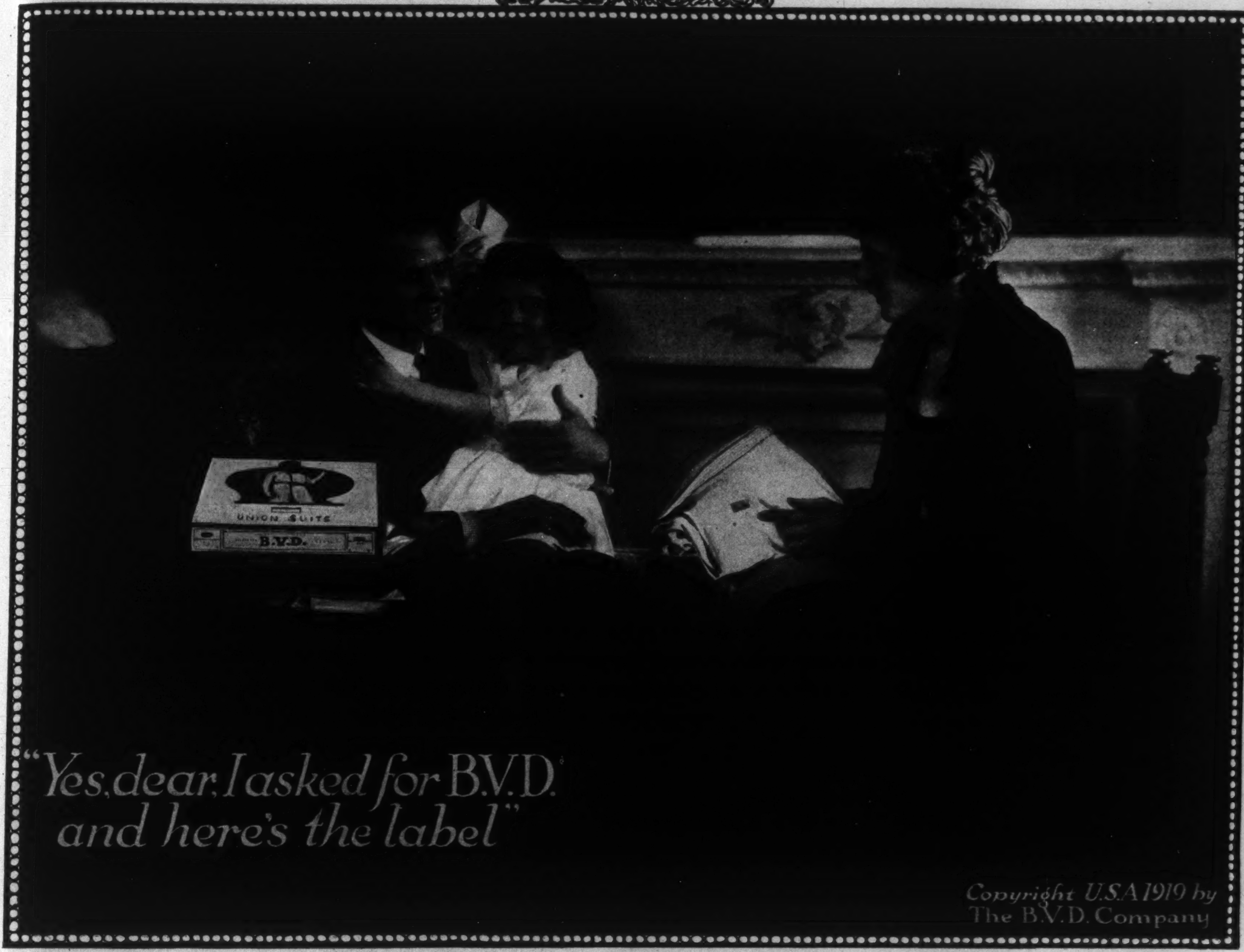
Home! Here were those who spoke his language, dressed as he would soon be dressed; and the theatres were alive with people who smiled on him; the restaurants rang with American tunes; and the girls — how splendid they were! After all, there were no girls like American girls! He was Home.

As the days passed, however, and he kept on having a fine time in his own country, a feeling of the same homesickness he had experienced in France found its way into his heart. He wanted to see the tiny Southern town, with its rows of elms on the main street, its post-office, its stores, its friendly lawns and wide verandas. He wanted to see the real old friends, and swap stories with the boys who, like him, had been across and fought the good fight. He wanted to see his mother and father, his sisters — and, of course, the One Girl in All the World.

Home, in his mind, came to be not an abstract thing, but a concrete, definite place — the place where he had been born and raised; the place where he had gone to school and grown up to manhood.

America was all right — this big, outspreading country, with its teeming cities and bustling people. Oh, yes! America was all right; but only one little part of it was really Home to him — a scraggly village, with a church or two; ugly, perhaps, to the casual visitor, but beautiful beyond words to him. He turned toward it as a man turns to his best beloved. All the other people in this world might be fine and splendid; but for him there was only one desired face, one desired spot. The ache in his heart became almost unbearable. He wanted the little home town more than he wanted all the coast lines and New Yorks and Statues of Liberty in the world.

So, for all of us, no matter how happy we may be elsewhere, Home is concentrated in one tiny place; and there is that in us which makes it impossible to scramble our affections all over the globe. We have to roll them up, when the final test comes, to one doorway, one little room — somewhere. It may be in Utah or Texas, Maine or Georgia, California or Connecticut. Not that we love the rest of the world less, but that we love one little spot more. We love humanity; but not to the extent that we love our very own. And that concentrated love is what makes civic pride. And it makes marriage possible, and fatherhood and motherhood. If we scatter our emotional vitality too much, we will find ourselves strangely lacking in real friends. For we are but human; and one country, one flag, and one little town, if we are made of the right stuff, mean more to us than any other.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Remember, all Athletic Underwear is not B.V.D.

Nothing to Write Emily

— *Continued from page 21*

glanced back at the leper colony, now falling astern.

It was sure something to write Emily.

The *Velasquez*, swinging an arc, brought in closer to shore. Mountain goats silhouetted against the glowing sky wandered over the queer little foot-hills. Stately royal palms fringed the shore; the air was heavy with the strange, sweet smell of wild jasmine. The sun dropped behind the peaks while the business of making fast was being gone about; stars twinkled turbulently in the fast-falling curtain of night. Jimmy moved up forward and watched the moon rise; a full moon that flooded the ship, the quiet water of the harbor, the palms and the city in the distance with its radiance. He wished Emily were there to see it all. And then, a sudden attack of home-sickness threatened him.

"I'm going up the beach and bed with McNair, the superintendent of the railroad here," said a dry voice in his ear. "Ye'd better come along with me and claim a bunk if ye value your sleep. They're going to unload steel rails, this night, and there'll be no peace aboard for anybody."

Jimmy snatched at the invitation; he craved companionship. Besides, it was as near as McVickers had ever come to expressing esteem for him and he valued it in proportion. They went ashore and walked along the white sand past the squat custom-house. There, McVickers, saving of speech as ever, turned off without a word and Jimmy who had been visioning their goal as a spacious and more or less pretentious villa, got a shock. McNair's habitation was a mere shack reared on piles, the threshold being a good twenty feet above the beach and reached by a rope ladder.

"Whenever there is a strike on the road or a revolution or a festival, any of which may happen any time, some of his employees come out to shoot McNair up," commented McVickers, dryly. "It used to disturb his sleep, but now he pulls up his ladder at night and turns over so his deaf ear is uppermost and lets them shoot till they're out of ammunition."

How interested, thought Jimmy, Emily would be in that!

McNair was washing dishes when they entered — a tall, spare Scotchman with a straggly beard that, once red, was now grizzled to a nondescript mixture.

"Ye're welcome," he assured Jimmy. "Sit down."

Jimmy did so and glanced about. An unshaded kerosene lamp, furiously beset by night moths, revealed the stark realities of bachelor existence. But it was not the lack of refining touches that interested Jimmy. McNair evidently kept a young menagerie. A marmoset, springing from the table to the rafters, scolded steadily. Gaily-plumaged birds, perched everywhere, eyed the intruders unblinkingly — parrots, parrakeets and macaws. In one corner was a cage fashioned of chicken wire, which Jimmy wondered over.

McNair, wringing out a dish cloth, followed Jimmy's glance.

"Ye are thinking what was in it," he said. "I had a young boa-constrictor, a small one, scarce six feet. But he didn't stay by me. Snakes never do."

Drying his hands he reached for a bottle. "Will ye have a dram?" he inquired of Jimmy.

Jimmy smiled and shook his head.

"There are those that do and those that don't," commented McNair, philosophically. He set two small glasses on the table and filled them. One of them he thrust toward McVickers.

"I give ye the principal city of Great Britain — Glasgow," he said.

From then on he proved himself no kin of McVickers, so far as silence went. Rather did he seem to crave an audience; he talked continuously. He damned the country, the climate and the natives. He cursed the employees of the God-forsaken bit of narrow gauge of which he was the resident titular head. The marmoset ceased his chattering; parrots, parrakeets and macaws gave him respectful attention, as a class that sits at the feet of a master of languages.

"Revolution?" he repeated, in answer to a question Jimmy deftly put in, hoping for a rise. He snorted. "I suppose," he suggested "that ye won't be happy until ye mix into one."

"Oh, me," said Jimmy with a grin. "I'd run a mile."

"Then ye have more sense than I give most men of your age," said McNair grimly. "A revolution in these parts is as dirty a bit of business as a stabbing in the back."

McNair produced a pipe that might have been the twin of McVickers' and lit a match.

"In the States," he went on, between puffs, "ye have your Republican party and your Democratic party. Here ye have your Lewis interests and your Eberlein interests, one English and the other German. Both outsiders, ye see, but both wanting to be on the inside."

He cast the dead match aside.

"The Eberlein interests, with an eye on the oil-wells, financed a revolution a year back that put the president then in office where he could do no more favors for the Lewis people. But they and the thief they elected soon had a falling out and 'tis open gossip that he's to let the Lewis people develop the oil-wells after all. For a price, ye understand.

"A month back, accordingly, a thieving cutthroat, Zamora by name, took himself to the mountains and proclaimed himself liberator. Since then all the unhung murderers in the country have been flocking to his banner as is customary, and they have been raiding towns and villages, committing every known crime from chicken stealing to murder by the wholesale."

McNair paused and puffed at his pipe. "A popular platform," he remarked, "for Zamora's army grows daily."

"The Eberlein people are back of him, I suppose," Jimmy ventured.

McNair eyed him satirically. "Ye're a smart lad."

Jimmy grinned. "What sort of a looking chap is this Zamora?" he asked. "I want to be ready to duck if I see him."

"Ye'd better," retorted McNair, without mirth. "He's a rare scoundrel that would take pleasure in sticking a knife in ye, for no reason other than ye might be honest. In looks he's like the rest of them—two parts white to one black, with the vices of both."

"Oh, well," said Jimmy, easily, "I imagine I'm not likely to meet him — unless they pull the revolution off to-morrow."

"I doubt not but what Zamora is enjoying himself too much to hurry," said McNair. "But 'tis rumored that he has been seen in the city."

McVickers took his pipe from his mouth and spoke for the first time. "'Tis midnight," he observed, "suppose now we take up the ladder and bed ourselves."

The last thing Jimmy heard, before he dropped off to sleep, was one of the parrots speaking.

"A damned thieving cutthroat," it said, reflectively.

"What a lot of things to write Emily," he thought.

McVickers routed him out the next morning. McNair had already gone.

"Word came to him that Zamora has been removing his railroad, piece by piece, in the mountains," observed McVickers, "and he's gone, as mad as a hen that is wet, to demand protection from the president."

They dressed and went back to the *Velasquez* for breakfast. This disposed of, Jimmy slung his camera case over his shoulder and started for the city. It was one of those mornings that make optimists out of pessimists. On one side of him was the harbor, blue and sparkling through the fringe of palms; on the other, lofty, majestic and beautiful beyond mortal deserts, towered the range of blue-flanked mountains, their soaring peaks melting one into another and finally losing themselves in the drifting clouds.

The meaner portion of the city lay at its outskirts; sun-baked lanes lined by crazy huts with thatched roofs and windows which were mere rough squares in the walls. Through these Jimmy glimpsed floors of brown earth over which babies of the same shade crawled in primeval attire. He threaded these, his camera busy, until suddenly, coming into the heart of the city he entered narrow streets of blue and yellow and rose adobe houses with quaint façades and balconies, reminiscent of Spain. Through grilled gates he saw into beautiful courtyards.

It was one of these *patios* that intrigued him into indiscretion. The gates were swung back against the broad adobe portals; there was nothing to interfere with his vision of the cool restful court in which green things grew luxuriantly, with a profusion of scarlet and yellow blossoms adding daring touches of color. A tall, lean brown woman was drawing water from an ancient fountain. Her hair was dark and smoothly parted, about her shoulders was draped a black scarf.

As she rested her pitcher beneath a sparkling jet of water, she made a picture that Jimmy decided was wholly worth getting. He advanced with characteristic impetuosity, cheerfully ignoring the fact that his intrusion might be disputed and that, if explanations were called for, he had but three Spanish phases with which to defend himself. These were *quanta valle*, meaning "how much," and (as Jimmy had written to Emily) quite indispensable to the stranger anywhere in South America), *muchas gracias*, meaning "thank you," and *buenas noches*, meaning "good night"—but not in the American slang sense.

Jimmy held his hat in one hand and his camera in the other and smiled. The woman glanced up, momentarily startled. Then she smiled back. Women were apt to smile back at Jimmy. And thus, a certain affability having been engendered without the use of words, Jimmy, with a series of gestures that would have done credit to a deaf mute, explained his purpose. The woman looked doubtful, but Jimmy's smile showing no diminishment she finally turned and posed.

"*Muchas gracias*," he said and reeled the film along to the next exposure.

As he glanced up he became aware of the presence of a third person. The instant he saw her all his ideas of Spanish beauty took form. The girl — about eighteen, Jimmy guessed — was not so very tall, but she was very straight and her body had all the wonderful expressiveness of her race. Her hair, in reality a dark chestnut, seemed black to him, her eyes and slender eyebrows were dark.

"*Buenas noches*," thought Jimmy — in the American sense.

Her eyes searched his. "*Quiero?*" she demanded.

This went clean over Jimmy's head. He shrugged expressively and smiled. And she, running true to feminine form, smiled back — brilliantly.

"You are American," she suggested in perfect English.

It almost lifted Jimmy off his pins, but it was none the less welcome for that. "You bet!" he said, with a boyish explosiveness.

Her eyes dropped to his camera. "A tourist?" she suggested.

"No — engineer."

This apparently called for further consideration, because she gazed at him searchingly. Jimmy underwent the ordeal manfully, his eyes candid in their admiration.

"These Spanish girls," he was thinking, "are certainly as advertised."

Perhaps she caught the tribute, with true feminine quickness for such things. Anyway she smiled again, a flashing smile.

"You came on the *Velasquez?*" she questioned.

Jimmy nodded.

"And you rush around in the sun, taking pictures," she continued, her mouth mocking and eyes slightly narrowed.

Jimmy grinned. "That's about the size of it," he admitted.

Silence for a moment, during which she, still smiling provocatively, reached a quick decision.

"We will have lunch," she said, and from the way she spoke it was quite apparent that she was not accustomed to having her whims questioned, "and after that *I* will show you the city."

"Fine!" exclaimed Jimmy, with instant gallantry but with certain mental reservations.

This girl who spoke English was, of course, the daughter of the house. That the head of the house was a man of substance and standing in the community Jimmy had no doubt; it was that sort of house. Jimmy knew but little of Spanish customs but on one point his best information was insistent. Spanish girls were closely guarded and a Spanish father was apt to be testy and to display a hot southern temper at its boiling point, when confronting masculine invasion.

Jimmy, trailing behind his hostess as she led the way into the house, didn't feel quite up to asking her if her father were at home, but he devoutly hoped that he wasn't.

In another minute Jimmy found himself in a sort of reception room that while it measured up to his conceptions of Spanish architecture — it was cool and spacious and the window openings were conventionally barred — flaunted red plush furniture that might have come from a Chicago mail order house. In one corner was an upright piano, made in the States, and on the center table was a red plush photograph album. This looked large enough to take care of all the family portraits, but a number of them appeared to have escaped and preempted positions on the wall.

To one of these Jimmy paid special attention. It portrayed a tall man with a fierce black beard, dressed in a uniform so covered with decorations that it must have dazzled the photographer. Jimmy bet himself two to one that it was the girl's father. He certainly didn't look amiable. Jimmy trusted that he was away at business — and very busy.

Lunch was served in an adjourning room. Jimmy seated himself at the table tentatively, as it were. In spite of her assurance that this was quite the thing, he hoped that her father didn't come home to lunch. Because if he did Jimmy had a hunch that his engaging hostess might get her ears boxed, Spanish fashion, while he — well, the *Velasquez*, he reflected philosophically, was only half a mile away and he had shown considerable class as a half-miler in the intercollegiate only a couple of months back.

The menu consisted of a lot of things that stung Jimmy's tongue but he didn't mind, inasmuch as father did not appear nor did any other member of the family. She was, Jimmy decided, motherless, and probably spoiled by an indulgent (if hot tempered) father.

He caught her eyes on him, with the same subtle something in her glance.

"I like you," she said, softly. "You are — *such* a nice boy."

"Listen to the kid," thought Jimmy. Aloud he said, "Well — let's make it unanimous."

"What is your name?" she demanded.

'Winston — Jimmy Winston."

"Jimmy Winston — Jimmy," she repeated. She smiled at him. "My name is Concepcion — Concepcion Perez. Listen! Concepcion, Concha, Conchita, *Chita!*"

He caught the emphasis she placed on the last. "Chita?"

"Chita," she repeated. "Do you get me — Jimmy?"

[*Continued on page 43*]

McKenna

by Witter Bynner

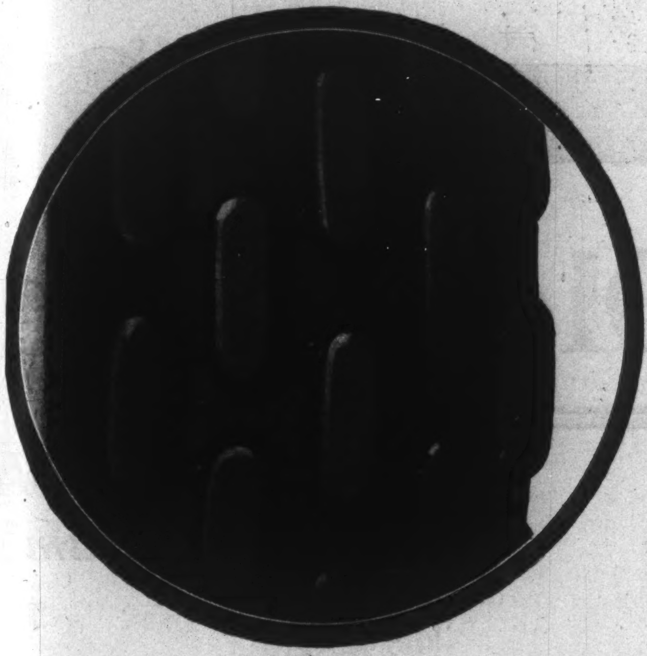
When Major James A. McKenna, Jr., was killed in France on July 28th, 1918, his men of the old 69th Regiment went forward to victory with the cry, "Remember McKenna!"

WHAT he had said of his men, said in his pride
  When the second Battle of the Marne was near,
In a Château-Thierry grave is sanctified:
  "Self has been buried over here."

In the great rush which turned the mortal tide,
  So well he roused them that they still might hear
McKenna leading, and he only died —
  To be the more their battle-cheer.

REPUBLIC TIRES

With STAGGARD *Studs*



THERE is no other tread like the Republic Staggard Tread.

It is a patented design; a really scientific, really effective non-skid.

It does get maximum grip with minimum friction.

The long oval studs roll with the road—not against it.

They are always headed in the direction of the wheel's travel.

Like a properly dressed belt on a pulley, they set up the least resistance; but they grip in a way that utilizes all the power.

The full length of at least three whole studs is always in contact with the road.

That is sufficient to overcome the tendency to skid or side-slip, although the brakes might be unequally adjusted.

It serves to keep the car on a straight track, even in slippery mud.

The toughening of rubber by the Prodium Process makes Republic Tires last longer.

It also makes the big, sturdy Staggard Studs last longer; and they preserve their anti-skid effectiveness to the very last.

Republic Inner Tubes, both Black-Line Red and Gray, have a reputation for freedom from trouble

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Originator of the First Effective Rubber Non-Skid Tire—Republic Staggard Tread

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Tread
Maximum Grip with
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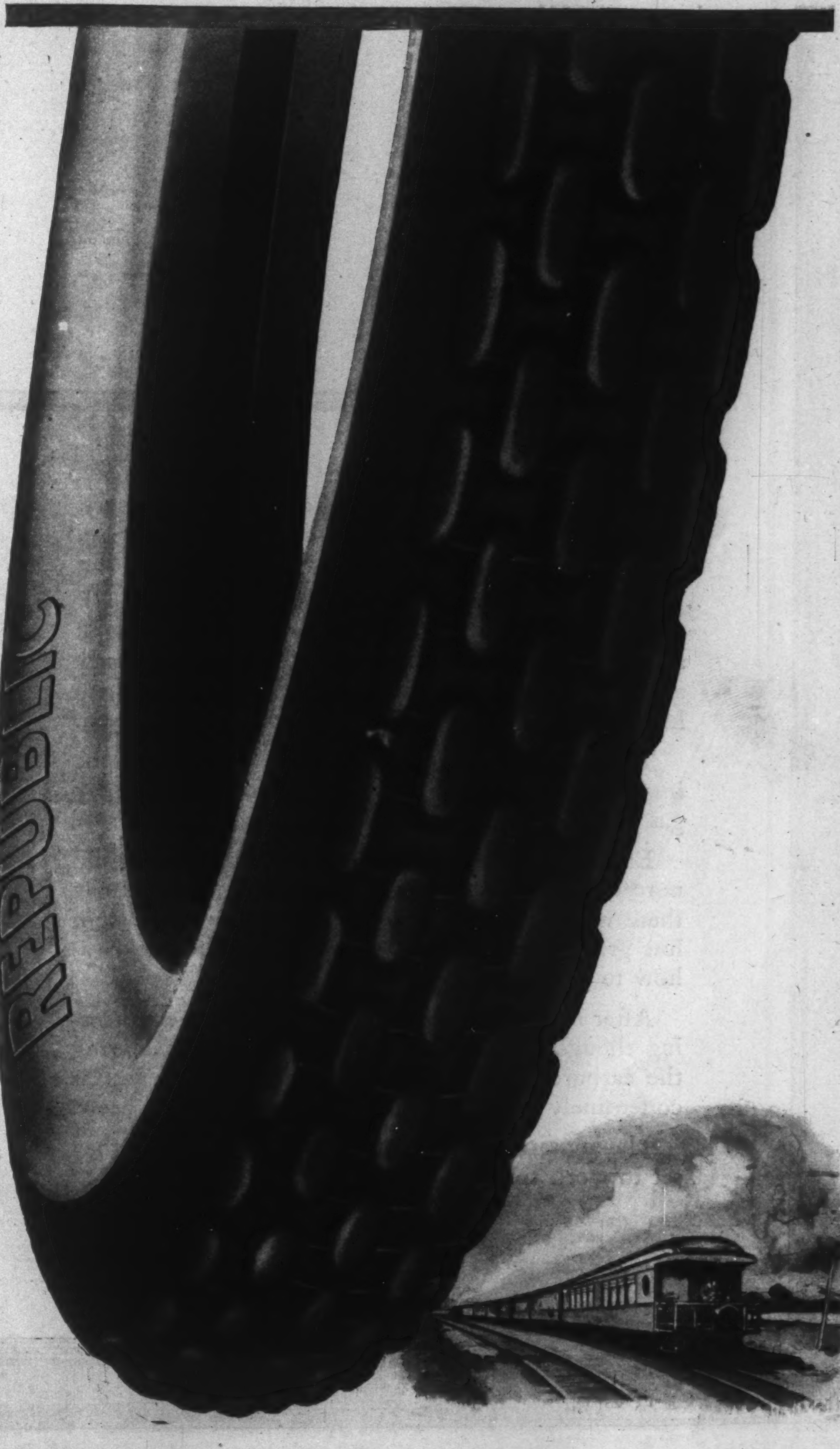

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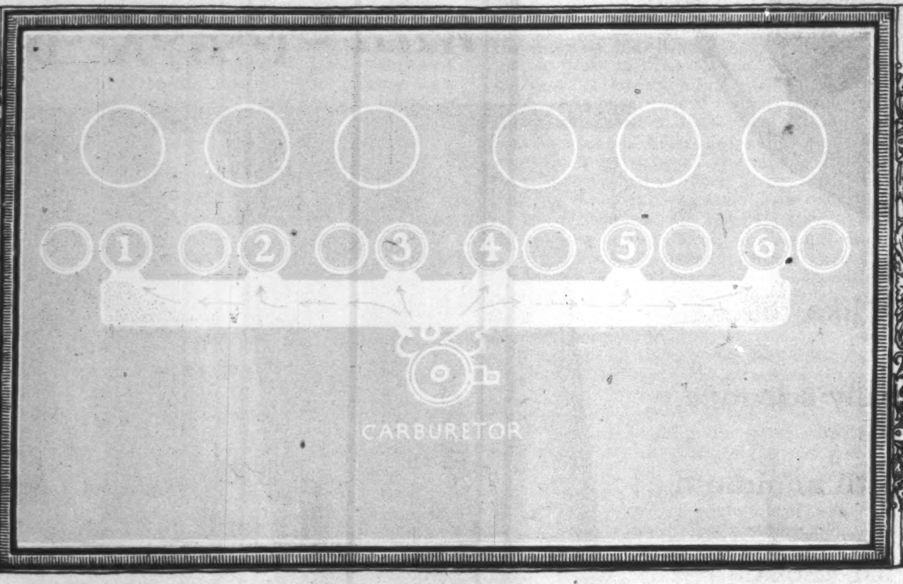

Fig. A

UNTIL now the world at large little knew, and little cared, what made a gas engine go, how it burned gas, how efficient it was, and just why one was better than another.

But a constantly declining grade of gas has changed all this. Engine troubles began to develop in nearly all cars. What was the cause? Some laid it on certain kinds of pistons, others on faulty construction, and so on.

Then the engineers got busy and they reached the important and surprising conclusion that present day gas was to blame.

Engines had to be redesigned because they would not "digest" present day gas. The engineers knew there was just as much power in so many gallons of low grade gas as in high grade gas but the trick was how to get the power out.

After much experimenting, the leaders in engineering thought arrived at this point: gas, after leaving the carburetor, must be "cracked" up finer, just as coffee finely ground gives greater strength in the brew.

Having satisfied themselves fully on this point they set to work to develop a process or a device.

The first group of engineers to perfect such a device were in the Chalmers employ. They coined an expression to cover this device, using the name Hot Spot.

This device was placed at the throat of the manifold and was of such simple construction that it "pulverized" the new gas to a "fine powder." Also, after the engine had run a short time it heated the cracked up gas just enough—but not too much—so that it would burn or ignite quicker and little unburned or unused gas would come out the exhaust.

Gas, like the "cave man" in modern civilization, generally reverts to "type"—if given the slightest chance. It condenses on the slightest provocation and goes into the cylinders in a rawer state than when it left the carburetor—unless "handled" just right. So this is the way the Chalmers engineers met this condition:

They devised a new method of taking gas into the cylinders. They first sent the gas into each cylinder an equal distance—14 inches. This meant that no one cylinder was "starved"—that each got gas quickly, that the best gas did not go to cylinder No. 1 while cylinder No. 6 got what was left.

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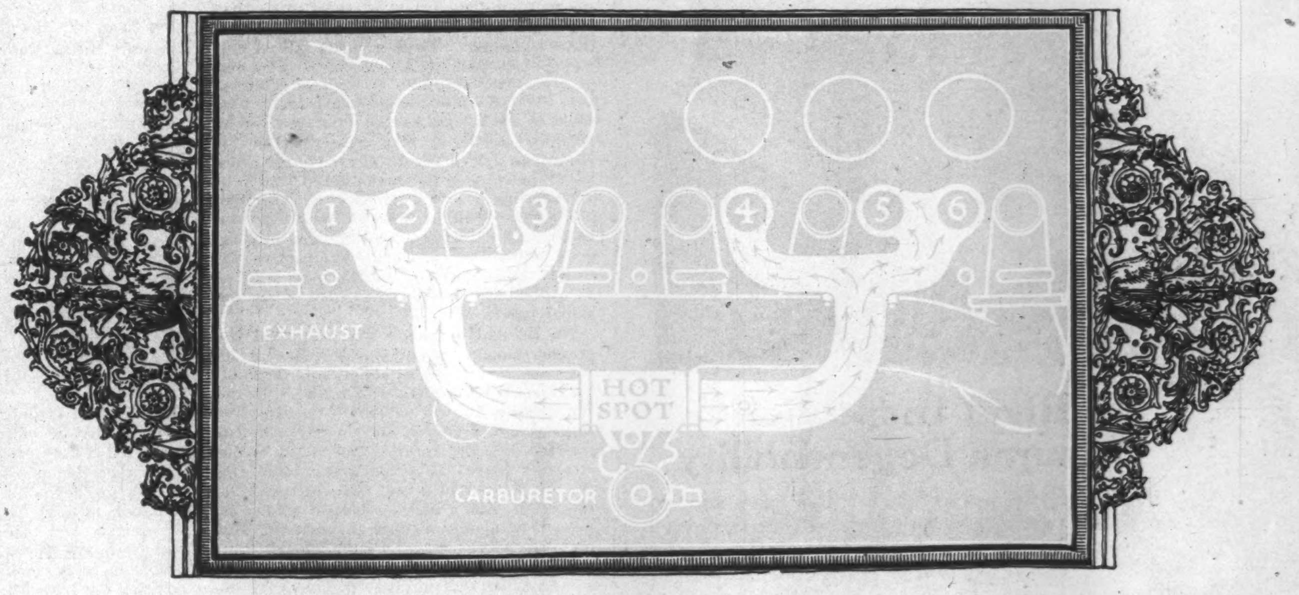


Fig. B

Figure A shows the old way—the kind to be found in most cars to-day. Note the long distance gas must travel to get to cylinders Nos. 1 and 6, and how Nos. 3 and 4 get their "pick" of the gas (for that is really what happens) while Nos. 2 and 5 are starved.

This means a "choppy" engine, the lurching kind that bucks and is full of throbs. If your engine performs that way the chances are it is an old type.

Figure B shows the Chalmers engine not only with the Hot Spot device but also the Ram's-horn, which is also a coined word to indicate the intake manifold.

It is like the horn of a ram in its curves. There's a good reason for this. Gas will lurk in the slightest pocket and condense or grow foul, will condense at a sharp angle, and will condense unless the canal area-way is smooth, has "easy air bends," and is short.

Thus in a Chalmers of to-day you get the most modern, the most highly developed gas engine of the day.

Extensive laboratory and road tests by Chalmers engineers showed these two great devices—Hot Spot and Ram's-horn—to be right, but before they were O. K'd for a factory production run a Chalmers was put on the Speedway at Sheepshead Bay, Long Island, and the driver told to go after the 24-hour record.

Only a short time before a notable car had hung up the enviable distance of 1819 miles.

Chalmers shattered all records. It ran 1898 miles—the fastest and farthest that man had ever traveled on land, sea or air in 24 hours.

No one had felt up to this time that Chalmers was a speed car, and we do not claim speed as its great asset to-day. We do contend, however, that Hot Spot and Ram's-horn have accomplished such results as these:

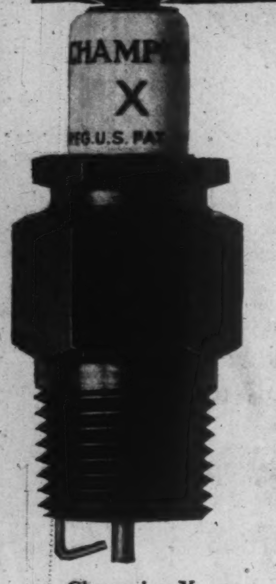
1. Solved the low grade gas problem.
2. Produced a throbless, smooth-running engine.
3. Developed immediate starting on a cold day.
4. Produced a cool running engine on a hot summer day.
5. Reduced engine adjustment and hence made a more reliable and economical car.

Thus you will see why a man who owns a present day Chalmers will tell you he drives one of the few great cars of the world.

PANY - DETROIT, MICH.
LTD. - WINDSOR, ONTARIO

Champion

Dependable Spark Plugs



Rigid Inspection Insures Dependability

AFTER Champion Spark Plugs have successfully gone through all the severe tests, such as the "Air Test" and the "Shock Test" that show them to be 100% leak-proof and 100% in durability—

Then comes the rigid final inspection!

Long trained experts go over the plugs to make sure that every detail is right, and that there are no imperfections.

This care and thoroughness, coupled with our famous No. 3450 Champion Insulator and our patented asbestos gasket construction, are responsible for the better performance of Champion spark plugs as compared to other plugs, and their greater resisting power to temperature changes and to shock and vibration.

Look for the name "Champion" on the Insulator and the world trade-mark on the box. This is *your* safe way to avoid substitutes.

Champion X
For Ford Cars
A19, Price 90c

Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo, Ohio
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Save $43

New Oliver Typewriters For $57

Genuine $100 Oliver Typewriters now $57. Brand new, latest model—our finest product. Direct from factory to you. And we ship you an Oliver for free trial. No payment down. Keep it or return it. If you want to own it, pay us only $3 per month. This is the greatest typewriter bargain on earth. You save $43. Write today for full particulars, including our book, "The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy." Then you may get an Oliver for free trial. Write now.

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A Straight Talk to the Returned Man

Your Side of the Give-Him-a-Job Question

by Russell Holman

WHEN we read of the fruitless efforts of discharged soldiers and sailors to find employment in these after-the-war days, does it ever occur to us that possibly the job hunters themselves are sometimes to blame? There is much talk of employers four-flushing on their service stars, and of Sergeant Jones, late of Château-Thierry, who received a proud handshake from his boss when he left his job and an icy stare when he returned to claim it. The greater part of it is more than *talk;* it is cold fact. On the other hand, the story of the ex-doughboy who went job-hunting in New York City the other day and canvassed all the stores on Broadway from Fourteenth to Sixtieth Street without locating even a prospect enlists our sympathies but cannot help impressing our business sense as an exceedingly haphazard method of seeking employment.

No thoughtful person will deny that the present unemployment problem has as its basis the ancient law of supply and demand. The market is surfeited with labor, while the shutting down of war industries, the extensive employment of women, and the retrenchment policy, which the uncertainties of the reconstruction period have led many large employers of labor to adopt, have curtailed the supply of jobs. The discharged soldier or sailor is up against a tough proposition. But my own experience and a study of numerous cases that have come under my observation convince me that in many instances the ex-service men are making their quest needlessly difficult by the unbusinesslike way in which they go about it.

Perhaps my opinions will carry more conviction if I make known at the beginning that exactly two months ago I was facing the same problem which confronts every man discharged from the service without having a job waiting for him. The unexpectedness of my release from the navy, after nearly two years of sea service, had precluded the possibility of lining up a job while still in uniform. Moreover, I knew not a single person who could help me to employment. Yet within a week after my discharge I was at work in the most congenial position I have ever had in my life—something exactly in my line—and had turned down three other attractive propositions. Nor can I claim to possess any unusual supply of brains or an ingratiating personality or striking business acumen. I have heard of enough other ex-service men of quite ordinary ability securing better jobs than they left to discount the possibility of mere luck in my own case.

AT least two classes of former fighting men are absolutely on the wrong track in their efforts to readjust themselves to civilian life. One of these is composed of the men who are seeking work, but hoping they won't find it. In our lofty conception of the army and navy based upon their glorious record in the War, we discount the existence of drones in either branch. Unfortunately, they are there. The service, painful as it is to say it (yet it is high time the truth were spoken), contains a few of the laziest men in America. The drab life the army has led since the signing of the Armistice hasn't helped to cure these shirkers in its midst. Many of them have been discharged and have not turned a finger toward finding work, except to tell their hard luck stories to sympathetic civilians. They have shirked their way through the War, and they intend to resume the old job of shirking their way through civilian life. Happily they are small in number, but the most loyal army men, especially top sergeants, will admit their existence. The army is no more perfect than any other human organization.

Not so worthy of censure, but equally jobless are the men who are making the very human mistake of setting too high a market value on themselves. They are mostly lieutenants and ensigns who never made as much money in civilian life as they did after they were commissioned. Many of them were college undergraduates when they enlisted and have now decided to go into business rather than return to their studies. Others are recent college graduates who had worked for only a few months in minor positions before the War drew them into the army. A few had toiled for years in the world of business with mediocre success, and, after joining the service, showed a marked aptitude for things military that won them lieutenants' bars.

To all these people $2,000 a year seemed like a mint of money when they drew their first pay as officers, but, after the usual American habit, they soon came to accept it as a regular and proper wage and to rate themselves as $2,000 men. To a business employer most of them are not worth $2,000 a year. They are worth but little more to him than they were before they joined the service. That "little more" is measured by the increase in wages in all lines which has been effective since 1917 and by the, frankly speaking, small knowledge acquired in the service which is helpful to them in business.

MANY will dispute that statement, claiming that an officer of the army or navy comes out of the service equipped to fill a much more important position than he held before the War. They point out that he has learned to handle men, he has acquired the ability to act quickly and correctly in matters of life and death, and he has trained himself to solve problems more baffling than those which confront our biggest men of business. Granted. But what would happen to an ex-army lieutenant who attempted to handle employees in a factory in the same way he did the privates under him in the service? There his word was law; a man could be shot for disobeying him. Right or wrong, his orders must be carried out to the letter. If he attempted to enforce similar discipline in a factory, half the force would walk out, with no chance of trying them by court martial for desertion.

Most of the situations which army and navy officers have had to size up with lightning accuracy will not confront them again until the next war. They are highly specialized battlefield problems requiring peculiarly military methods to handle. In the majority of instances, speed is the chief consideration: expense is the least of the army's worries. How different from the average business problem, in which expense is usually the prime factor!

Army surgeons returning to civil life say the added skill in surgery which they acquired in France is of little value to them in their regular practise, because they rarely encounter cases in ordinary life such as they treated many times a day at the Front. Seldom does the average family doctor dress a gun-shot wound or prescribe for a shell-shock victim. In the same way, there are few industrial lines in which a knowledge of navigation will help an ex-navy officer. An intimate acquaintance with interior and exterior ballistics will be of little use to a former artillery captain, unless he intends to work for a powder manufacturer.

Nevertheless, many a lieutenant or ensign whose annual income never approached $2,000 until he entered the service is now demanding a $2,000 job in civilian life on the strength of his war record. In a few cases he is getting it. But in many others the civilian employer stubbornly declares he will pay only what the ex-officer is worth to him, based upon his pre-war business experience, and not what he was worth to the Government in a national emergency. And too often the young officer refuses to lower his figure and remains in the ever-growing ranks of the unemployed.

Of course the bulk of America's fighting men who are looking for work are not bluffing and are not over-rating their value. They are making an honest effort to sell their services at a reasonable price. They feel that the least America owes them is the opportunity to earn a living. And they are dead right!

A few big-hearted employers of labor are hiring ex-service men, not because they need them, but out of pure patriotism. They are creating jobs out of whole cloth. This is an excellent antidote for unemployment in emergency cases. An ex-soldier without money and with dependents gladly seizes the first opportunity for work that offers itself. For him the made-to-order job is a life-saver. But a man who has enough ready cash in his pocket to enable him to look further into the labor market is foolish to snap up that type of position, unless it is exactly in his line. Its very nature suggests it is unessential and the chances of future advancement small. Besides, a discharged soldier, with resources, who accepts such a job is in all probability depriving a desperately needy pal of his means of livelihood.

Hundreds of returned men have talked themselves out of good jobs by giving prospective employers the impression that they want to work for them temporarily, until something better comes along. Many tell stories of relatives who have promised them work in a few months; or of old bosses who will have positions for them "as soon as things get more settled." All this may be true, but why should they reveal it to a man from whom they are seeking employment, or even imply it indirectly? Business is unsettled enough without hiring people who avowedly intend to use their jobs as mere stop-gaps. If an ex-soldier is lucky enough to find a position in his line, why shouldn't he take it in all good faith, work at top speed, and at the end of three months see whether it doesn't shape up better than that "better job," which may be a myth after all?

Here is a case that came to my attention recently: A young mechanic, just released from the Motor Transport Service, applied to the manager of a large New York garage for employment.

"Yes," said the manager, "I need a man. I had an ex-soldier working here until yesterday. Then he left to take a job with his uncle. Now, suppose I take you on. Would you be like him and quit as soon as you learned the routine of this shop and had begun to be of some use to me? Or could I rely upon you to stick?"

And the new applicant hemmed and hawed and finally admitted his old job was waiting for him out in his home-town, but he thought he'd like to work in New York a few months "to see the sights." Which so disgusted the garage-manager with soldier job-hunters that he hired the first civilian who happened along!

An ex-service man in search of a job must realize that he should sell his services just as he would an automobile, or any other commercial product. He must size himself up candidly and decide which are his selling points. He has at least one which no civilian possesses—his war services to his country, represented by his uniform. With employers who are intensely patriotic, the uniform is a big asset. To those who are strictly business it means surprisingly little. What are other possible selling points? Former experience in business, references from previous employers (not forgetting army or navy officers under whom the man has served), neat appearance, and ability to write and talk intelligently are the principal ones. These must be on the tip of the job-seeker's tongue and on the point of his pen.

Even before he is discharged, the man in the service should make plans for securing a job. He should bend every effort to find out the exact date when his final release papers will be in his hands. He should clearly formulate in his mind the line of business he wishes to enter. Does he intend to go back to his old before-the-war job? If so, he should get in touch with his former employer at once, preferably by telephone or telegraph. If he prefers to break into a new field, he should go over the ground thoroughly and decide where it is best to locate.

A man awaiting discharge in a camp near a city or large town should visit the local Federal Employment authorities when he is off duty and talk over with them the openings in the particular branch of business he has decided to follow. He should secure from them the names of several firms engaged in that line. This conference could be supplemented on his return to camp by talks with officers, Y. M. C. A. and K. of C. workers, and others with a real knowledge of business conditions and a genuine interest in the service man's welfare.

Help wanted advertisements in the newspapers should be scanned carefully The old idea that good jobs are not advertised in the papers is fallacious. In applying for a position, the importance of writing a good letter cannot be over-emphasized. The applicant should spare no efforts to get access to a typewriter, especially if he is a poor penman. Typewriters and people to operate them can usually be found in headquarters buildings and service huts. It is equally easy to secure assistance in the actual composition of the letter, but the writer should always keep in mind that the letter may make or break him and allow only a person of real ability to help him.

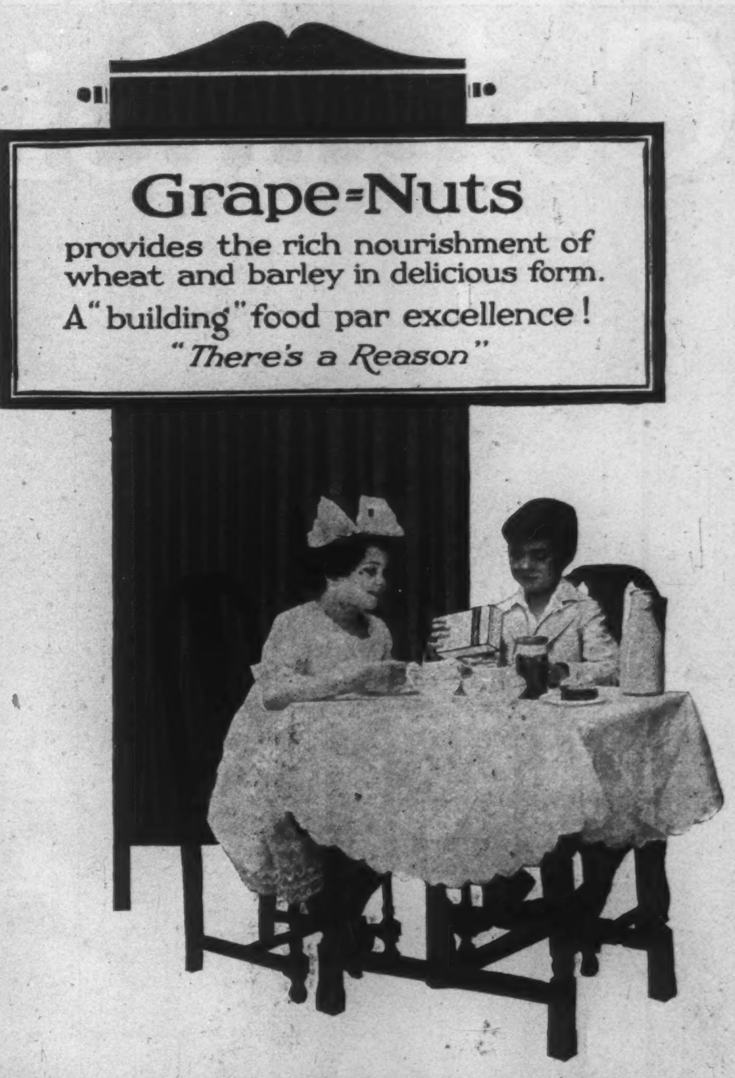
Every letter should state in clear business English the exact qualifications of the writer for the job he is seeking. No business man passes over an unusually well written or striking letter without giving the applicant at least the opportunity of an interview. A soldier who writes twenty-five letters and receives one favorable reply is more than repaid.

The ex-fighter out of a job who goes about town haphazardly trying to see prospective employers without previous introduction by letter is in most cases wasting valuable time. He rarely penetrates beyond the office boy barrage. Even if he succeeds in breaking through to the people who count, the average business man is too busy to give more than a few minutes of his time to job-seekers who come to him without first establishing a connection by mail. In that short time it is physically impossible for the applicant to say enough to "get himself over." He is out of the door and on his way to the elevator before he hardly realizes what has happened.

It is infinitely better for him to identify himself by letter beforehand and try to sell his services the same as a mail-order house sells goods. Later when he comes to make his personal call, the preliminary ground will have been covered. The short time the interview lasts will be occupied with something more vital and interesting.

Following these suggestions will not invariably lead to a good job. The wide-awakeness and willingness to work of the individual applicant are decisive factors. But they certainly offer a more logical method of job-hunting than the hit-or-miss style that is leading so many discharged soldiers and sailors nowhere and is responsible for so much worry and actual suffering. Breaking into business demands a businesslike mode of approach. Give it a trial, discharged doughboys and gobs!

COMING in July—Porter Emerson Browne, famous for his stirring articles which have appeared so regularly in McClure's, will add his note of warning to the question of Bolshevism, in a way most peculiar to himself. A Wallace Irwin story, "Enter Archie," another of the Little Tales of the Big Town, which have made this writer take rank as one of the foremost story tellers of America, will be an important feature of the July magazine, with May Wilson Preston illustrations. "Something for Nothing," our new serial, will have its second instalment in the July number. A more delightful and rollicking love story than this we can scarcely imagine. Sophie Kerr appears once more, brilliantly, with a short story entitled "I Love—I Have Loved." Harris Dickson is also on our July list with a stunning returned soldier story entitled "The Other Person," beautifully illustrated by Thomas Fogarty.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Nothing to Write Emily

— *Continued from page 36*

Jimmy got her all right. At the same time he felt a little sorry for her. She was a cute kid and all of that but — well, it was quite plain to this sophisticated young man of twenty-four that she had been permitted to run utterly wild. Some one ought to talk to her like a Dutch uncle.

"Look here," he began, impulsively, intending to express a doubt as to the advisability of her sallying forth under his escort.

The entrance of the woman whom he had snapped, in the *patio*, interrupted him. She said something in Spanish and Chita sprang up.

"The carriage has come," she said, and went to get ready.

Jimmy strolled to the window. As he caught sight of the waiting equipage he whistled softly but expressively.

"Gosh," he thought, "I'll feel like a political candidate in that. All I need is a band —"

Chita reappeared, ravishing in a dark mantilla. "Come," she commanded.

Jimmy handed her into the victoria with an air of old-fashioned courtliness — he felt that it was up to him to lend what class he could to the occasion — and then placed himself beside her.

"Some class," he thought. "If Emily could only see me now!"

Emily couldn't, naturally, but several other acquaintances did. The first encounter was with the middle-aged woman from Boston who was collecting butterflies. She looked away again. McNair he ran into (the carriage almost did) as they turned into what Jimmy would have bet his shoes must be called the Plaza. His host of the night before shot a malignant glare at the occupants of the victoria, which changed to an expression of utter surprise as he recognized Jimmy. Jimmy bowed graciously, removing his hat with a flourish, but McNair simply stood and stared.

Jimmy chuckled. "Knocked his eye out," he said to Chita.

Her brow knit. "I mean," he explained, "that he was surprised."

"You know him?" she questioned quickly.

"Slept at his shack last night — the *Velasquez* was discharging a cargo of steel rails."

This appeared to reassure her. "Evidently McNair doesn't belong to the four hundred," thought Jimmy and turned his attention to the Plaza.

It was a wide and lovely drive, lined with laurels and running from the water's edge into the open country. As they came abreast the most pretentious of the snowy white buildings to which it gave frontage, a pair of grilled gates opened out and a pair of mounted outriders emerged, followed closely by a victoria. In it rode the original of the photograph that had attracted Jimmy's attention in Chita's home — fierce black beard, uniform and decorations all present and unmistakable.

Jimmy glanced at Chita. Her face was set harshly.

"*El presidente,*" she said.

Her expression and the tone she used gave Jimmy a fresh jolt.

"I thought," he said, lamely, "that — that he was a friend of yours," — which of course was not the exact truth because he had had a disagreeable premonition that it was going to prove her stern and relentless parent.

Chita smiled unpleasantly. "He was — once." Her eyes met his. In them was a certain relentlessness which chilled Jimmy. "You are thinking that I still have his picture?"

Jimmy nodded.

"The picture of *el presidente,*" she observed ironically, "is to be found in every home, even the lowliest, as long" — she put a slurring emphasis on the words — "as he remains *el presidente.* After that — "

She shrugged her shoulders expressively and Jimmy's spine suddenly felt as if somebody had slipped a bit of ice down his neck. McVickers' words of the previous afternoon flashed into his mind.

"Leprosy — or mayhap a change in administration — there are two former presidents aboard the island now."

Jimmy wasn't exactly slow-witted: he could put two and two together as well as the next man. It came over Jimmy in a flash — one of those flashes that make everything as plain as day. Chita's father had been president, had been ousted by the present incumbent (who had once been a friend of his) and was now a member of the leper colony!

Jimmy stole a glance at Chita. Poor kid — she not only had no mother, but her father was a political exile in the unhappiest possible sense of the word. That explained her absolute unconventionality. It explained everything else. A sudden thought occurred to him — by Jove, he wondered if it explained her *interest in him.*

Jimmy, you perceive, had also read "Soldiers of Fortune" for atmosphere.

If she were constantly planning to rescue her father (and of course she must be) wasn't it possible that — Jimmy sincerely hoped not. He wasn't deeply versed in the habits and manifestations of leprosy but he had an unpleasant conviction that your fingers, toes and nose were apt to drop off.

"I beg pardon," he said, conscious that she had spoken.

"Shall we continue out into the country?" she repeated.

The emotions aroused by her encounter with the president had passed; she was smiling at him again. Jimmy smiled back, but not with his usual success — how can a man who feels that he may be asked to risk not merely his life, but his nose, fingers and toes, be expected to smile successfully?

"Not at all," he replied and conscious in spite of his perturbation, that this was not quite the thing, he changed to, "I mean I'd be delighted."

Nevertheless he didn't look delighted and she glanced at him. "Are you sure that you don't mind the sun?"

"Oh, I'm all right," retorted Jimmy, like a gentleman — and a liar.

The road, leaving the city behind, mixed beauty and quaintness in a visual cocktail that would have filliped the most jaded imagination, but somehow Jimmy didn't react. Once it dipped and ran parallel to a river in which two women washed clothes, spreading them out on rocks around which the current swirled, and pounding the dirt out of them with stones. One of them looked up and catching sight of the victoria and its occupants, nudged her companion. They shouted something which, though incomprehensible to Jimmy, was unmistakably insulting.

Chita colored, her eyes defiant. "Poor kid," thought Jimmy, connecting it with her father.

"Shall we go back now?" she asked, abruptly.

"As you wish," he replied.

She looked at him, her eyes mocking, yet strange, and then spoke to the coachman in Spanish.

When they swung back through the city the hour of the siesta was over. The Plaza was comfortably filled with victorias, in which rode pretty girls, chaperoned by their grim duennas. The girls glanced covertly at Jimmy from under mantillas, swift, shy glances that seemed to slide over his companion. She, as Jimmy noticed, simply held her head the higher, little disks of color glowing in her cheeks.

"Poor kid," he thought, yet again. And suddenly he felt the impulse to help her. He set his teeth. He *would* help her if he could — Emily, he assured himself, would want him to.

The victoria, leaving the Plaza, entered Chita's street and drew up before her home. She sprang lightly out and Jimmy followed, feeling rather like Charles the First going to the block. They passed through the adobe portals and made their way through the green profusion in the *patio* to where, under a canopy, a little table was spread. She sat down, opposite him, and, cupping her chin in her hands, rested her elbows on the table. She was smiling at him, her eyelids half narrowed.

"The *Velasquez,*" she murmured, her voice holding a curiously seductive note, "does not sail until after midnight?"

It was, Jimmy knew, something more than a mere question. And he braced himself. "She is going to tell me about her father," he thought. She leaned a little closer and with a quick, graceful movement flung her arms across the table. Her eyes were brilliant; her mantilla was agitated by the rise and fall of her bosom.

"Poor kid," he thought. "She thinks that she must coax me—"

Her words came as a shock. "Have you ever played football?"

"Why — a little," answered Jimmy. "But running was my specialty — the half mile."

(He was thinking about her father and the leper colony but he didn't mean it to sound just that way.)

"I have read about the American football players," she explained, her voice curiously soft and caressing, "and you seemed like them. So big. So strong."

At any other moment Jimmy would have risen to that, in true masculine fashion. But now he had a feeling that it was quite possible that he wasn't as big or as strong as she thought him. He wished that there were some way that he might break this to her delicately.

"You," she began afresh, in the same soft accents, "are — "

She stopped, her expression changing swiftly. Jimmy glanced over his shoulder instinctively and then rose with such precipitation that his chair fell over. Behind him, a dozen paces away, stood a man; a big man, swarthy, with his arms folded across his chest. He was not a pleasant looking person at the best. Jimmy would never have been pleased to meet him at any time. Now his natural distaste for the intruder's acquaintance was heightened by the fact that he regarded Jimmy with an expression in which malignancy, insolence and menace were all blended.

"Good night!" thought Jimmy.

The intruder smiled unpleasantly, as if quite conscious of the drama he was contributing to the occasion. And then suddenly, with a quickness that suggested legerdemain, he produced a knife from somewhere. It was not a pleasant looking knife; it gave Jimmy the sensations usually attributed to drowning. Of the events of his past life that whirled by his vision, only one stood out in high relief.

In the window of a New York pawn shop, Jimmy had seen a revolver, just a day or two before he sailed. Thinking he might as well have one he had gone in and priced it. The pawn-broker had asked ten dollars, which Jimmy had said was too much.

Now he realized that he had been all wrong. That revolver was worth a million.

The intruder, having savored the situation, began to advance on Jimmy. For an instant Jimmy's legs had a horrid impulse toward flight. The party of the other part evidently realized this because his eyes, without relenting, became contemptuous. At that Jimmy suddenly saw red. He didn't want trouble and he would have gone a considerable distance (in record time) to avoid it. But if the fathead (this being the only epithet to occur to Jimmy at the moment) thought *he*, Jimmy, was going to take it lying down he had another think coming. He snatched up the chair, gave a yell of commendable volume, and, raising his conscripted weapon over his head, went to meet his assailant half way.

The latter tried to dodge but Jimmy let him have it, over the head, with all the force a pair of vigorous young arms could muster. It was enough. His late assailant went down in a way that would have been a lesson to a log on how to fall. His knife spun across the paving and Jimmy, discarding the chair (it was busted anyhow) hurriedly retrieved it. Then he glanced from its late owner, who lay quite still, to his hostess. His knees began to shake, in reaction; he had a horrible feeling that he had killed the man.

Chita paid no attention to him. In the most businesslike way she caught up her skirt and tore a length of linen from her petticoat.

"She is going to bandage him," thought Jimmy, a trifle dizzily. "Perhaps he is her brother — "

This was as far as he got with this line, for it became quite plain that it was prudence and not mercy that governed her. No ministering angel she, when pain (and chair rungs) racked the brow. She drew the unconscious man's wrists together and proceeded to tie them in that fashion quickly and efficiently, in a way that suggested past experience. This accomplished she made assurance doubly sure by removing a second strip from her petticoat and tying his feet together. Then she rose, her breath coming a little faster and faced Jimmy.

"But," protested Jimmy, "I may have killed him. Who — who is he?"

Chita shrugged her shoulders. "Carrion!" she said. She put her hands on his shoulders and looked up at him.

"Let us forget him — now," she said, softly. "The *Velasquez* does not sail — until midnight."

Jimmy's eyes were frankly horrified. "But I've got to stay and face the music anyway!"

"The music? It will fall sweetly on the ears of the only ones who might cause you trouble."

She smiled at him but he was not reassured.

"I don't understand," he said.

Her hands were still on his shoulders; her eyes caught and compelled his. Their expression was strange but Jimmy's, meeting them squarely, lost none of their candid misery.

"You *are* a nice boy," she said finally. "You don't understand — not anything." Her voice was half mocking, half caressing with a queer minor note of wistfulness running through it.

Then she did a surprising thing. She drew his head down and kissed him, full on the lips

"You don't understand — not anything," she repeated, thrusting him away. "But go — go quickly."

Jimmy went. The shock of that kiss, more than the command, sent him stumbling out into the street without knowing exactly how or why. Indeed, becoming conscious of the fact that urchins were scurrying away from him, in evident alarm, he realized that he still carried that wicked looking knife. He thrust it hurriedly into his hip pocket, where it pricked him, like a spur, all the way to the steamer — not that he needed spurring.

In the privacy of his stateroom he withdrew it and placed it on the shelf, beside his military brushes. The familiarity of his own belongings steadied him; he was mighty glad to meet them again. He washed, and brushed his hair and then sat down on the edge of his berth and gave himself over to the consideration of the questions that flung themselves at him.

Twenty minutes later the call to dinner cut in on his thoughts. He rose. "There may be an answer," he decided, "but you can search me."

Thereupon he want down to dinner. At the table he was as uncommunicative as McVickers. They finished together and went up on deck. Jimmy stood at the rail, gazing, his brows knit, at the city. McVickers stood beside him, smoking his strong gurgling pipe. A half hour passed.

"If ye're of a mind to be sociable," said McVickers, knocking out his pipe, "I'd be glad to have ye drop down to my cabin."

Jimmy was too preoccupied to appreciate it as such, but it was the supreme honor McVickers could do him; the same as an invitation from the King of England to dine with him at Windsor. He simply followed

IF you like a story with a rich, unusual background, and a mystery as thick as oriental incense, you will read "Go—Look—See" by Katharine Fullerton Gerould, with a sense of having fallen upon a piece of rare fiction. This story is being illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg, and will appear in the July number of McClure's along with many other literary treats.

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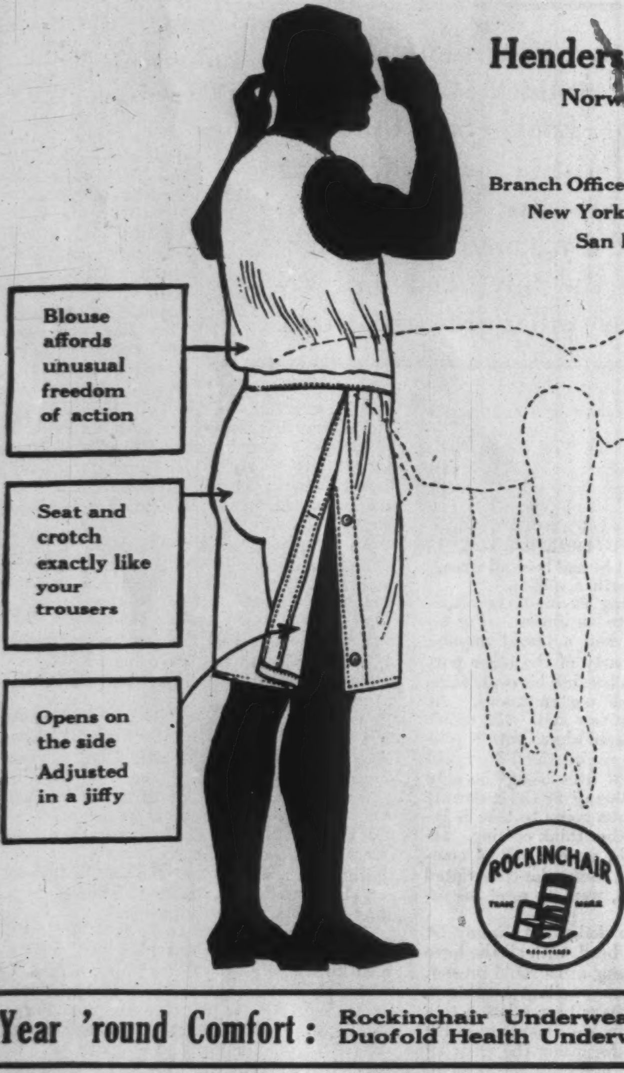
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McVickers, who threw open the door to his small domain and switched on lights and fan.

"Sit down and make yerself at home," he said.

The silence that followed lasted until after eight bells. Then McNair came in, with a surprised, satirical glance at Jimmy.

"We-el," he drawled, addressing himself to McVickers in a way that suggested to Jimmy that he was being talked at, through a third person, "there have been rare doings ashore this night.

"Rare doings," repeated McNair. "They've taken Zamora."

"Taken Zamora," broke in Jimmy, startled.

"Aye," said McNair, looking at McVickers as if it were the latter who had spoken. "In the *patio* of a house owned by one Concepcion Perez, with a lump the size of a macaw's egg on his head. I doubt though,"—to McVickers—"if ye know this Concepcion Perez—called Chita, by some."

"I do not," said McVickers, shortly.

Jimmy said nothing.

"Ye would not be likely to," McNair went on. "She prefers them young and innocent. A hussy she is, but with a rare hand for managing men. 'Tis gossip here that the Eberlein interests are back of her, but be that as it may, there is no denying that she is a power in local politics, as every president for the last ten years can tell ye."

"Ten years!" exclaimed Jimmy, startled out of silence.

"Ten years," repeated McNair, still as if Jimmy were not present, "though there are those, I do not doubt, as mistake her for a girl of eighteen."

He paused, as if inviting comment. There was none.

"The city is noisy with talk," he went on, "as is to be expected. For Zamora was known to have the Eberlein backing, and why Chita Perez should have given him up is a matter of conjecture."

"But," Jimmy broke in impulsively, and then bit his lip.

"Let them exercise their heads," McNair went on, as if he had not spoken. "'Twill do them good. But I have a theory of my own. Would ye care to hear it, McVickers?"

McVickers kept silent.

"Ye're a rare gossip," McNair went on, "but I'll chance your discretion. Zamora was not the man the Eberlein interests would have chosen if time had not pressed. But quick work was necessary, and he was ready to hand. So they backed him.

"I doubt not, however, but what Zamora had the idea that Chita Perez was personally infatuated with his charms. And so he dropped in on her unannounced, ye understand, but never mistrusting his welcome. And what did he discover?"

McVickers took his pipe from his mouth. "It's parched ye must be with talking," he commented, dryly, and rose and produced a bottle and glasses.

"I give ye the principal city of Great Britain—Glasgow," acknowledged McNair and drained his glass.

Then, lapsing into silence, he smoked for awhile and finally rose. "I'll not keep ye from your beauty sleep, McVickers," he said. "I'll see ye next trip provided your engines survive your handling."

McVickers nodded a farewell. But as McNair gave him a satirical glance, Jimmy rose and followed. The Scot went up the companion-way as if unconscious of him, but when the deck was reached he swung about.

"Well?" he demanded, his eyes searching.

Jimmy was caught unprepared. "She—she spoke English," he said lamely.

"So does the devil," said McNair, caustically.

Jimmy stood where he was, for a full minute. Then he went to the rail and stood staring, with unseeing eyes, toward the city with its gleaming lights. His emotions and his mental processes were both mixed, but the consensus of opinion was that he had behaved like a bally idiot from first to last—though she *did* look like a kid.

After a time three bells rang, and a sudden recollection cleared Jimmy's mind as a fresh wind clears a smoke-clouded room.

He hadn't written Emily for all of twenty-four hours.

This fact, more important than revolutions or revolutions that fail to revolve, appalled him. He crossed the deck and descended the stairs, two at a clip, to his stateroom. There he switched on the fan, shucked off his shirt, lit a cigarette and, seating himself in his sleeveless and very athletic underwear, composed himself to write.

"To the sweetest, dearest girl that ever lived:

"This has sure been one busy day for little Jimmy. In all innocence yours devotedly seems to have mussed up a revolution and changed the history of this here country.

"To begin at the beginning——"

No better beginning could have been desired, but there, for some unaccountable reason, Jimmy stuck. Four bells sounded; he was still trying to begin at the beginning.

"Perhaps," he thought, "I'll be able to get it straight to-morrow, when my old bean isn't whirling."

That, however, was mere subterfuge. For he knew, did Jimmy, as well as he would ever know anything, that it was nothing to write Emily.

Demi-Tasse

— *Continued from page 17*

of coffee and two wide-open eggs to start him all over again. Take it from one who knows. The Old Woman fries 'em in fresh butter with a dash of pep—and believe me——"

Demi-Tasse, leaping down, took the troll's prey by a sleeve and led him firmly toward Eighty-seventh Street.

The Troll King's Palace proved to be an elevatorless apartment house on a dreary row which pays rents to the Stanchwether estate. Demi-Tasse, who had struggled up the stairs to the second landing, had to reach for the knob as he let his guest into the tiniest flat in the city of tiny flats. Astonishment overcame Stanchwether as the gnome-guide conducted him into the strangest dining-room ever conjured out of Lilliputia. The furniture, which was mostly gilded, had been built on a scale to fit the little inhabitants of the realm. A pigmy table, a pigmy sideboard, six pigmy chairs, a little cloth set for two with such dishes as children adore in nursery days.

Somewhere beyond a portière a bird-like voice could be heard chirping, "I'm so glad that Mamma don't know where I'm at."

"We're putting something over on the Old Woman," whispered Demi-Tasse with a naughty wink. "Just hang up your things, Al."

Demi-Tasse had already attached his overcoat to a four-foot hat-rack.

"Oh, Loo!"

"Yes, Hon-ee!" The Mamma song stopped.

"Come see what I brought for supper."

Again that saucy wink from the bright left eye of Puck. The portière fluttered a little, and out of its folds came such another one as Demi-Tasse, only feminine this time. She wore a gingham apron and the face above it was decidedly pretty with an elaborate coiffure of chemically golden hair. Her astonishment was plain to see as she turned, first to Stanchwether, then to her better half of life's cup, the Demi-Tasse.

"Now don't you begin to crab, Loo," commanded her husband, putting his arm round her little waist and kissing her. "The gentleman was complaining that he couldn't get a square meal in New York, so I promised to lead him to the eats."

"Ain't it lucky," she smiled rather bashfully up at her guest. "I made a batch of doughnuts—just to pass away the time."

"You're very kind, Mrs.——" Stanchwether was putting on his best manner when the Demi-Tasse broke in:

"Call her Loo. Loo, this is Al."

"Charmed, I am sure," declared the guest, reaching down for her infantile hand.

"I hope you won't mind just home cooking," said she, showing her dimple.

"Oh, not in the least."

"You see, when we're at liberty I do it all. It sort of rests me—and Chuck gets so tired of hotel food out on the road."

"On the which, did you say?" asked Stanchwether, curiosity overcoming his good manners.

"Oh!" Mrs. Demi-Tasse looked confusedly toward her husband.

"I don't believe he even knows who we are," said the man of the family, assuming a protective air toward the giant he had brought in. "Why, Al—we're the Demi-Tasse Team. There! He's never heard of us. Can you beat such ignorance? And we're booked all over the United States and Canada with the biggest midget act on the circuit, bar none. Just finished a contract at eight hundred a week. Next Monday open up at a thousand. How's that?"

"Very good, I should say," admitted Stanchwether, who had never before been called upon to appraise the value of midgets; once he had roughly estimated his own income at fifteen thousand a week — or was it seventeen? Some odd number.

"Do you think the gentleman can stand fried eggs?" asked Loo, turning to her husband.

"He eats 'em alive," was Demi-Tasse's quite unfounded statement. "Now rush the chow, Loo. And set down, Al."

By a Herculean effort the little man was pushing forward the one large chair.

"We keep it for company," said he.

A moment later diminutive Loo, who had set a giant's plate for Stanchwether, came forward struggling with a full-sized dish of ham and eggs — they looked like ostrich eggs in the fairyland scale of the room. Demi-Tasse bounded forward, as though to the rescue, but his only help was to land another smacking kiss on her rosebud mouth.

"Stop, you big brute!" she protested, making a tiny show of anger as she handed him the plate.

Stanchwether sat entranced. It was all so absolutely unreal — or was this the only real thing he had experienced in his years and years of pleasure-seeking? He quite forgot the fateful voyagings of the jolly *Bouerie Bay* as, upon invitation, he pulled up his chair and joined the kelpie crew in their feast of giant eggs. Strangely enough, these eggs brought sensation to his tired palate — had little Loo, in league with magic forces, seasoned them with some fairy condiment? Had the situation shocked him back to a normal appetite? Was it a shuddering memory of death's cold winds that caused him to ask for a second cup of coffee, piping hot, or to devour no less than a dozen dwarf-sized doughnuts? At last Demi-Tasse pushed his chair from the table and pulled several two-inch cigars from his waistcoat pocket.

"All Havana," he pronounced. "Everything in proportion here."

"I suppose that's the secret of success," pondered Stanchwether as he lit a wisp of tobacco. "Everything in proportion."

"It's been mine," announced Demi-Tasse as he threw out his tiny lavender shirt-front and assumed the pose of a seated Colossus. "The trouble with me is that I had to learn my size. I 'most killed myself before I got hep to the fact that my eyes were bigger than my belly."

"Chuck!" admonished Mrs. Demi.

"I was going to tell Al how you and me got into the same team," explained Chuck.

"Maybe he wouldn't be interested," she cautioned.

"More than anybody in the world." The declaration came from Stanchwether in a sigh.

"Well, Al, when I strolled over from Eighty-seventh Street and seen you setting there, it sort of reminded me of the way I sat a long time ago looking at a dirty river near Cincinnati. You see, I'm different from regular fellas, Al. My folks worked in a shoe factory up at Lynn, Mass.; maybe it was the smell of the leather that made me stop growing when I was seven. The neighbors began looking at me like I was something the cat brought in; the child-labor laws kept me out of the factory when I was old enough to shave. So I run away to Boston and got a job as a comedy cop in a burlesque show — began at thirty a week and worked up to seventy-five. Maybe that was a rotten start?

"But I was lonesome, Al. The life-sized ladies and gents I traveled with wouldn't have nothing to do with me, socially speaking. I got to working with a troupe of midgets, but they was all German; nothing human in sight. I guess you don't know what it is to be different."

"Possibly not," admitted Stanchwether.

"Tell him about the booze," suggested Loo.

"I'm getting to that line. After I was twenty-five I went out for myself. I was making regular money then, but believe me, it was something awful. Took my meals by myself and sneaked around quiet parts of town so that folks wouldn't kid me.

"Then I began fighting the booze. It was a scream, Al. Do you know, a midget is the only guy that ever cheated a bartender? Nothing to it. Pour twenty cents worth of liquor into a peanut and it's drowned. Get me? I bet it would cost you a thousand dollars to get the edge that I could put on with ninety cents."

"I dare say."

"Well, sir, when I worked up to a hundred and fifty a week I found I had all the money in the world and nothing much to spend it on. There's a limit to getting soused by your lonesome. And when it comes to the meal-ticket, what can you buy that sticks to you any better than ham and eggs? Clothes? I had more different kinds than Dug Fairbanks says he has. What good did they do me? Just showed up what I was — a misfit in a life-sized world."

"And then you met me?" dimpled Mrs. Demi over her little plate.

"I did, dearie," he acknowledged. Whereupon he came over and kissed her soundly. Ordinarily, Stanchwether would have regarded this as in frightful taste; curiously the sight brought tears to his eyes.

"And I made a man of you," she trilled.

"Stop stealing my stuff!" he commanded, and went on, "Well, when I was about twenty-seven I had an engagement in Cincinnati. I'd drunk half a pussy café the night before, so I woke up with an awful hangover that morning and went down to the creek to jump in and get rid of myself. And just at the moment I was a-setting there, looking for a nice wet spot, what should I see going by but a big fella walking with a lady that was just my size."

"Me," explained Loo dramatically.

"God, she was a peach!"

"Shut up!" commanded Loo.

"She wasn't a Hun nor a Hindoo midget, neither. She was all American. And I says to myself, 'Jo, that's what you want!' And I made up my mind that I'd get her if it took the rest of my life."

"It took a week," interpolated Loo.

"I tagged her to her house. She was nineteen years old and her folks never let her out alone for fear somebody'd pinch her for the show business. When I come around the old man was sore as a boil — wouldn't let me within a mile of the house. Do you know what that done to me, Al? Gave me some real work to do. It done me a world of good laying awake nights figurin' how to fool her Pa."

"I figured it out for him," chirped Loo. "It wasn't so hard. I just walked out one day and met Chuck at the theatre."

"And we had to show the preacher our birth certificates to prove we were of age."

"And here we are!" chuckled Demi-Tasse.

"And here you are," echoed Stanchwether, "living happy ever after." He rested his chin on his hand and contemplated this truly human comedy from the planet Mars.

"I wouldn't say we're happy," replied Demi-Tasse with a wink. "It would give the Old Woman a swelled head."

"Who's got the swelled head in this family?" she retorted with a fond smile.

"Oh, well, that's the question. Anyway, Al, that day in Cincinnati learned me a lot of things. It learned me that happiness depends on what you cotton up to. It learned me that nobody can live on his reputation as a headliner. You see I *had* got a swelled nut. I got to thinking that I was some midget — and if you want to be miserable just go round with the notion that you're too big for your part."

"I'm sorry," apologized Stanchwether, as he fumbled for his watch, "I've got an engagement and —— "

"Must you be going?" Demi-Tasse leaped down from his chair and was followed by Mrs. Demi. "And now that you know the number, drop in when you feel — *you* know."

"Thanks, I shall. You've been awfully — decent to take me in this way — off the street." He managed it rather poorly, fighting with his reticence as the good little people followed him out to the landing. "I — I hope you'll consider me your friend." He fumbled for his card, then remembered he had not brought any.

"Friend!" squeaked Demi-Tasse heartily. "Why, me and you was born in the same pair o' pants."

"And don't slip on the stairs," cautioned Mrs. Demi. "There's a rip in the carpet."

"Thank you. Good-night."

"And say!" Stanchwether was past the bad piece of carpet when the small voice came to him, "We open at the Eighty-sixth Street Orpheum next Monday night. Why not drop around?"

"Thanks, I shall — if I'm still — still in town."

Out in the street Stanchwether paused only for a moment. To his right lay the East River and peace, to his left Fifth Avenue and his car. After all, thought he, it wouldn't be cricket for him to fail the Van Laerens, who were counting on him for dinner. And there was always to-morrow morning. He turned to the left and as he quickened his pace his hand, deep in an overcoat pocket, felt a cold blue nose of steel.

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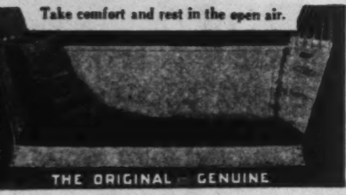

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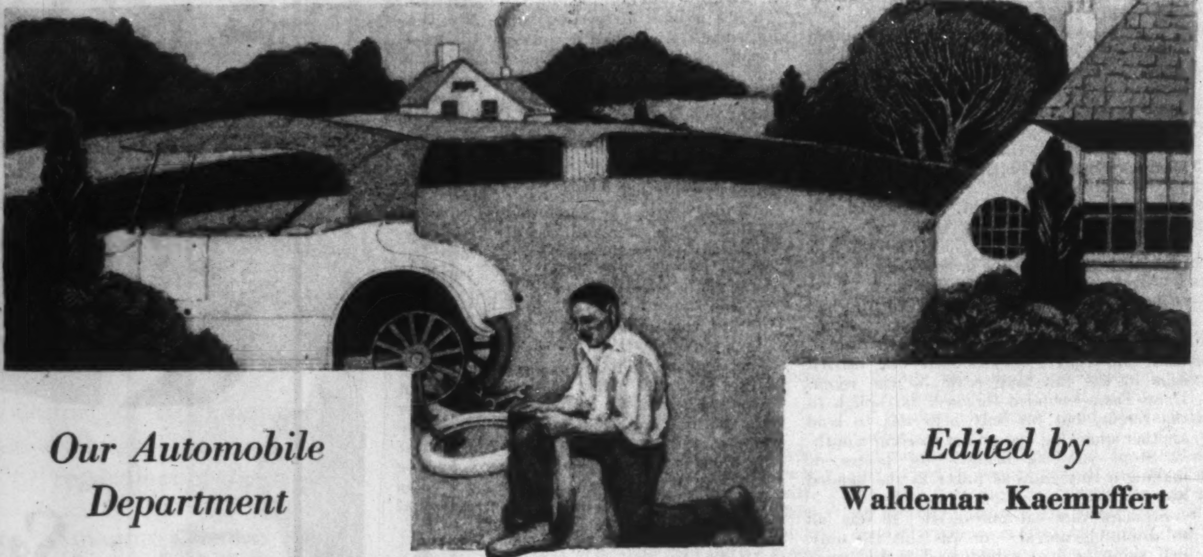

Our Automobile Department

Edited by **Waldemar Kaempffert**

Inside and Out

The Automobile Instruction Book Makes You Master of Your Car

by James H. Collins

Decoration by Israel Doskow

A PRETTY woman driving through the country in a big touring car came to a quarter-mile of road washed out by rain. She dashed into the water, hub deep, and presently stopped dead. Several minutes' desperate manipulation of starter and primer did not get the engine going again. Water knee-deep all around her.

Along came a farmer in a little tin auto.

"What shall I do now?" asked the fair tourist.

"Well, ma'am, this reminds me of a story," said the farmer.

He told a familiar one about the genius who owned a flivver and when anything went wrong with it, lit his pipe, sat down to smoke and think it over. One day he broke the starting crank off short. Sitting down to smoke, he reflected that the engine turned the wheels; therefore the wheels must turn the engine. So he jacked up the rear wheels, started his engine by turning them, and went merrily on.

"Now, ma'am, just start your car," wound up the farmer. And this time the engine responded instantly. That woman, having never taken a spark plug out of her car, did not know that she had flooded her engine. The farmer knew. His story took just about enough time to let the superfluous gasoline evaporate.

Some people take an automobile entirely on faith. They never look under the hood, do not know the carburetor from the spark timing apparatus, have no picture of what goes on inside gear housings when they start off from a standstill on high. They leave all this to the garage mechanic.

But other car owners become interested in the why and how of things after a little experience in driving.

With every automobile there comes an instruction book. It gives graphic drawings of the whole car, unit by unit, with names clearly marked and fingers and arrows pointing to everything. The instruction book will probably have only an academic interest for the new car owner until the first time he gets into trouble. Then a mechanic or a friend will lift the hood, investigate, and find some simple difficulty like a broken fan belt, or sooted spark plug. Immediately, what the book has to say about spark plugs or fan belts becomes interesting and illuminating. Bit by bit, as valves must be ground, or clutch brakes relined, the car will reveal itself mechanically. To know a modern automobile, even a comparatively cheap one, is a liberal technical schooling, and shows man's effort over a generation to pack power, speed and comfort in the least space, at the least cost, with the least complexity.

"My first trouble originated in defective spark plug timing apparatus," said a car owner of long experience. "After watching a repairman take this apart by pulling out a cotter pin and lifting off a little iron saucer, with electric contacts inside, and ten minutes' study of the instruction book diagram showing that part, I not only knew how to fix that detail as well as he, but began to be critical of its design. On this particular car—not an expensive one—the timing mechanism seemed to be badly made and badly placed. It was located where it gathered dirt and grease. It was made in such a breathless way by our quantity production factory system that one had to replace it frequently, and then might get a new one with defective contacts unless he watched out.

"That led to my studying other details of the car. There was no more interesting way of spending a Saturday afternoon than running the auto out on the grass under a shady tree and taking down the engine, grinding the valves, putting in new water connections and gaskets, and accurately replacing all the big and little parts.

"Months afterward, I got stalled touring through the deep sand of Northern Florida. I ran up on the roadside to see if I could get out of trouble by taking the car apart. Other people got through the Florida sand, and in all sorts of prehistoric automobiles—why not I? The first thing examined was the spark timing "jigger." It was greasy, dirty, worn. I took it off, carefully washed it in gasoline, gave it a high polish, delicately lubricated it with my finger dipped in oil, replaced it as accurately as though it had been the hair-spring in a watch, and—lo! the car ran through sand almost as smoothly as over macadam. Simply hadn't been getting enough power, that was all."

Study your instruction book and your car. They are not complex. You will drive better, get out of trouble yourself, forestall trouble by adjustments before trouble comes. You will acquire a very practical knowledge of what repairs by mechanics are worth, and how long they should take, and whether they are necessary at all. You will learn to know the weak points in automobile design as well as the strong ones, compare one car with another, and get the best possible value for your money when you buy a car again. When you shop for a new automobile ask for instruction books as well as catalogues. For the catalogues do not show mechanical details as completely as the instruction books. The latter, through diagrams and explanation, make it possible to go over cars on paper, point by point, and compare details. To the owner, already familiar with one or more cars through experience, the instruction book often shows up both longcomings and shortcomings in a highly illuminating way.

Whispers

by Willard Wattles

I WAS very shy once
  And I dared not take
Anything of happiness
  For fear my heart should break.

When the village lads came by
  At the dim of day,
Once they whistled at the gate,
  Soon they went away;

And I never staked the cow
  When the moon was new
But I heard hushed whispers
  From the early dew.

Now there are no whispers
  And I do not meet
Jack or Allan any more
  In the dusky street.

Only Madge goes by me
  With a conscious glance;
In her breast I know she hides
  A memory from France.

And Jenny never sees me
  When she steals by night
To set a taper to the lad
  Who once could clasp so tight.

Only I walk lonely
  The road I dared not take:
And oh, the haunting whispers,
  And oh, the bitter ache!

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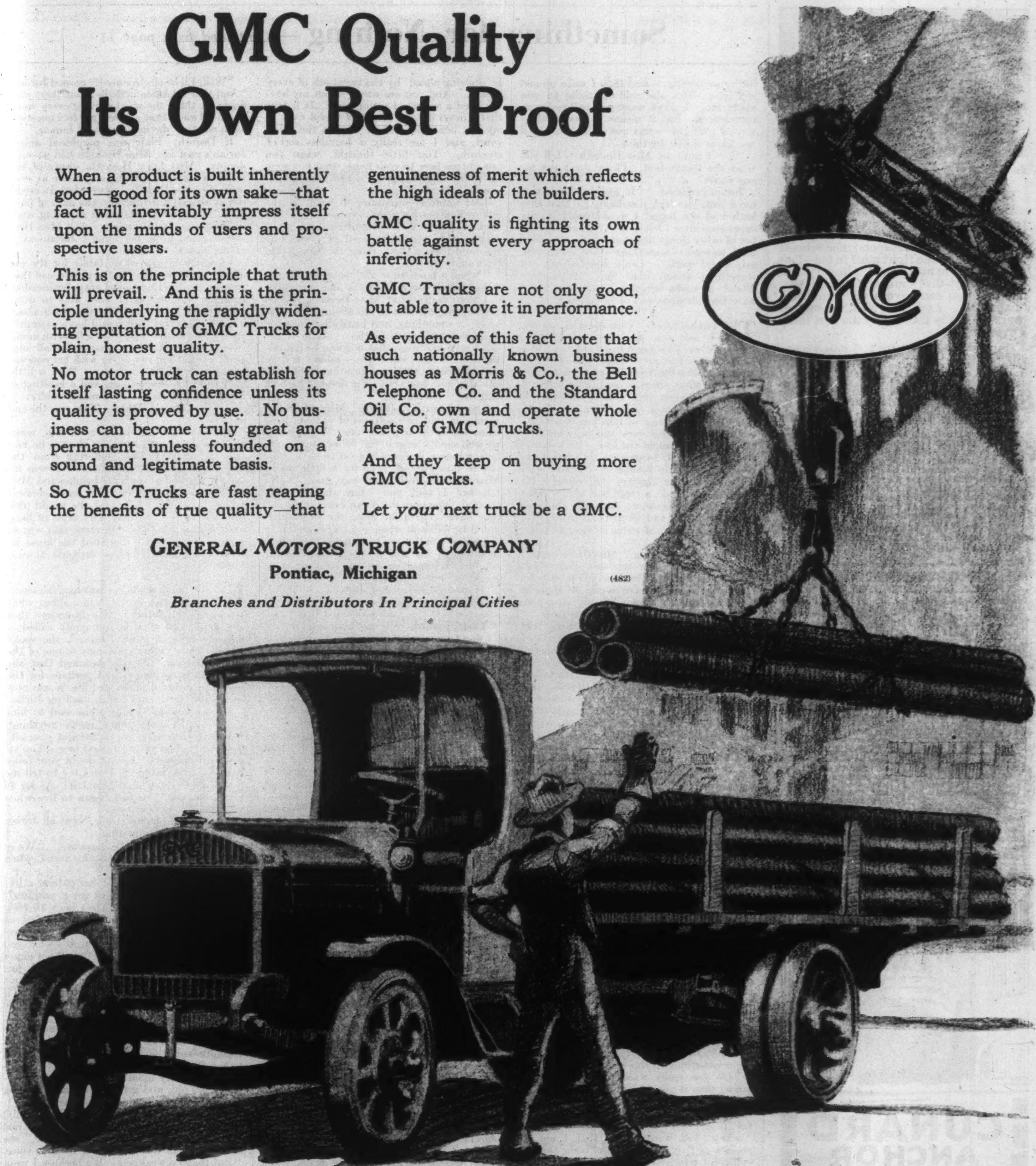

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Something for Nothing

— *Continued from page 13*

hit by something. And then I woke up and saw you. Has she said anything to you about me? I don't want you to break any confidences. But it means a good deal to me. I owe her — and you — so much — if my life is worth anything."

"I — I must let Miss Hesketh — tell you what she thinks best. Please don't ask me any more."

Jurian persisted. "If you could only give me a hint," he said, pleadingly. "Miss Hesketh said she hoped I would profit by my experience after I left here. She said a number of other things like that. She gave me a book to read — something about doing honest, useful work. Can't you tell me just something about what she thinks, Miss Blair? It might help me. Does she think I have been in some sort of — mischief?"

THE girl hesitated. Then she said, quickly, "I'll tell you just this, Mr. Jurian. Perhaps there's no harm in telling you. Miss Hesketh said I might — might talk with you later. She does think you have been in trouble. But she thinks there is something better — something fine in you. She wants to help you. You mustn't judge her, Mr. Jurian from her usual way of speaking or acting."

Jurian closed his eyes and oriented himself. Soon he caught the idea. He had been found in a ditch, besmeared with blood and mud, an unsightly huddle of a human being without name or dignity. Of course! The bandits had made a clean job of it! They had taken his roadster; naturally they had taken his watch and money and papers.

"Was anything of value in my pockets?" he asked, abruptly.

"There was nothing," Miss Blair replied.

That was it! The two men had robbed him as well as half killed him! What a horrible sight he must have been, he thought. Then he had a notion. "Is my coat here, Miss Blair? Could I look at it, please?"

She went away briskly, and came back with a coat. Jurian took it eagerly, with a shudder at feeling the caked earth adhering to it. Within the inner breast-pocket, on the right side, should be the label of his tailors: *Brookings, New York, Paris, London.* But it wasn't there. There was no label there at all. Jurian looked at the coat again, and felt a sickly thud within him. It wasn't even his coat. His brain whirled for a second. He had a quick fear of insanity — of lost identity — of being somebody else. That passed, as quickly. For it was obvious that one of the men had exchanged coats with him and left him this threadbare, soiled thing.

"The coat wasn't on me when they found me?" Jurian asked.

"No. I think Miss Hesketh said the coat was lying beside you."

Jurian breathed easy again. He had a fair chance of still being himself. It was no wonder, when he considered it, that Miss Hesketh had concluded him one of a brawling crowd of wastrels who had gotten the worst of it in a free fight, and had been left to die. It isn't easy to discern the caste of a man who has been rolled in the mud with a broken sconce.

Then Jurian began to chuckle inwardly. It was really a joke, despite the painful accessories. He wondered how he should tell them the truth, whether he had better tell Dorothy Blair now, and then tell Miss Hesketh later; and how their faces would express utter incredulity when he told them. They wouldn't believe it, maybe; but it wouldn't be hard to prove. He would tell them something to this effect:

"Do you really want to know who this young man is you picked out of the gutter? I told you my real name, but that didn't mean anything to you, because you live so far from New York. If you were New Yorkers, you would know that I am the nephew of P. C. Jurian. And being the only collateral relative, I am the certain heir of that eccentric old gentleman's fortune, of which nobody knows the exact extent, but which everybody says is probably much more than anybody thinks. For myself, I am poverty-stricken as yet. An allowance of twelve hundred a month is all I have. I manage to exist at my club on this stipend, with great frugality. You would say that is considerable money for a young bachelor without responsibilities; but that is because you don't know the people with whom I associate. You don't know that Jimmy Kernon, brother of the beautiful Hazel Kernon, spends a bigger allowance than that and is 'drawing ahead' by the twentieth of every month. And you are wrong about my having been a wayward young man. It is true that I never did one stroke of useful work in my life, but I have never been in the police court, and I am really a harmless sort of creature. You little thought, when you brought me here to your home, that you were sheltering and caring for a prospective millionaire, did you?"

That would be dramatic. It would be the talk of Foxlake, for years to come. He would send these two good Samaritans such presents as they never dreamed of possessing. He would have them come to New York. He would. . . .

"What a bore, after all!" thought Jurian. "How much more romantic and intriguing if I were really what Miss Hesketh thinks. I'd become an honest chauffeur, or bricklayer, or something, and justify her belief in human nature's possibilities. As it is, she can't save me from what is going to happen to me. What's more she wouldn't try to; she'd probably think my position in life was enviable and desirable. I'm doomed to be a parasite. Damnable!"

"Somehow, Mr. Jurian," Miss Blair was saying, in that rich softness of voice of hers, when she spoke in a low tone, "I think it is we who should be grateful. Now that you're feeling better, it seems so good to have some one to take care of, even for a little while. Miss Hesketh feels that way, too. Never tell her I told you — but she's awfully pleased. She says she doesn't care what you may have done in the past; she knows that you'll be different when you leave here; and some day you'll come back here. . . . Oh, I mustn't go on this way! Miss Hesketh wouldn't let me come in this room again, if she knew how I was going on."

"I understand," said Jurian. "And — do you think — that I've been a pretty bad sort, too? Do you think so, Miss Blair?"

Their eyes met. She shook her head slowly. "I don't know what to think," she answered. "I don't know that I do think that way."

"Shall I tell her?" Jurian asked himself. "Shall I wreck that illusion? Shall I dazzle them with a story of wealth and society?"

"What a bore — your wealth and society," came the answer from somewhere within him.

And so, perhaps partly from a boyish impulse, partly because he felt, deeply, that something big and beautiful had crept into that warm soul within the frosty exterior of Lucy Hesketh, and filled her yearning heart with the rare spirit of helpfulness, perhaps partly because a charming, fresh, fragrant country girl was sitting at his side, impelling him to pose as something he was not — Jurian began to lie.

He was a pretty truthful fellow, Jurian, and he stumbled awkwardly in mendacity at first. But when he warmed up to the job, he was amazed to find what a natural, fluent liar he really was. Some men lie in the direction of riches. Without a nickel in their pockets, they tell of fortunes they have lost and made. For Jurian, the zest lay in the other direction. He had to romance in the direction of penury and misdemeanors.

HAVING described one or two small crimes he had committed, being careful to give them a sort of Robin Hood flavor, Jurian found himself surprisingly entertaining. He was flattered, too, by the rapt attention of Miss Blair. Her eyes, suffused with interest, followed him point by point. Her lips half-opened, now and then, showing the tips of two rows of well-shaped small teeth. There was a pink splash of color on each cheek.

"But I mean to get work, when I leave here — some honest, useful work," concluded Jurian, thinking honestly as he said it that it wouldn't be a bad idea in actuality; "and when I come back to Foxlake again, you'll see a different sort of man."

A door shut loudly down-stairs, and Dorothy Blair rose. She stood for a moment looking down at Jurian, with a whimsical smile playing at the corners of her mouth.

"Mr. Jurian," she said, with a little shake of the head that sent stray wisps of hair swaying about her ears, "I don't believe a word you have been saying. I can't imagine what you have really done, but it certainly isn't all that stuff you've been telling. But really, you are the most entertaining fibber I ever listened to. . . . That's Miss Hesketh, just come from the store. Good night!"

"Well, I'll be electrocuted!" gasped Jurian. "And that adorable little lady sat there and made me think she was believing every word I said! I guess that answers my fool question as to whether she has a sense of humor."

If Dorothy Blair was perplexed about Jurian's past life, Miss Hesketh had no such doubts. Miss Lucy Hesketh, owner of the Hesketh store, as valiant a spinster as ever battled for her "rights," as ever faced a creditor, or shooed a debtor into the path of payment — had no doubts about anything, once she had made up her mind. And Miss Hesketh had made up her mind. Jurian was a young man to be saved.

Frederick concocted no fables for the ear of his elderly rescuer. In the presence of that shrewd, penetrating pair of gray, businesslike eyes, he wouldn't have been able to utter them. And if he had told the truth about himself, the good lady would have promptly set it down as the vagaries of a feverish mind. Miss Hesketh had one answer for all suggestions that did not agree with her conception of where the truth lay. With a little sniff from her ample nose, and a hoisting of her shoulders, she would remark, coldly:

"I know what I think." That was the end of it.

She ruled Jurian, and tended him, when she was not at the store, as though he had been a naughty boy, suffering from the cholera morbus of filched fruit. He was intensely amused at the utter helplessness Miss Hesketh ascribed to him. He had a comical terror, once in a while, that she would pick him off the bed, in those wiry arms of hers, and rock him to sleep. Of course that was an exaggeration, but it described the sense he had of the maiden lady's attitude toward him.

EVERY day, while he was convalescent, Miss Hesketh spoke to him about what she called "his future." He discovered that she was not of what is commonly called a religious type of mind. Indeed, she spoke once or twice rather sneeringly of one of the village parsons. Jurian remarked that she had great benevolence, and perhaps for the first time in her disillusioned life, it was now struggling forth and fixing itself on Jurian.

"I don't want thanks," she said to him sharply. "Thanks don't mean anything. I want you to make a real man of yourself. You can. You've got a good face. You've got good manners. I don't doubt your folks were real nice people. Don't try to tell me — I don't want to hear about it! As far as I'm concerned, you just began to live when you were brought in here."

"You're too decent to me," was all Jurian could say. He meant that.

"Nonsense!" was the response. "We're just helping ourselves, Dorothy and I, when we help you."

Then Miss Hesketh read her patient a lecture on thrift. "You must get a position," she said, "as soon as you get back to New York. If you spend your wages as fast as you get them, you'll never amount to anything. It isn't what you earn; it's what you lay by. And remember this: you'll not enjoy anything in this world you don't work for. The Lord has fixed it that way. You can't get something for nothing! I expect you'll write at least once a month, and let us know how you're doing."

"I surely will," was Jurian's promise. He almost groaned as he thought of what Miss Hesketh would say if he told her, and proved to her, that he had been accustomed to spending $1200 every month, since he was twenty-one years old, and getting as nearly nothing to show for it as could possibly be.

Finally, she looked at him a little wistfully, just for a transient period. "I'd like real well to see you settle here in Foxlake," she said, in what was for her a mellow voice. "But that's a weakness. It's because I want to keep you away from the temptations of the city. That's coddling. You mustn't be coddled; if you're going to amount to anything you must learn how to walk by a saloon without going in. That creates character. Some day — some day —" she looked past Jurian into the future of her mind's eye, "perhaps you'll come back here." Then she added, abruptly:

"What do you think of Dorothy Blair?"

"She's an angel!" blurted out Jurian, unguardedly, giving rein to his real gratitude for the ungrudging care the young woman had showered upon him.

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF McCLURE'S, PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT NEW YORK, N. Y., FOR APRIL 1, 1919.

State of New York
County of New York

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Arthur S. Moore, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of The McClure Publications, Inc., publishers of McClure's, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:
Publisher, The McClure Publications, Inc.,
25 West Forty-fourth Street, New York, N. Y.
Editor, Frederick L. Collins,
25 West Forty-fourth Street, New York, N. Y.
Managing Editor, Charles Hanson Towne,
25 West Forty-fourth Street, New York, N. Y.
Business Manager, Arthur S. Moore,
25 West Forty-fourth Street, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of the total amount of stock.)
The McClure Publications, Incorporated,
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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state). None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee, or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

THE McCLURE PUBLICATIONS, Inc.,
A. S. MOORE, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 31st day of March, 1919.

[SEAL] Edwin Brown, Notary Public, Bronx County, No. 50. Bronx Register's No. 2128. (Certificate filed in New York County, No. 291.) New York Register's No. 1263. (My commission expires March 30, 1921.)

"She's no such thing!" retorted Miss Hesketh, grimly. "She's better than an angel. I wouldn't give shucks for any one that just angeled 'round, looking sweet and all that. She's a good, sound girl, with a head on her shoulders. I've summered and wintered her, and I know. They've lived over my store since her mother died. If it wasn't for her working for me, I don't know what would become of her father. He's a good mechanic, but he doesn't work at it. Huh!"

"He doesn't drink, does he?" asked Jurian, wondering why he should be as interested in the matter as he found himself.

"Oh, no. He's a good enough soul. But he fiddles around year after year with inventions that don't amount to Hannah Cook. Burglar alarms, and such-like nonsense. Hopelessly impractical, that's what's the matter of him."

Then came the day when Miss Hesketh appeared in Jurian's room, bearing on her arm three suits of ready-made clothes from her store. "You've got to have some clothes to travel in, and get a job with," she explained. "You try these on, and the one that fits best is yours. I like that one with the faint stripe. I hope it fits best. It's dignified and sober. This afternoon I'll bring over some neckties and shirts and things."

AS he tried on the cheap ready-made garments, Frederick Jurian wanted to shriek with laughter. But he didn't laugh. Instead, he felt that his eyes were wet with still tears, and he wasn't ashamed of it.

"Good Lord," he said to himself, "how can I ever repay these wonderful women? And here I'm letting them think I'm a pauper! I've got to tell them the truth." He actually made up his mind that he would make a clean breast of it that afternoon. But when afternoon came, and Miss Hesketh and Dorothy came over together, carrying the rest of his equipment, and he saw the delight in their eyes — the riches of pleasure they were getting from their simple task of making a new man of him — he gave it up.

"I can't spoil it!" he decided. "I'd rather shoulder the lie, and try to live up to it."

And then the time came when, decked out in a Foxlake going-away costume which would have earned him vaudeville honors at his club, and with an imitation leather "shut-over" containing a few things, including the volume "*Self-Help*" which had been forced on him by Miss Hesketh, he stood on the station platform, waiting for the branch train which should take him to the junction, whence he would catch the express for New York.

Miss Hesketh gave him her lean hand, patted him on the arm, said, in what was meant to be a severe tone, but which faltered a little, "I can't spend any more time with you. Remember! Write to us. Good-bye" —and hastened awkwardly away.

Jurian was left with Dorothy Blair.

She looked more charming than he had supposed she could ever appear, which was saying much. A simple, inexpensive gown of dimity, with a faintish pink floweret in it, followed the outlines of her graceful figure, and yet left a fine impression of freedom of movement. There was a narrow black ribbon under the collar, ending in two loose ends over her bosom, which reminded Jurian, who flattered himself on discernment in the matter of woman's wear, from what simple means pleasing effects are derived. She wore a reckless sort of untrimmed, broad-brimmed felt hat that would have made any less feminine face beneath it seem a trifle mannish. But these were externals. What most caught Jurian's senses, and wrote itself on his memory, was that elusive freshness and essence of the green hills and summer sunshine the girl exhaled. It . . . unsteadied him. It did that, briefly, to Jurian, the hardened, blasé bachelor, who had looked over the beauties of Belair and Palm Beach once a year, and turned away bored.

"There's nothing I can say; not a word, Miss Blair," he said to her, as he reached for her hand. "Such goodness leaves me overflowing with something — but words don't exist for it. There's nothing I can ever do to show my gratitude — but many a time I'll try to will it toward you both, from wherever I am."

"Good-bye, Mr. Jurian," she answered slowly. "Perhaps sometime ——"

The train was whistling in.

"Perhaps sometime?" Jurian repeated, quickly.

She looked into his face and laughed quietly. "Oh, just perhaps sometime," she replied. "Good Luck!"

Jurian kept his word. Every month, during the next eleven months following, he wrote a letter to Miss Lucy Hesketh, and a letter to Miss Dorothy Blair. Miss Hesketh's letter gave him no end of trouble, and numerous twinges of conscience. Of all the persons in the world toward whom Jurian wanted to be absolutely truthful, these two stood first; and yet, month after month, he manufactured the most outrageous yarns as to his progress.

In the first place, Jurian felt that he ought to know something about the work he would be called upon to do in his imaginary job. And he knew nothing of jobs. The only very close friend who was actively, earnestly engaged in business, was Tommy Urquhart.

"Tommy, you're in builders' supplies and all that sort of thing, aren't you?" he asked.

Urquhart smiled good-naturedly. "Mostly 'that sort of thing,'" he answered. "Want a job?"

"That's just what I do. I never needed one more in my life." He explained the circumstances. So, after a long and detailed conversation, it was decided that the plausible thing was an office job; say, at eighteen dollars to start, with reasonably quick advances. "I'll bring in some of our office stationery," said Tommy. "That'll give local color."

"The very thing!"

At the end of the third month Jurian felt that he was justified in giving himself a small promotion. He had no idea how long a time should elapse between advancements, but he felt that he was the likely sort of young man who should rise quickly. So he raised himself to twenty-two dollars and put himself in line for something better.

"By the Lord!" the young fellow gurgled, as he wrote, "I ought to be arrested for this. But what the devil can I do? I'm in for it now."

At the end of the fifth month Jurian felt justified in returning the loan of money which had paid his train fare back to New York, and given him pocket-change. Mechanically, he had made out a check for the amount, before he recollected that he wasn't supposed to have a drawing account at the Corn Exchange Bank yet. He tore up the check and enclosed the most soiled banknotes the cashier of the club could find.

At the end of the ninth month Jurian made a decided *faux pas,* which nearly ruined him in the estimation of Miss Hesketh. It was the result of a little impulse. He was passing a Fifth Avenue jeweler's when it occurred to him that the Misses Hesketh and Blair might fancy something in that way. He selected a dainty wrist-watch for Dorothy, and an antique Chinese lacquer dressing-table box for Miss Hesketh. Fortunately, the good lady, never having heard of the Ming dynasty, had no idea what the box was worth. Had she realized the value, she would probably have concluded that Jurian had robbed his employers. As it was, the young man received a tart letter which said:

"I DON'T understand how you could be so imprudent, Frederick. I should certainly have sent these things back immediately, if I hadn't known that you probably would have to sell them at a sacrifice. I am enclosing my check for twenty-five dollars, which you will put in a sound savings bank at once, which you should have had the good sense to do in the first place. When you are established in a business of your own, it will be time enough to think of trinkets and baubles.

"P. S. I must say we were glad you thought of us, of course. I have not told Dorothy about this letter. I couldn't spoil her enjoyment of the watch."

But, if his extraordinary and mendacious correspondence with Miss Hesketh was a tax on the ingenuity and invention of Jurian, his monthly letter to Dorothy Blair was quite otherwise. That letter had come to be the one event of his uneventful existence. Once having thrown himself into the spirit of an innocent, frank, entertaining correspondence, he found that he had been carrying within him some suppressed eagerness for communication. Not that he wrote anything important to the Foxlake girl. He studiously avoided specific references to his daily life. But it was pleasant, each time, to sit over the letter, imagining himself back in that quiet, unfretful atmosphere of the green hills, and just — talking.

Also, Jurian found that he was looking forward with pleasant expectation to the letter which came each month in response. Obedient to his request, Miss Blair wrote of little village transactions and activities; wrote of them with a delightful combination of humor and sympathy, as though she were

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A few utensils—high in quality, simple and sound in construction, artistic in design—fitted to the constant, yet adaptable to the varying needs of your household, this is the new standard:—Does your kitchen equipment meet it? Think of this when buying or replacing your first kitchen essential—the always needed tea-kettle. This '18-in-1' set admirably conforms to this standard."

MABEL DULON PURDY
Food Editor, McClure's Magazine

Inspect FREE this Aluminum Miracle—18 DISHES IN 1

A BRAND NEW IDEA

In this set are these basic pieces: Tea Kettle, Pudding Pan, Colander and Egg Poacher, from which 18 different combinations can be made.

Posed by Aunt Sarah" of Hotel Algonquin, N. Y.

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You will search the stores in vain for a duplicate of this combination. We are the sole inventors and makers (patent applied for). You can only buy it through us. Possessing the exclusive right to make it, we nevertheless offer it at a price far below that which stores would charge if they could obtain it.

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Don't forget that you are under no obligation in sending for the set. These goods will be sent to you "on approval." *You examine the goods in your own home before you decide.* No snap judgment. If you are not satisfied, send them back at our expense. You run no risk.

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See the set first. Inspect the utensils in your own kitchen, then decide—that's all we ask. It's so easy to do—so free from risk, that we're sure you'll put the "free inspection" coupon in the mails *right now*.

SOME OF THE WAYS TO USE THIS 18-IN-1 SET—*MAIL THE COUPON TODAY*

Tea Kettle

Handsome five-quart tea kettle, equipped with a non-heating handle and knob. Spout especially designed so that it will pour easily and so that it may be placed under your water faucet and the kettle filled in that way. In the whole kettle there is not one seam or soldered part to leak and give trouble.

Steamer

By placing the colander inside the large kettle and inverting the pudding pan, using the inverted pudding pan as a cover, you obtain a steam cooker, which will cook two articles at the same time, thus saving space and fuel.

Double Boiler

Another combination easily made with the covered two-quart pudding pan is to place it inside the large kettle. This gives you a perfect double boiler, in which you can steam rice, make oatmeal and other cereals, etc.

Egg Poacher

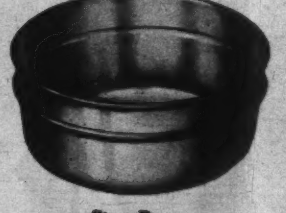
The large outside kettle with the rack and egg tins makes an unsurpassed egg poacher. Eggs cooked in this way have an extremely inviting appearance. Doctors say that the only absolutely sanitary utensils for poaching eggs are made of pure aluminum, because this metal is in no way affected by food-acids.

Casserole

By simply putting the cover on your pudding pan you have an excellent casserole, or bake dish, which is splendid for baking beans, macaroni, potatoes, escalloped corn, apples, and other dishes.

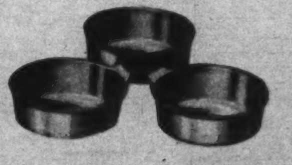
Pancake Cover

If you wish to keep pancakes warm on the table or to keep the heat in them while carrying from kitchen to dining room, you have only to cover them with the inverted pudding pan.



Stew Pan

By inverting the colander and placing it on top of the pudding pan, you obtain an ideal stew pan, because the perforation of the colander allows the steam to pass off properly.



Jelly Moulds

The three jelly moulds (which are also used for the egg poaching), are of just the right size and shape for use as containers of jelly, gelatine, and marmalade. Each mould is equipped with a convenient handle.

Colander

For draining vegetable, macaroni, for washing lettuce and other uses the perforated pudding pan will be found very handy as a colander.

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If you desire credit and are not known to us, send business card of self or husband, or attach names of 2 references. McC. 6/19 part of them, and yet a little detached, too. Jurian wanted to know about Miss Hesketh's store; what they sold there, what people said, all that; and he learned about it all from Miss Blair's letters.

One afternoon, about the twenty-fifth of the month, which was the date he had set for his letters to Miss Hesketh, Jurian sat at his writing-table, in his rooms at the club, fingering his pen with soothing uncertainty, and looking out the window upon the sinuous paths of Central Park. It was again May — lacking one month of a year since he had entered and left Foxlake. But he was not seeing the puppety human forms down below, in the Park, or the slow-moving baby-carriages, or the never-ending stream of motor-cars, gliding like the sections of a disjointed serpent. He was seeing the little old paint-hungry station, where, with an imitation leather shut-over, he had waited to take leave, that afternoon, of his two Samaritans. And Dorothy Blair's colorful face, and laughing eyes, topped by a reckless down-brimmed hat, stood out upon his vision sharply.

HE felt something pulling at him, beckoning to him — and it made him uneasy.

"Confound it!" he exclaimed, "if I'd only told them the truth, I could motor down there just as well as not, and spend a few days at that little old hotel with the chummy bathroom for each ten guests! As it is, all I can do is sit here and manufacture whoppers for the old lady's delectation. I guess I'd better forget it."

There was a knock on the door. In answer to Jurian's invitation, a rosy-cheeked young man, who might have been mistaken for a high school boy were it not for the laborious little mustache that was being gardened on his upper lip, entered.

"Hello, Jimmy!" cried Jurian, hastily putting away his unfinished correspondence in a drawer. "Glad to see you. What's up?"

"Oh, same as usual," replied the boyish young man, with a bored air. "Nothing is up. Everything is down. I'm down. Nobody to talk to excepting a damn lot of light drinkers and heavy talkers. Nowhere to go except out home, and that's beastly. There's a Bohemian Count out there, trying to marry Sis. I thought we'd got done with European aristocracy when that Roumanian did the governor out of a couple of thousand. How do these chaps edge in, anyway, Fred? After they disappear, you never can find who was responsible for them. This Bohemian idiot is awful. Sis turns him over to me, and makes her escape, and I have to sit and inhale garlic ——"

"Not really, Jimmy!" laughed Jurian. "He doesn't really eat garlic."

"Well, I suppose not," groaned Jimmy Kernon, going to the humidor for a cigarette, "but he has a garlic personality, don't you know. It's the result of centuries of garlic eaten by his ancestors. You don't smell it, but you feel it. Oh, I say, Fred, why don't you buck up and marry Hazel?"

"What!" cried Jurian. "What do you mean? Why, you young ——"

"Oh, I know that's a vulgar thing to say, Fred," went on Jimmy Kernon, in an injured tone. "But a fellow must speak out once in a while. Oh, you know what I mean, Fred — I like you tremendously. You've got brains, and you play the game, and all that. I say, Freddie, you'd better think it over." He warmed up to the subject, with an enthusiasm which contrasted comically with his former distress. "I'll have a talk with Sis ——"

"Well, of all the impudence I ever listened to —" began Jurian, hardly knowing whether to appear angry or amused. Then he broke off suddenly into the ironical:

"I suppose your sister does pretty much as you suggest, Jimmy?"

Jimmy Kernon made a grimace of profound negation. "Good Lord, Hazel doesn't do as anybody suggests. She treats the governor and me like children ——"

"As far as you're concerned, she ——"

"Oh, I've heard that wheeze before," interrupted the youth. "You can't hurt my feelings that way. If anybody ever took me seriously, except the tradesmen, I'd never survive the shock. But to get back to Sis — you see she has the Millard money, from mother's side. She's richer than father. Confound it, I have to borrow from her. That's awkward, you know ——"

"It's more awkward to pay it back," noted Jurian cruelly.

Jimmy's answer was breezily unconcerned. "Oh, I don't pay her back. She doesn't expect it. . . . Oh, I say, Freddie, come out to the Elms for the rest of the week, will you? It's so damn lonesome out there I have to talk politics with the gardener — and everybody's out of town."

"I don't think I'd better, Jimmy."

"If you're thinking of Sis, that's all right," said Jimmy, with fervor. "She said you were the only man she could endure for more than ——"

"Jimmy! Have a little decency!" cried Jurian. "You've got no more sense of propriety than a burlesque comedian. You go down and play billiards, and ——"

"We'll have dinner together," said Jimmy, unabashed. "There are a couple of peaches in the Midnight Roof Show ——"

"Out! Out, Jimmy!" cried Jurian, menacingly. "You're incorrigible. I want to write a couple of letters and then go downtown on business."

"Go to the devil, you cold-blooded — librarian," said the youngster, trying to find some fittingly sneering appelation. He went out, but stuck his head in immediately, saying, "Come down to the Elms to-night, like a good fellow, won't you?"

Jurian picked a book off the desk and hurled it in the direction of the head, and smiled as he heard a laugh outside. Then he locked the door, and finished his letters. Afterward he called for a taxi, and sped down to Nassau Street, to see Alfred Silver.

The old lawyer was not in his office when Jurian arrived. So Jurian sat down and gazed flabbily at the rows of bound statute-law books, and yawned. Then, suddenly, he fell to thinking of his uncle, P. C. Jurian, and the strange relationship between himself and P. C.

When Frederick was four years old, his father died. He retained just a hazy recollection of a tall, dark, gloomy man. Strangely, he had a perfectly clear memory of another man, his father's brother. This man, Philip Jurian, also tall and dark, but older than his father by some years, was the P. C. Jurian of whom people talked so much and knew so little.

Later, Frederick had learned that, of his grandfather's wealth, his own father, unused to business affairs, had managed to dissipate his share almost completely by the time he died. He left many debts. P. C. Jurian had paid them. P. C. had also generously provided for the widow and her son. There was never any definite understanding about it, that is, so far as Frederick knew, nothing in writing.

P. C. Jurian was "queer." Everybody said that. He was almost a recluse. He wore shabby clothes, ate at old-time cheap lunchrooms, and would not have a telephone in his house or office. But, though he seemed to show no particular interest in Frederick, after the death of Frederick's mother, he sent the lad to a good school, then through college, and thereafter gave him an allowance of twelve hundred dollars a month, payment being made through Alfred Silver, who handled the little legal business Philip Jurian happened to have.

ONCE every year, Christmas Eve, Frederick spent a cheerless evening and night at the rickety, cobwebby old house on Twelfth Street where his uncle lived. They played cribbage and went to bed early. There was no reason why the young fellow should not take it for granted that he would be the eccentric old man's heir.

Frederick was dreamily feasting over these recollections when Alfred Silver came in. They shook hands, and sat for a few moments in silence. The patriarchal lawyer puffed his cigar quietly. Finally he said:

"I sent for you, Frederick, because I am giving up my business relations with your uncle."

Frederick Jurian looked his amazement. Silver and Jurian seemed like parts of the same name to him. "No trouble, I hope, Mr. Silver?" he asked.

"Oh, no! That is, no falling out, of a personal kind. We shall be friendly enough. I can't go into details; but I will say that I am not in sympathy with your uncle's — what shall I say? — attitude toward investments; things of that sort. A business matter — we disagree. That is all. I am not retained by your uncle after the first of June. I spoke to him of you. Hereafter, you will receive your allowance through the Sixth National Bank, instead of through me. I wanted to explain this to you. Your uncle is fond of you, Frederick; extremely fond of you. He spoke very feelingly of you. He means to make you his heir; of that I haven't any doubt. I trust all will go well. You'll come and see me sometimes, won't you?"

"Surely, Mr. Silver," said Jurian, puzzled.

Mr. Silver took out a large linen handkerchief, snowy white, and unfolded it. Then

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When berries come, mix Puffed Grains with them—always. Every fruit dish needs—like shortcake—some flaky, crusty blend.

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The most welcome dish at breakfast is some Puffed Grain, as you know. There is no other way to make a grain so enticing.

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DYING poor, Robertson left his widow no income, no insurance; all the funds to buy her food and pay her rent come to her through the royalties on her husband's books, paid by two magazines, McClure's Magazine and the Metropolitan. If requests for the books come quickly from the public, then her fear of want is pushed further away; if few orders are received, then again draws near the poverty of which she has already had too large a share.

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Prior to my acquaintance with Robertson's Works, ——, to me, was the king of sea story writers; he easily outdistanced Kipling, Stevenson and others of his reputation. But now Robertson is an easy winner and —— will have to be satisfied as making a good second.

I knew well a counterpart of Robertson's character Finnegan, and could put a name to a few of his other characters who are still in the U. S. Navy—so to me it is like listening to the conversation of men I *know* to read his books.

With Robertson I've seen the same long blue surge smash to pieces on sun-bleached coral reefs and with him shivered through the long midwatch off Cape Cod in the middle of winter, and to Robertson, a real "sailor-man," one of the old regime of "iron men and wooden ships," I tender my homage.

C. E. de VIVO, Electrician 1st Class, U. S. N., U. S. S. Nebraska.

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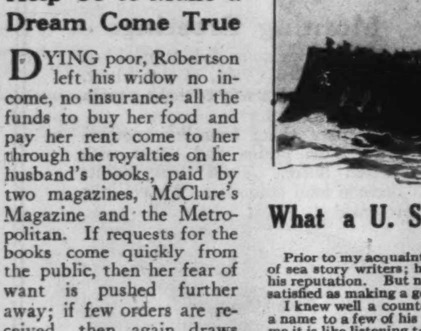

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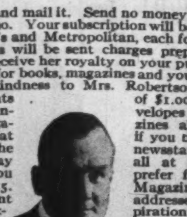

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he began to fold it lengthwise on his knee. Finally he looked at Frederick and asked:

"I'm sure you won't be offended, Frederick, if I ask you — er — whether you've ever thought of attaching yourself to — er — any occupation?"

The color came into Jurian's cheeks. He could feel it. "You mean do I ever think of going to work — being a man — doing something besides decorating drawing-rooms and dinner-tables," he uttered, bitterly.

"Oh, I wouldn't phrase it so violently," replied the old man, smiling.

"I'm angry at myself, Mr. Silver," went on Jurian. "It's a horrible thing for an able-bodied fellow like me, twenty-five years old, to be lizarding around, no more use to the world than a Pomeranian. I'd give anything if I could get started at something. But what can I do? What am I good for? I'm in a rut. I've mentioned getting into some sort of business, but usually I'm taken either for a fool or a poseur. I spoke to Uncle Philip about it last Christmas Eve. He looked at me curiously, and shut his eyes and went sound asleep in his chair. It's no use. I'm like an atrophied limb — you know — hasn't been in use — loses its function. Why, Mr. Silver, the only one of my friends who is actually working at anything worth while is Tommy Urquhart — and he's ashamed of it. But I'm curious to know why you asked that question, Mr. Silver?"

Mr. Silver studied the ceiling, blowing smoke rings. "Why," he replied slowly, "it was just an idle thought, probably. It always seemed to me that as a matter of prudence, everyone should know how to do something useful. I dare say you'll never be in want; but one ought to prepare for the worst in order fully to enjoy the best. Besides, even with all your money, time will sometimes hang heavily on your hands."

"What's the use?" thought Jurian, as he whirled back to the club. "That teamster over there, cursing his horses, has a better right to his dinner than I have. If I could only work at something! I'm not happy. It's just as Miss Hesketh said: 'You can't get something for nothing.' That's what I'm trying to do. But — what's the use?"

He dressed for dinner, then changed his mind, suddenly; ordered his car from the garage, gave the clerk a forwarding address for his mail, and was soon speeding over the Long Island roads toward the beautiful summer estate of the Kernons.

THE faces of the servants will tell you whether the guest is welcome to the masters.

Old Murchison took Frederick's bag and hat-box from the roadster with an uncounterfeit greeting which showed the young fellow to be not only a frequent, but a generous visitor at the Elms.

"Mr. James will be glad," he said. "He's had me looking out at the sound of every passing motor. You'll drive around to the garage yourself, sir? I'll lay out your things in your usual room, Mr. Frederick." The old butler added, with a touch of fine confidence, "Nobody occupies that room but yourself, sir. I heard the master say you couldn't come too often to suit him."

The honest pleasure of Murchison cheered Jurian immeasurably. It was good, at least, he thought, as he ordered himself for dinner, to be a welcome guest. Also, as he looked around him at the room he was to sleep in, wealth was good; and social position was good. This perfect taste of decoration, this spotless bathroom; his favorite cigarettes, even, looking at him from the table beside the bed — how could these things be, without wealth and leisure, and the ability to command service.

He tied his white bow carefully, in front of the full-length mirror. A well-looking young man, this one who looked from the mirror at Jurian. Nearly six feet tall, shoulders enough broad, without being too prominently so, and a pair of slender, white hands hanging from the dark sleeves. The frank, gray-blue eyes looked down at those white hands, and the mirrored mouth said, half aloud, "Isn't it better to have them like this, after all, than to have gouged nails, and all that sort of thing?" It was an unpleasant thought, and the figure disappeared from the glass. Jurian went downstairs.

Jimmy Kernon seized him frantically, at the foot of the staircase. "You old wooden Indian!" he cried, boisterously. "Gad, I'm going to keep you here till next Monday, if I have to hit below the belt."

Jurian smiled. "You don't have to threaten me, Jimmy. I'm going to stay till Monday. I've left word to have my mail come down here."

Francis Kernon, clubman, sportsman, old-time poloist, greeted Frederick affectionately. "It's good of you, I'm sure," he said. The father of Jimmy and Hazel was not more than fifty-two or three years old, but looked much older. His hair was snow white; but it detracted no whit from his splendid appearance. It was easy to see in him at least part of the source of Hazel's exquisitely poised beauty.

Fresh from her maid, as the florist takes a bouquet of roses from his assembling-room, Miss Kernon came down to greet Frederick, last. "You haven't forgotten us, then?" she said, as their fingers touched.

He never failed to have those first several awkward moments in her company, and did not now. She knew it, and understood it. It was the sincerest tribute he could have paid to her loveliness; she knew that; and she liked him well for it. She knew why his color rose, and he stumbled a little in his speech. She knew that ordinarily his aplomb was perfect.

THE truth was, Jurian was a little afraid of such physical perfection as that of Hazel Kernon's. It was the same, or a similar, first dullness he felt in the presence of a masterpiece of painting or sculpture. He thought now, even while he was saying a few courteous trivialities:

"It has taken generations to produce this! Men have suffered and died, and fought and robbed, and women have slaved, to arrive at Hazel!"

That was what he was thinking; but what he said, forthwith, was:

"Who is here?"

It happened he knew them all well. Yvonne Bellfield, very slender, with those lustrous eyes for which her mother, in the nineties was raved about; Margaret Ilvray, a rosy, merry last year's débutante, who looked for all the world as though she would like to be back at Farmington with her school-girl friends, frolicking; B. Perkins Proctor, otherwise "Benny" Proctor, a bachelor of the old reliable sort, who never attains his fortieth year till he becomes eighty-two; and — to the delight of Jurian — Tommy Urquhart.

When Miss Kernon mentioned Urquhart's name, she spoke it undelightedly. "Father seems to be fond of him," she said. Jurian made no comment. He knew why she didn't like Tommy. It was because he worked. "It isn't as though he needed to," she had told Jurian once: "Somebody must work, of course. But why should he work? It's because he is new. The Urquhart money is new. Of course our money was new once. But we've learned how to spend money. Tommy's family can only make it."

Dinner was animated — almost *gai*, in that sense of the word hard to attain in America. Jurian felt himself drawn away from his perplexities of the afternoon, and towed along in the wake of the luxurious, careless enjoyment of the hour. What had life to offer any better than this? A curious sardonic notion flitted through Jurian's mind:

"Perhaps the poor and honest and industrious aren't happy."

There was something else that was borne in upon Jurian during that dinner; and it heightened his pulse, in spite of his efforts to depreciate the idea. That was, that while there was never an outward look or word that hinted at his being the logical successful suitor for the hand of Hazel Kernon, yet it was as though every one around that table was possessed with the belief. It was enough to flatter any man. It flattered Jurian, and disconcerted him. Sons of the richest families in the country had knelt at this twenty-four-year-old shrine. Perhaps not many, but some, well-known minor European titles had discussed her — and had been rebuffed. And yet distinctly he, Jurian, had a chance. He, who had no momey — prospects, to be sure, but as yet not a penny — had a chance.

These things are contrived not very differently, you know, at the Elms, than at Foxlake. Whatever her intentions were about accepting him, Miss Kernon gave Jurian his opportunity that night. They had been alone, in a corner of the sun-room, talking. . . .

"There's one thing I like about you, Frederick," she said, in that cultured, sure voice of hers, touched with cynicism and vanishing illusions. "You're not a striver Heavens, how I hate strivers! I mean people who have important work, or missions, or principles, and gyrate and gesticulate and bore everybody about them. The active people you know. As though it were any merit to be active. Such schemes as they have, to take the place of thinking! Such pretensions of usefulness! You're not like that, Frederick. You've no business, or

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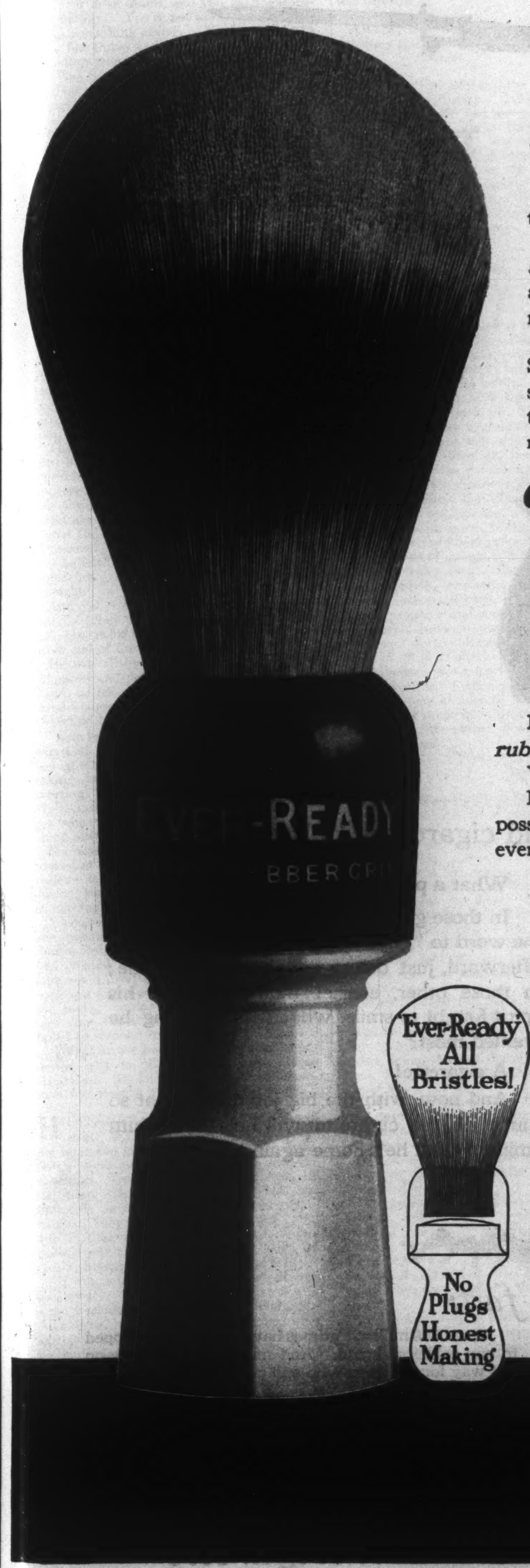

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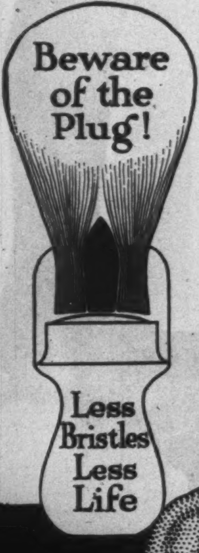

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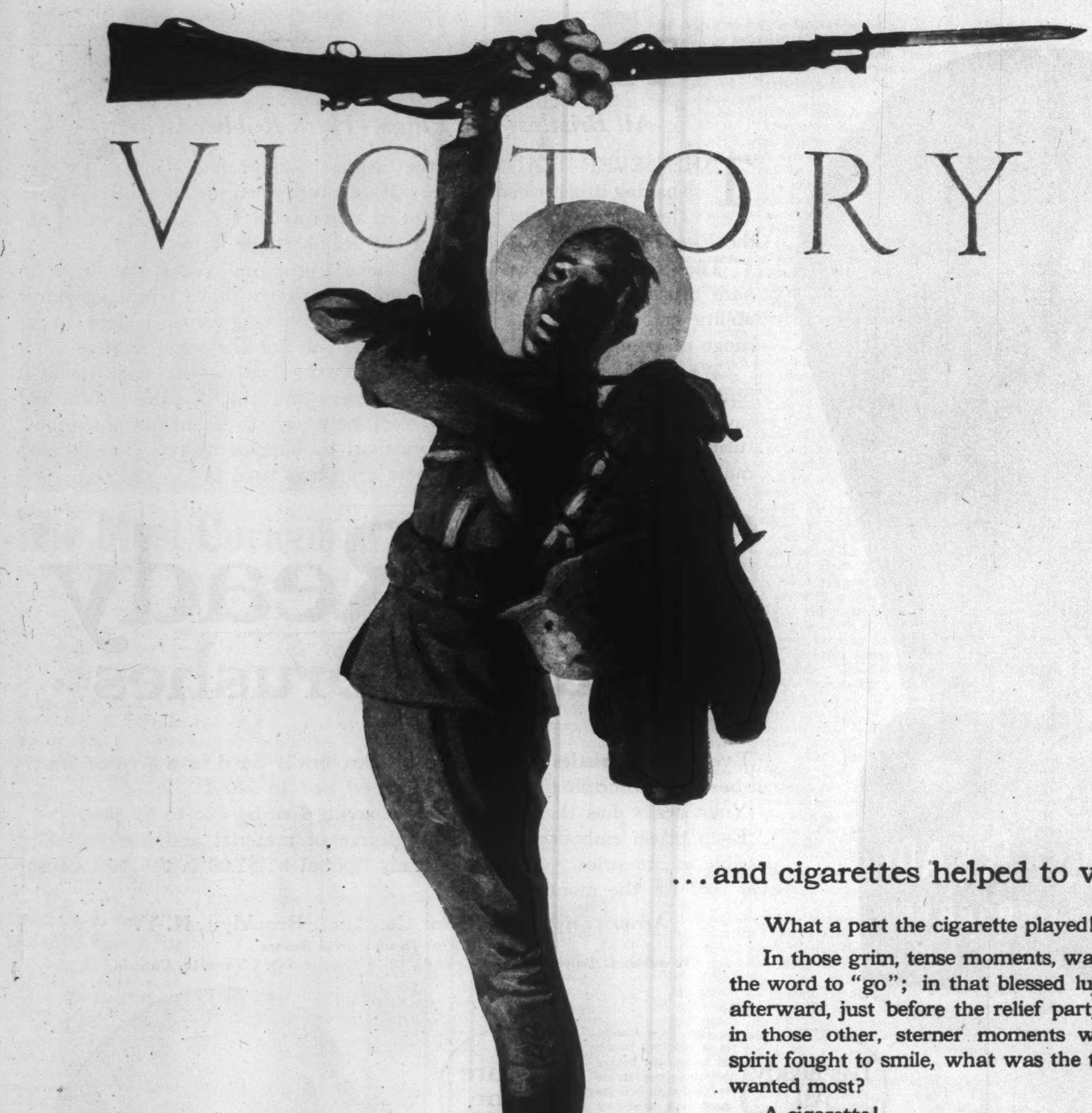

. . . and cigarettes helped to win it

What a part the cigarette played!

In those grim, tense moments, waiting for the word to "go"; in that blessed lull, hours afterward, just before the relief party came; in those other, sterner moments when his spirit fought to smile, what was the thing he wanted most?

A cigarette!

And now, with the big job done, what so much as the cigarette will help "keep him smiling" until he's home again?

A fact:

Over 740 million Fatimas have so far been shipped to our soldiers abroad. And more are constantly on the way for the boys who still are over there.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

FATIMA

A Sensible Cigarette

FROM THE PAINTING BY WALTER WHITEHEAD

politics or religion. You don't billy-sunday one. You've brains, and you use them discriminately. You're not always planning to make something active. You're willing to see a few things and people quiet. That Bohemian person who left this afternoon ——"

"Was he a striver?" asked Jurian.

"He didn't seem to be, at first. He seemed to be just a miserable, forlorn little man, looking for a third wife with a large dot. But I found he had an *arrière pensée* — some preposterous notion of setting up a brewery on his estates. Oh, Frederick, imagine! A brewery! An active brewery!"

They were vis-à-vis. Scarcely looking directly at her, Jurian was intoxicated with all that proximate desirable loveliness. The perfect white arms, the chiseled shoulders, that queenly head, so confidently set — always uptilted a little, as a queen's should be — the bronze-blond hair so artfully adapted to her that it seemed there could be no other coiffure. He hardly looked at her eyes; but he knew those eyes — capable of archness, of contempt, of generosity, of pitiless indifference. Those eyes and full lips, Jurian knew well, told the real truth about Hazel Kernon — that there was fire in her blood which constantly warred with her cool, keen intellect. That utterly primitive thing seized him at the breast a little, and choked him. . . .

The thought of possessing her, taking her into his arms, showing her proudly to the world as his wife, hearing people say, as they appeared in public, "Lucky Jurian!" — all this thrilled him. He did not know that he loved her. He guessed she did not love him — not the kind of love that sits as a model. It seemed, in her presence, so immaterial! But he felt that he had a chance to — to acquire her. It was a delicious, maddening thought.

And yet — he could not speak. He hesitated. They were quite alone. It was very still, except for the murmur of dancing at the other end of the house.

He was all but on his knees, making the plunge — and yet he did not go down. Instead, he felt some devil of argument at his shoulder, urging him to quarrel with his luck. He found himself saying:

"I've been thinking that I ought to be engaged at something worth while, Hazel. I feel so utterly useless, at times. This life of taking, and giving nothing, using, and not creating; there can't be any happiness in it. We're deluding ourselves; we think we can get something for nothing; but the something always proves to be nothing."

She was surprised, and not pleased. She looked at him curiously. She could hardly believe it was Jurian talking — Frederick Jurian, who did nothing in the world so well as nothing — performed *nothing* so brilliantly.

"You're not feeling quite well, Frederick?" she murmured. She was angry, without a doubt, just as any woman is angry when she has created an atmosphere of allurement, and sees it diverted into a joint debate. She rose and found an excuse for going back to the party. Jurian felt utterly stupid. He had done the unforgivable thing. He had failed to respond to the delirious moment.

"What an ass I am!" he told himself; wondering why he did not feel more deeply chagrined. He knew that the beautiful woman was looking at him a little pityingly.

HOWEVER, she forgave him, it was evident. Whatever she had in mind, she did not intend to let a trifling interruption interfere. Next morning she was gracious and charming. During the rest of the week, till Saturday, they tennised, and golfed, and motored; in company with their friends, of course. They had moments alone, too. But Jurian, time after time on the point of proposing — if that is the word — at least, declaring his hope to her — stopped short.

"I am not a man," he told himself over and over. "I need work, more than a wife. I am a parasite. I must work at something." And once, as they were motoring, they skirted a little pond. It looked like a pond he had seen at Foxlake. "Why the devil should I think of Foxlake?" tormented him. "What is the matter with me, anyway?"

It was Saturday. They were at luncheon at the golf club, Jurian and Miss Kernon, Proctor, Urquhart, Miss Ilvray and Miss Bellfield. The waiter brought Jurian a number of letters, saying, "Murchison sent them over, sir. He thought there might be something important."

Jurian laid the letters aside without looking at them. But, a few moments afterward, his eyes wandered to the letter that lay on top. In the corner of the envelope was printed:

ARMAND LABONNE
Attorney-at-Law, Notary Public,
Foxlake

Foxlake! The very name of the place set Jurian's nerves tingling. Armand LaBonne! Who was he? He had never heard of the man. After that, Jurian had little part in the conversation. He was waiting for an opportunity to open that letter. When the rest of them went out on the porch, Jurian found an excuse to remain behind, and eagerly tore the envelope. This is what he read — and the tears came into his eyes, and he felt limp and overcome:

MR. FREDERICK JURIAN,
955 Sixty-seventh Street,
New York City.

MY DEAR MR. JURIAN:

This is to inform you of the very sudden death of Miss Lucy Hesketh of this place. As her attorney, my instructions were to apprise you of her death, after the funeral, but not before. I had these instructions from Miss Hesketh herself.

As perhaps you know, Miss Hesketh made a will only two months ago. By the terms of this will, which was drawn by me at her direction, her homestead, with most of the furnishing and books, were left as a permanent library for the village, provided the village corporation sees fit to appropriate a small yearly sum for maintenance, books, and a librarian. Some personal property, including a small sum of money, was bequeathed to Miss Dorothy Blair. The remainder of her property, consisting of her general store, unencumbered, including the store property and good will, is left to Frederick Jurian — yourself.

May I say to you how deeply I feel the loss of Miss Hesketh who, despite her peculiarities, was a most remarkable and good woman. I hope you can arrange to come here at once to take charge of your going property. Major C. E. Dickinson, of this place, is administrator, without bond.

Yours very truly,
Armand LaBonne.

With a sobbing clutch at his breast, Jurian read the letter with dazed eyes, a second and a third time. It was incomprehensible. It was bizarre. He couldn't make it sound real. It seemed only yesterday that the queer, straightforward old woman had given him her lean hand and bidden him good fortune. And now — she was gone! He felt, for the first time in his life, quite alone.

What a strange idea — this of leaving him her store! It made him feel wretched. Why had he not told her the truth about himself. It was too late now. What should he do?

Jurian rejoined the party, at last. They heard the letter through with a polite attempt to share his feelings. It was evident they were trying to be sympathetic; yet Jurian found himself hating them, all of them, for not understanding. Yet — why should he expect them to?

"Oh, it's really too bad. She was kind to you, wasn't she?" Miss Kernon said that.

Jurian nodded his head with a rueful smile.

"There was a young woman, too, was there not —?" Miss Kernon went on, without indicating what she really was thinking. Jurian felt cold.

"By gracious — you'd look extraordinary, Freddie, selling prunes over the counter!" broke in Proctor. "Imagine!"

"Yes, imagine!" repeated Jurian, with a queer inflection. His mind went swiftly back to that room at Miss Hesketh's — the vines over the window, the cooling presence. . . .

Jurian waited till he had Tommy Urquhart alone. Then he burst out, talking swiftly and with unusual emphasis:

"Tommy, you're the only one who would understand! I'm going to Foxlake to-morrow! I'm going to Foxlake, understand?"

"To dispose of the store, Fred?"

"No! — You must tell nobody when I've gone, Tommy. Not yet. Don't you see it? I've got my chance to learn how to work. It's my chance! I mustn't miss it."

"You mean —?"

"I mean, Tommy, that I'm going to Foxlake and run that store — at least long enough to become a man!"

[*To be continued*]

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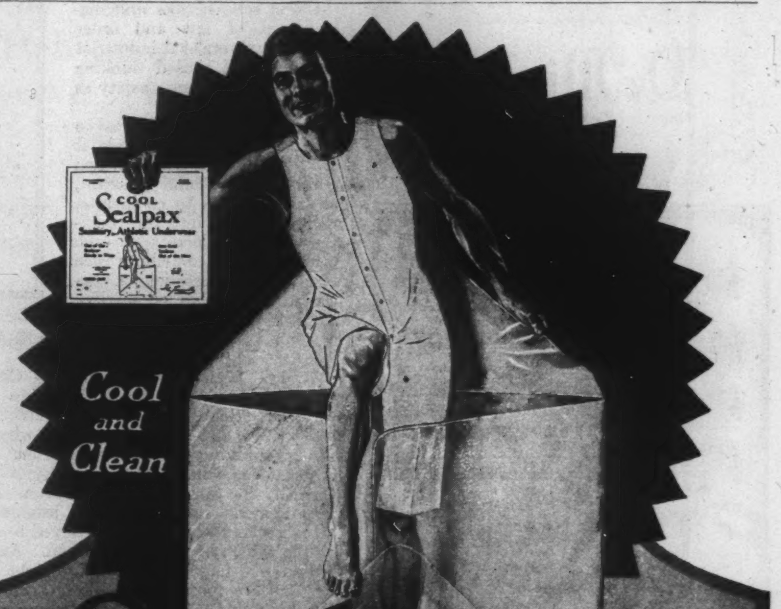

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The American Spirit

That Made—and Is Our Country

We Have It In The "My America" League

IN the city of Lawrence, Mass., the citizens have gotten together with the determination to make real Americans of every man, woman and child living within the city limits. They have been conducting a definite and carefully planned campaign in which they have asked for (and secured) the co-operation of both capital and labor.

What this one city has been doing locally, the "My America" League feels that, through its ninety thousand members scattered abroad over the entire United States, it can assist materially in doing nationally.

After much careful investigation in Lawrence, they have decided that the great fomenter of troubles of all kinds in their city is the lack of a common knowledge of the English language. They have found that there are approximately fifty groups of the city's population which speak fifty different languages or dialects. These people can neither understand the forty-nine other groups, nor the speech and laws of their adopted country. In this way endless misunderstanding and confusion ensue, ending many times in serious riots and disturbances of law and order which have retarded industrial progress and caused thinking citizens of all classes anxiety as to the final outcome.

Therefore they have taken the matter in hand before it shall be too late, and rich and poor, educated and ignorant, all are striving to co-operate, to inquire first into the conditions and viewpoints of each other, then to contribute each his mite of suggestion or constructive criticism or sacrifice toward the accomplishing of a definite goal: a city of 100 per cent. Americans.

It has been discovered by the Citizens Committee in Lawrence, which has been conducting investigations along these lines, that there are several reasons why the foreign-speaking workers do not attend night school, even when the opportunity is given them by the town. One such reason is that grown men and women are ashamed to attend school where they are forced to study in the same classes with children. Another reason put forward is that by night these workers are too weary to dress again after the long day's toil and go to one of the neighboring schoolhouses, where teachers and scholars alike are strangers to them, there to plod through the new tasks, in competition, probably, with some bright boy or girl the age of their own children.

By having shop or factory classes in English all these objections can be obviated. The men and women are in familiar surroundings, with other pupils of their own ages, tastes, and ambitions. Their pride is not hurt, but, rather, strongly enlisted in the accomplishing of the end which they have set out to attain.

We quote here a very pertinent exposition of the advantages this new knowledge will bring to employer and employee alike, in the words of Mr. Laurance J. O'Leary, Vice-Chairman of the Citizens Committee of Lawrence. He says:

"We believe that people who understand one another find it easy to work together. The man in the mill has a better chance of rising to the position of a boss, if he can understand English. The mill owner gains if his employees understand English and can take directions direct from their boss instead of through an interpreter. The operative spoils less cloth if he understands the instructions given him. There is less liability of accidents if the worker can read the signs of warning posted about machinery, elevators, etc. Less damage is wrought to machinery, as well as to the bodies of workers."

What one city like Lawrence has done and is doing can be also done in every city, town, or hamlet of the land. This is a time when thoughtful and patriotic men and women in all parts of the country are considering this subject, and how best to do their share toward fanning and keeping alight the fires of loyalty, love of country, and constructive citizenship in one hundred and ten millions of people here in these United States who are protected by one flag, and owe allegiance to it.

The beautiful creed printed on this page embodies more clearly, concisely and simply than we could hope to put into words this ideal of the real American spirit, which was also the spirit of our forefathers; the spirit of George Washington, of Abraham Lincoln, of our own boys in khaki who went overseas to defend with their sturdy young lives these beliefs and principles.

They all did their full share, but—are we doing ours? Perhaps we are, as far as we have thought about the matter. But we need to think farther—and deeper. And if we have neglected this, now is the time to begin.

Here in America we must have one tongue, even as we have one flag, one government, and one God. We must be able to speak to each other as brothers, and how are we to do this, if the words we utter do not reach our brother's ear?

The creed shown here was written by William Tyler Page, of Friendship Heights, Md., and was selected as the winner in a competition for a prize of $1,000, offered by the city of Baltimore, for the best definition of American ideals.

Let the various communities take up this matter of English classes for aliens; let the factories, in particular, make it as much a matter of course to give their employees the opportunity to learn English as to give them heat in winter, light to work by, or fresh air to breathe.

This is such simple, plain common sense that there can be no question as to the truth of the words nor the soundness of the policy both from patriotic and good business standards.

Good citizenship is not a matter of accident nor of fortunate chance. Primarily it is a matter of education in the right ideas and ideals. It is also a matter of example.

The American's Creed

I BELIEVE in the United States of America as a government of the people, by the people, for the people; whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic; a sovereign Nation of many sovereign States; a perfect union, one and inseparable, established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice, and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes.

I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it; to support its Constitution; to obey its laws; to respect its flag; and to defend it against all enemies. ***William Tyler Page***

An interesting book, "The American's Creed and Its Meaning," by Matthew Page Andrews, which is endorsed by the Sons of the American Revolution, is published by Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y. An excellent book for schools and factory classes. 50 cents prepaid.

$25 for Best Letter *on the* Making of Americans

As a means of helping to solve these problems, the "My America" League wants to know what has been done in your community, in your factory, shop or office to foster these ideals of real Americanism.

A prize of twenty-five dollars will be given for the letter from any League member, or reader of McClure's, which in the opinion of the editors of the Magazine contains the most helpful suggestions for the work of making American citizens.

Letters must not exceed three hundred words in length, and must be signed with the writer's full name and address. They must be received in this office not later than July 1, 1919, and be addressed to:

AMERICANIZATION EDITOR,
McClure's Magazine,
25 West 44th Street,
New York City.

AMERICANIZATION EDITOR OF THE "MY AMERICA" LEAGUE,
McCLURE'S MAGAZINE,
25 West 44th Street, New York City.

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Come where the campfire is gleam-ing, Come where the
fire-flies are beaming, Down where the riv-er is streaming
by,— There'll be waiting for you, waiting where the flames are
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The Cracking Knee

[*Continued from page 23*]

forehead, its thick nostrils, its slanting pig eyes, too close together, and its pock-marked skin taking shape on the curtain of the blackness. Then all was still again. Binns could hear nothing but the sound of his own heart; he could see nothing but the eternal nothingness which now swayed like a stirred liquid before his eyes and now seemed a bottomless pit of dry smothering soot.

The dusty spicy tea aroma became heavier and heavier and deadening to the senses already deadened by their endless stretching out to pierce the baffling walls of stillness and sightless black and the passage of unmeasured time. The senses themselves, tired of being sentinels of fear, would have deserted and have thrown down their task; but as often as the staring, sightless eyes drooped their lids or the nose ceased its endeavor to push its exploration beyond the impenetrable odor of the tea or the ears protested against their straining, so often also did the whip of the nerves beat upon these senses. Davy, with aching muscles, after a space of time he could not estimate, still stood with his bare back touching the rough stone surface of the wall, facing a chamber in which was a creature half animal and half man, crafty, filled with the evil mingling of the passions of hate and fear, crouching motionless or moving through the soft folds of the dark with a ready knife in his sinewy grip, unheard, unseen.

THE terror of endlessness struck again into the mind and then into the circulation of Binns's body. One might stand for eternity, waiting for the thrust of a knife, and yet reason said that there was nothing to be gained by moving. Self-preservation would not be served by moving; it was equally futile to attack the empty dark slashing its blind layers in a frenzy. But Davy knew that reason was not to be obeyed forever. He must move not for any reason than that it was impossible to stand still any longer!

One of his feet moved softly forward and the sole was pressed down; the other foot came up softly and slid across the tea dust. Again the first moved on. And then suddenly as he flexed the other leg the stillness was split by a sharp snapping noise which filled the dark and was gone.

His knee! The old cricket ball knee had betrayed him at last!

And it was this dreaded sound of cartilage and bone, which instead of bringing terror brought clearness of thought that rose above all mere habits of mind. If he did not kill he would be killed. If he were killed — what of Dora? Sacred as life might be there were other things more sacred — there were other lives and there were things possessed by men and women which must not be lost — not by a false value put upon good clean life and certainly not by false value blindly put upon evil worthless life.

He would strike!

He listened in the dead stillness which followed. The other man could remain quiet or he could attack. He knew the other man, maddened by fear and suspense, would attack. He knew this just as if it were a settled conviction which had been his since birth, that he had brought with him from another world with the prescience of destiny. He sprang backward from the spot where his knee had given forth his betrayal and crouched, ready, waiting, estimating the length of time the other would take to come.

He was convinced, too, that the coolie would come through the dark and silence, not erect but like a crab over the stone flooring, and that finally he would reach the wall and turn. Davy's free hand, with a swift sudden motion, as if it were a detached and omniscient thing, pointed out the area in the sooty blackness which the man would occupy when he had reached the wall. The imagination drew an outline of the man there, cutting him out as one would cut him out of black cardboard with sharp scissors.

Little by little this artificial outline of the man became fixed as if photographed upon the senses. At first staring had shown that no such outline was upon the blank velvety surface, but now, after the passage of a few dragging seconds, staring could not wipe out this imaginary outline traced upon the dark. The vision saw no human figure; it only saw the thin fine line cut by the scissors of an imagination either inspired or gone into mad manifestations.

And just as the vision traced an area so did Davy's ears begin to hear a thumping of a second human heart. It came definitely enough from the cardboard pattern of a man and it was as unreal perhaps as the pulsing of a heart which the imagination could create out of nothing but silence and pin upon the cardboard figure which had been created out of nothing but the empty black flatness of vision.

The heart which pulsed not only made a monotonous tiny thumping but now it became luminous. At first to Binns's crazed eyes, this glow was preceded by a pin point heated to a white infinitesimal spluttering. It expanded into a milky radiance.

He thought he had heard a faint rattle in a throat. He struck!

When he began to think normally again he had come to a stop after a rush forward away from the wall, which by the distance he had sped showed him that the cellar was longer than he had supposed. He stood quivering in the dark, the thump of heart in his ears, but still listening.

He leaped away again but this time his bare shins came in contact with a chest of tea and he fell over it sprawling out upon the floor. He lay there quite motionless, listening again. And, as if in answer to the clatter and thud he had made, noises came from every corner, faint, far away noises among which only one at the end sounded real. This last was like the scratching of finger nails upon a stone surface.

Not one man but more than one! Many perhaps! The dark and silence suddenly became alive with them all armed with glistening razor-edged knives. But he did not mind now. He had struck — he had struck to kill! He had not smashed open the dark, but at least three times he had smashed open the silence and the thought that he could do it again swallowed all considerations of preserving himself. He sat up smiling grimly into the empty face of the dark.

As he sat there he heard, quite near, a sound like that made by a rope under a strain, the tiny squeak made by hemp fibers under stress. It might have been a wood borer in the side of one of the tea chests. It came at intervals, continued for a moment and then died away. He felt that if he rolled toward this sound an arm's length he could explore in the dark with his blind cautious fingers. He could expect that the experiment would cost him his life, but there was an unreasoning yearning for contest burning in him now.

He reached forward and put his arm out through the liquid, sooty blanket of the dark and touched only the dusty stone floor. Again, cautiously, he reached out with the other arm and with palm turned downward dropped his groping fingers to the floor.

THERE was no question as to the contact he had made. His own fingers had touched a human hand. Quickly and violently as this hand spread on the stone floor had been withdrawn, he still had time to sense that it was warm with life. He gave forth an involuntary cry and throwing himself backward rolled over and over, twice. His own fingers used to the strain of gripping the knife handle closed convulsively. They gripped nothing. The knife had gone. He remembered now that he had relaxed his clasp upon the knife and that sometime — how long ago or when he could not be sure — he had let it slide out of his opened palm to the floor. It had gone. He had not realized.

He sat up slowly. No lithe body had sprung at him. There was only the darkness and the silence. He threw his arms about his knees and bent his forehead against their support. The relief had come. He could do nothing. Though there were ten men in the tea cellar to butcher him, he was too tired to rise and fly this way and that through the layers of the dark like a mad thing, frantic with terror; he was too tired and too triumphant because he had worn out fear. He waited.

When he raised his eyes again, lifting his head by the exertion of stiff neck muscles, the horror of the absolute dark had gone. Day had come. From outside the gray light of morning thrust feeble shreds into the slits cut for ventilation at the top of the stone walls. Davy could see through the darkness which had thinned out into a translucent and

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then a transparent gray jelly, the far side of the cellar and the door through which he had been thrown into this spicy tomb. The horrible blank empty blackness had gone; he shut his eyes once more and with quivering lips tried to hold in the breath which against his will made blubbered gasps in the back of his throat.

The silence had been broken, too. He heard sounds of steady tapping as if the palm of a hand were being patted down on the floor. It continued persistently until he had raised his eyes and turned his head.

In a sitting posture, tied to one of the masonry supports of the stone ceiling, with a gag held in her mouth by a long native silk scarf wrapped around the lower part of her face, was Dora. Her head had fallen forward as if she had lost consciousness. She was not three feet away from him.

With a cry Davy leaped forward and unbound her. She opened her eyes and looked at him, swaying a little on her feet as he held the upper part of each arm.

"Is this the end?" she asked, in a whisper.

Binns shook himself. She needed strength and he must provide it, he thought; he tried to make his voice steady and strong.

"Lift your head, dear girl," he said. "Can you stand? Wait."

He staggered toward the heavy wooden door. It was not locked; it yielded, and down the steps leading upward to the outer world, the morning gray poured in a flood of radiance.

He went to her again and with his arm about her shoulders he guided her to the steps.

But there, as they ascended, she stopped him. She tried to speak.

"I know," said Binns. "I know. It was terrible. Don't try."

She looked up into his drawn and twitching face and then at his hands.

"Where is the knife?" she said. "Loong told me ——"

"Hush," Davy commanded. "We must go. There was something magnificent in that devil's ingenuity, Dora. Come, let's go. We aren't sure yet that we are free. Come!"

His voice, eager, trembling, had broken at the top.

"But the knife," she insisted. "When the first light came your hands were empty."

"Of course," he said. "Come. We must go."

"But a man would have fought," she insisted. "When you touched my hand I knew my danger. I knew it was you. I thought you would strike. It had been planned to have you strike me. And you had thrown your weapon away! You had thrown it away! You must have thought my hand — And you had given up! You wouldn't fight!"

"Well, it saved you!" he exclaimed.

"I would rather have felt it running into my flesh than know that you wouldn't strike," she said bitterly.

"I said I would not," he told her, repeating it three times doggedly.

"We are made of different stuff," she said. "Let go my arm. I can walk up alone. We are made of different stuff — you and I."

Binns swallowed and then set his jaw. He followed her up the steps to the stone flagging of the walk beneath the maidenhair trees.

Birds, in the spreading, bright green foliage, were beginning to sing to the morning. A fresh breeze blew down the river and burned up the mists lying upon the water between the rising cliffs of the shores. Looking over the parapet Davy could see the little motor-boat at her mooring where they had left her, a little beetle riding the currents.

The ancient weather-beaten compound walls and the sides of Loong's residence were white where the first slanting light struck upon their painted masonry. The old roof tiles were dripping and beaded with sparkling dew. The courtyard with its broken empty bales and boxes and scrubby trees and the great drum beside the door was deserted. No smoke rose from the oven openings in the wall of the cook house. No sound came from the flapping of silk scroll paintings on the interior walls of the yamen. They had been rolled up and taken away. One would have said that the owner of this place and all his retinue had abandoned it hundreds of years ago.

"Stand here," said Davy firmly. "I am not sure. I want to be sure. When I have reached the top of the steps to the river I will call to you. Do you understand?"

She looked at him scornfully and nodded.

When he had reached the break in the parapet leading to the ladder and the long flight of stone steps down the jagged cliffs to the ruined tea house and the little wharf and the sampans he turned and called.

DORA had disappeared. He had started to run toward the place where he had left her standing when he saw her again. She had come up above the low hedge and was walking swiftly toward him.

"Davy," she said.

"Yes."

"There were three of us — last night down there."

"You went back?"

"Yes — I wanted — I prayed that — that — you would ——"

"You saw?"

"Just a glance," she said with a shudder. "You were trying to save me from knowing. No matter what it cost you — even my respect for you! Davy — you play a fair big game!"

"You picked this up? It was a folly for you ——"

He took from her hand the knife which until he had made his one strong thrust had been gripped by the cramp of his fingers.

There were dark half-dried stains upon it interrupting the glisten of the long steel blade which caught the sunlight. Davy tossed it over the side of the cliff and it went tinkling down the rocks.

"They have gone?" asked Dora.

"I think we can be sure that they have gone — all of them. The place is abandoned."

She walked toward one of the gnarled trees and with her back turned toward Binns she stood a long time with her bare elbow pressed against its rough trunk and her forehead resting on her wrist gazing up the river at the denuded mountains and their sun-capped tops. A heron flapping across the gorge where the brown waters of the river broke into foam, gave forth a dismal cry.

This was China — China with its ghosts and memories.

She shook her hair away from her forehead as she turned toward Davy whose bare muscle-laden shoulders were drooping as he stood wearily watching her.

"When we go back to the boat," she said, "I think you will need a long sleep. There are no problems for us now, Davy. You'd better bring your things down into the cabin. That's where they belong."

[*The end*]

The Girl Who Wanted a New Face

[*Continued from page 32*]

something to do in the city. You don't know what you'll make 'em look like, Georgie — and with the way you dance, and me to look after you!"

A little cold wind blew over Georgie's spirit.

Her looks! It seemed to her she had heard of nothing else since she could remember.

But his voice, warm and tremulous, was pleading: "You'll come, won't you? What's the good of waiting? You'll come?"

"Yes, I'll come," said Georgie.

If she had any misgivings about going, her grandmother took them from her. On the way home Georgie's spirit absented itself into the soft luminous hollow of the night, but her ears were assaulted by the clacking of her grandmother's terrible tongue. She walked along, her head held proudly. She was proud because she was loved, and because she was going to be married. The secret wish of her heart was fulfilled, for deep and unacknowledged in the depths of her being Georgie had always dreamed of love.

She would not marry him at once. A hasty marriage offended some dignity within her. She could not plunge into life like that. It was too much for her to get used to all at once, for life moved swiftly for them, and they had luck — which was what Harry called it. The truth was that in New York, crowded, indifferent, there is always use for more of one thing, and that is great beauty.

In those days life seemed wonderful to Georgie. She lived like some one in a confused and happy dream. Instead of the narrow village street she had all New York for a playground; instead of dull country clothes she wore what seemed to her marvelous things; instead of the atmosphere of suspicion, love surrounded her. It seemed wonderful to her, too, that one could make one's living just by dancing with the man one loved in a glittering place. It seemed so absurd to her indeed that it made her laugh.

Then there was music! Heavens — how Georgie loved it! She had never heard any before but the village band and the records on the village phonographs; and here where she danced, Bruno, the blind violinist, played, and when that happened Georgie forgot everything, even Harry.

Bruno swept her soul up with him to places she hadn't known existed.

It gave her a sense of indefinable pride that she knew Bruno at all. She had met him within the first days that she came there. She had found him in the anteroom in an attitude of expectation, standing as though lost, and then she saw that he was blind and waiting for some one to come for him, and a passion of pity came over her because of the helplessness of his pose, which was that of the unconscious patience of the blind.

"CAN I help you?" she asked.

"If you will," he agreed, with his patience. "They should have come for me."

She was conscious he was different from other people, more attuned to life, as though curious and evanescent things came to him through the air, as though he had senses beyond those of ordinary men, and had only to reach out his hand to grasp a dream.

She walked beside him silently and gravely.

"I like the sound of your voice," he said suddenly.

"I like your face," she told him. She felt more at ease with him than with any one she had ever known. They both laughed.

"I wish I knew what yours was like," he said wistfully. "Pretty, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes," she answered with large assurance.

"I suppose all young girls are pretty. Your voice sounds very young. Talking to you is like standing outside a garden where birds are singing and over whose walls comes the smell of flowers."

Georgie was early that evening. She sat down beside Bruno while he tuned his violin, and they talked, her thoughts hopping about like birds in the spring. He seemed to understand more about her than any one else ever had.

"It's funny for you to be dancing here," he said at last. "How did you happen to?"

"Just luck! It *is* funny — I never thought to do anything like this."

An attendant came for him.

"We'll see each other often," he said. "I don't find many people I want to talk to. But I suppose Broadway'll get you soon, then I can't talk to you any more."

"Get me?"

"Broadway gets everybody," he told her, "sooner or later. It can't get me because I'm blind." He couldn't see that Georgie had drawn herself up in a curious pose of pride.

"It sha'n't get me!" she told him. She felt that anything that kept her from him could never "get her," any more than her grandmother had "gotten her."

As the weeks went on, Bruno's music took an ever greater place in her life, and with it went her friendship with Bruno. It was as though there was a quiet oasis on which they met. She sat one night, listening to him, forgetful of everything, forgetful of herself and of Harry, and of all the world. And then, suddenly, Harry broke in on her with:

"What's the matter, Georgie — what's eating you?" She dropped like a plummet back to earth.

"Why?" she asked.

"You're crying."

She put her hand to her eyes. Slow tears were dripping down her face.

"It was so beautiful —" she faltered.

"You'd better stop it," he advised. "We dance next, and how'll you look with your eyes all red? You want to think of our act, you know — you can't let yourself go like this, can you, little girl?"

"I was just listening."

"Well, cut it out. You've got to think of your looks." At that she felt herself receding from him, cold and alienated.

"You don't need to look at me like that," he complained, "when what I'm saying is just for your good. And there's another thing, too, Georgie — it's all right to stand people off, up to a certain point — but you don't need to treat 'em like dirt under your feet. You wouldn't speak to Herman Ryder to-night, hardly — you acted like you didn't know he owned the Olympus Circuit."

Georgie dried her eyes and looked with her bright and smoldering gaze at Harry. "I don't want to talk to him any more. I don't like the way he looks at me."

"It seems to me he looks at you as if he admired you. I tell you he don't look at many people like that. What's wrong with the way he looked at you?"

"I'll tell you what, if you want to know — he — he asked me to go to dinner with him — *alone!* I told him that — we were engaged, and he — he said: 'Can him!'"

"You don't mean to say you refused!"

She stared at him with the surprised air of a child.

"Why, of course — I couldn't go out with him by myself!"

"Do you mean you think because you're engaged to me you can't move without me?"

"Do you mean that you *want* me to go?"

"Of course I want you to!" he cried at her. "Why — Ryder could *make* us if he took us up! You ought to be proud he asked you."

Georgie reflected: "Go and tell Ryder I've changed my mind," she said.

"Now, Georgie," he remonstrated. A calculating look that was new to her came into his eyes. "Maybe you're right," he said slowly. "Maybe this is the best way to do it!" He hurried off while shame for him and for herself licked around Georgie like hot flames. A great thirst for Bruno flowed over her.

She found him waiting for his turn with the heartbreaking patience of the blind.

"It's me — Georgie," she said.

"When you came into the room I knew it was you."

"I'm tired to-night," she said, trying to defend herself from his knowledge of her.

"You're not only tired — you're disappointed, you're sad. What's happened?"

"Oh, nothing."

"Things haven't gone right with you. You're worried about something. Are you afraid you'll lose your job, Georgie?" She grasped at this.

"Yes, maybe."

He imagined that she wasn't making a success, that she was lonely here and ignored, and that she had turned to him for comfort. It always seemed to him that her spirit was like some shy bird.

"Don't mind that. I wish I could take care of you. You're so tender, Georgie, you're so sweet — you're such a person to love. I can't bear not to have you happy the way you were at first. You seemed to me one of the happiest things I'd ever known. There's something so hurt about you to-night. I can't bear to have you unhappy. If I wasn't blind, I'd keep you always from being hurt. I wish I could now, but I know, of course, you love — him."

And as she said nothing, Bruno asked:

"Is something wrong between you?"

"Maybe—" she faltered.

He groped for her hand and patted it.

SHE held his hand clasped warmly in hers. A sudden knowledge of herself overwhelmed her. All her goodness and tenderness that life had so thwarted in her gushed forth. She knew she was tender and good and that she had wanted some one else to know it, and that it was a curious matter of chance — of her looks — that had made her proud and defiant and hard, the eyes of covetous men upon her, and of suspicious, jealous women.

"They're coming for me," Bruno said. "Remember, Georgie, whenever you want me, whatever you want me for — I'm here."

She couldn't help being excited at going out to dinner with Ryder. There was a power about him that made Georgie dip her colors to him. And she had never had a dinner like this in her life, in so splendid a place.

Ryder was very friendly with her, in a disarming sort of way. His quick and melancholy eyes roved about the room, and as one person after another turned to look at Georgie, he burst out:

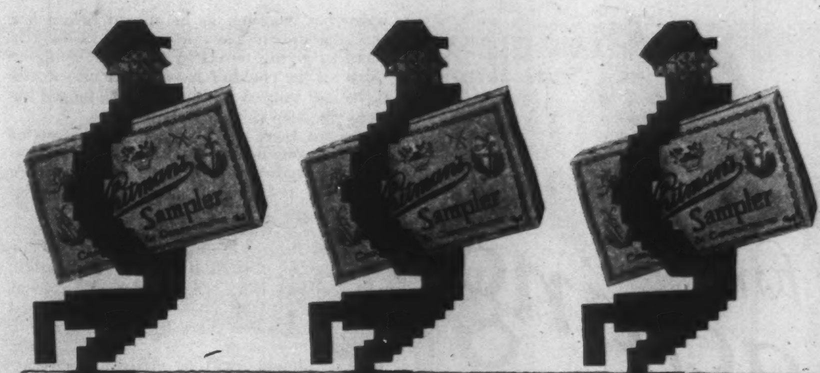
"My! You've got 'em going! Even in this place — even in New York!" He leaned across the table. "Say, my dear, let's get down to brass tacks! You've got the kind of looks that carry from here to Petrograd. And with me to manage you ——!"

"How can you tell?" asked Georgie coldly.

He looked at her with his melancholy eyes, his heavy shoulders hunched up.

"It's my business to know these things," he said. "You've got the sort of face that's like a magnet. I know what it does to me. It's a long time since I fell for any one so hard. Now, see here ——"

He watched her narrowly. She sat there



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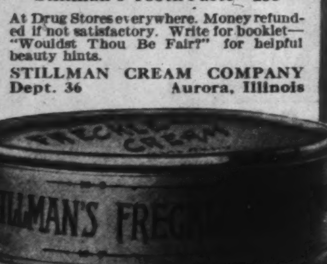

impassive, waiting, as he spread before her the kingdoms of the world of vaudeville. It was like giving jewels to some one dying of thirst. She couldn't have put it into words if she had wanted to, but what she longed for were the deep things of the heart.

She sat there quiet, splendid, oblivious of people's eyes, listening with intent deliberation to Ryder, who in turn looked at her curiously, not understanding her attitude, wondering what her game was.

"You see what I'm offering you, don't you?" he said. "You'll have to work, but you have the instinct of rhythm and balance, and you like work. I'll put up every cent you need. It'll mean big money — real money after a few years."

SHE thought swiftly. After a few years they could cut out the whole business.

"Well, what do you say?" he finished. For him there was just one answer. Georgie gave it.

"All right," she said.

"The first thing for me to do will be to get you a decent dancing partner."

"A decent dancing partner!" she cried with amazement.

"Oh, my dear, I hope you're not making the mistake of *caring*, are you? Take it from me that boy's no good."

"How do you know?" asked Georgie hotly.

"I have to know these things," he answered again. "It's my business. I know the dance-hall type. I know men, I tell you, and I know a chorus man when I see one. You'll shake him some day so you may as well shake him now."

"He isn't like what you say," she cried. "He isn't like you and the rest of them. He doesn't care just about my looks. He loves *me!*"

Ryder looked at her, sitting hunched up in his characteristic pose, fat, dark, swart, his appraising, greedy eyes on her, a sort of an epitome of Broadway, had she known it, — Broadway that knows so much and so little, that knows so supremely the value of beauty in women.

"He loves me, not my looks," repeated Georgie, leaning across the table. "If I lost my looks he'd love me just the same — he loves *me!*"

"If you lost your looks, watch him beat it," said Ryder, letting her feel his force. "Your looks and you — what's the difference, my dear? You *are* your looks."

"I'm not!" cried Georgie. "I'm not! I'm different! I don't want the things you think I want."

"Oh yes, you do," said Ryder. "There's some things everyone wants — love and money and power — put 'em in any order you like. And I'm not going to have you hampered with that fellow. Support him if you want to — it's not my affair, but I won't have any business with him."

Georgie rose to her feet. She stood flaming at Ryder; her anger was beautiful as leaping fire.

"Then you can't have me!" she cried. "I won't dance without him! I won't have anything to do with you without him!"

Ryder looked at her with amazement and admiration.

"Do you know what you are throwing down?" he asked her.

"Yes, I know!" cried Georgie. "I know all about it, and I don't want it!" She was magnificent in her defiance. She left him with shining eyes, borne like a ship on the torrent of her own indignation and anger.

He sat there watching her, sure in his certainty that she would return to him.

"Well," Harry asked her, as they got into their taxi, "it wasn't so bad, was it? He didn't try to eat you?"

But here all Georgie's inner bitterness overwhelmed her and she sobbed:

"I wish you'd take me away! I wish we'd get married — and you'd just go to work! I'd live on anything!"

He held her close.

"Hush," he said, "hush, Georgie — darling. What's the matter — what's upset you so?"

"Oh," she sobbed again. "Oh — he said you only liked me because I'm pretty!"

"You're beautiful — you're one of the most beautiful girls in New York."

At this her weeping only redoubled. His uncomprehending answer had stricken her, and to his: "Why, Georgie — Georgie, pull yourself together! Remember our act!" she only wept the more, drawing herself away from him to the far corner of the seat, sobbing unrestrainedly, desolation and disappointment in every line of her.

Then suddenly there was a grinding of wheels and a crashing of splintered glass. Their taxi stopped. People came running, and drivers were swearing at each other. But above the confusion came Harry's voice sharp with anxiety; the light from the street penetrated into the cab; he peered into her face:

"My God!" he said. "Your face is streaked with blood! Let me see what it's done to you!"

So for a moment they peered at each other, he dabbling at her with his handkerchief, she staring at him with incredulous horror, as he chattered on:

"Where's the cut — where is it? What's it done to you? Oh, here it is — it's nothing but a scalp wound up under your hair. It won't show — *it won't ever show* — it's nothing but a little bit of a cut! My God! What a narrow escape — —"

A policeman had taken the numbers, and their taxi went on, while Harry continued gabbling into Georgie's terrible silence:

"Oh, thank goodness — thank heavens — Georgie! It's all right — don't be frightened — you're not really hurt — dear, beautiful Georgie!"

And still she was silent, and still in the intensity of his relief he did not notice the quality of it. She sat withdrawn from him, drowned in the bitterness of her disillusion plunged in such deep waters that his entreaties were powerless to reach her.

"SPEAK to me, Georgie — what's the matter?" he urged, frightened at last by her silent anguish. Her pride had gone from her; she sat drooping, younger than he had ever seen her, like a child unable to find words for her grief. So, finally, he too lapsed into silence and sat anxious, watching, and then words welled up in her more bitter than tears:

"Why — what Ryder said about you was right. You don't — care for me — you don't love me!"

Again her grief-stricken silence enfolded them. At last she spoke with desolation too great for bitterness or anger.

"I wish to God it had been my face! I wish to God my face was so cut no one would look at it again! *I hate my face!* I hate everything it means!" She spoke quietly with the weight of an awful concentrated conviction.

"Why, Georgie," he answered, striving to reach her. "Georgie — don't! You don't know what you're saying." He tried to put his arms about her. She shrank from him, put her hand up in a little gesture that spoke to him a thousand times more than any words could have done, so full it was of horror.

"I don't understand," he faltered.

"No," she agreed listlessly. "No — how could you?" How could she make him or any one understand that what she had wanted was love and comprehension, the chance to be tender and good.

She sat there deeply withdrawn from him, her pride wilted, with something almost timid in her bearing, as though she were a lost and frightened child, looking out on some landscape terrifying in its unfamiliarity. She had been living in a land of illusion, and Harry had opened the door of reality by one word. He had always loved her for her looks, and now she understood the monstrous fact that since they had been in New York her looks had come to mean to him money, success; that through her looks he could get the things in life that he wanted, and have her and her affection thrown into the bargain. Just what her looks meant — their actual market value in terms of round dollars, Ryder had pointed out to her. She had never known it before; vaguely she had gathered that they had a value. She thought it was luck and Harry's dancing that had gotten them their position which enabled them to live. Now she knew the reason.

"Well," she thought to herself, "why not?" With her thoughts, her pose altered. She wasn't a frightened little girl any more. Why shouldn't she take the things that life had to give her — money, she did not sneer at that; and power — she was too young to know what that meant; it was too removed from the things she had wanted in life, but she liked the triumphant sound of it.

She got out of the taxi and walked along, her head up, forgetting Harry, unconscious of him. She had left him behind her as she had left Dennisport, with swift and clean decision, no vain regret.

Once inside she was the center of attention. She had forgotten that the blood had streamed down on her face and had dried there. Harry was explaining what had happened. She sat there remote, withdrawn from all of them, very proud, very beautiful. Harry approached her timidly, trying to reestablish himself, but her level polite answers that had in them neither anger nor pain put him on the footing of a stranger. He couldn't pass by her glittering indifference. He was powerless to wound her or to arouse her in any way. She had drawn around her the hardness with which she had learned to protect herself as a girl. It was there, a shining impregnable barrier, and behind it sat Georgie, looking dry-eyed at her shattered life.

"No good man," she thought, "will ever want to marry me," unconsciously quoting her grandmother's words. She remembered a fairy tale of her youth, where the enchanted princess was allowed everything except some living playmate; no bird, no furry companion, no other child, nothing that she could love. "I am like that," she thought. "I can have all the other things." She didn't pity herself; she accepted her fate.

Then across her iron mood came the sound of Bruno's violin. It quivered through her like a light through darkness. It lighted up her spirit, and suddenly she knew that she would never go to Ryder. She wanted peace; she wanted quiet; she wanted curiously enough the one person in the world who hated her beauty as she hated it, the one person who had always known that it stood between her and life. The vision of her grandmother's shop came to her, dark like the inside of a dusky cave, with its lozenges of shining green and red, the gloom lighted up by sudden flashes of scarlet and orange cloth, and its opulent flowers, and outside the village street and the long line of gray wharves, every two houses framing pictures of the sea; the clean salt air, and her grandmother's sharp voice and her incorruptible hatred of Georgie's looks. Bruno's music told her all of this.

A fierce hatred flamed in Georgie for this place and all that it meant. A sudden fear flashed through her heart — almost, Broadway had "gotten" her; that was what her surrender to Ryder meant. Almost it had cut her away from Bruno. She had seen its glitter and had walked toward it.

She looked at her watch. She would yet have time to catch the midnight train. She did not dare to stay. She had been too near the surrender of the line she wanted. There wasn't time even to say good-bye to Bruno.

THE sound of his violin had swept away all her resentment and had made her see things clearly. Forever she would want only one thing; forever she would always hate the things that Ryder offered her in exchange. She knew that he would understand, and curiously, she knew, too, that her grandmother would understand without words why she came back.

In a note to Bruno she told him only the bare facts; her face was cut; she had left Harry; she was going home.

When she arrived in the early morning her grandmother was opening the shop. A ray of sunlight pierced through the gloom and fell on the flowers. The wind blew fresh from the harbor.

At the sight of things so familiar, so homely, the shop, cluttered and as superimposed with memories as an attic, and her grandmother a fit guardian for this place. . . . at each homely, remembered detail, Georgie's pride broke. She threw herself into her grandmother's arms and tears flowed over her.

"Oh, I'm so tired!" she cried. "I'm so tired!"

The old woman folded Georgie in her arms.

"Of course you be — of course you be!" she said, patting her. "Come here, and rest, Georgie."

As they sat in the shop between the infrequent customers she told the story to her grandmother. The old antagonism between them was healed. She alone understood that Georgie's beauty was a veil between Georgie and the world, a barrier between her and life.

Her story of bitter disappointment and defeat was shot through with the memory of Bruno's music and Bruno's kindness and understanding. She wanted to talk to him and to hear his voice consoling her. And then, as though in answer to her wish, his groping figure was silhouetted against the bright oblong of the door. She sprang to him.

He passed his hand over her face.

"Don't mind about it, Georgie," he said. "I came as soon as I could — instead of writing. Things like that don't matter to me." And she knew he had come to console her for her defeat as he saw it, and that he and all that he was belonged to her, since the barrier of her beauty could not exist for him.

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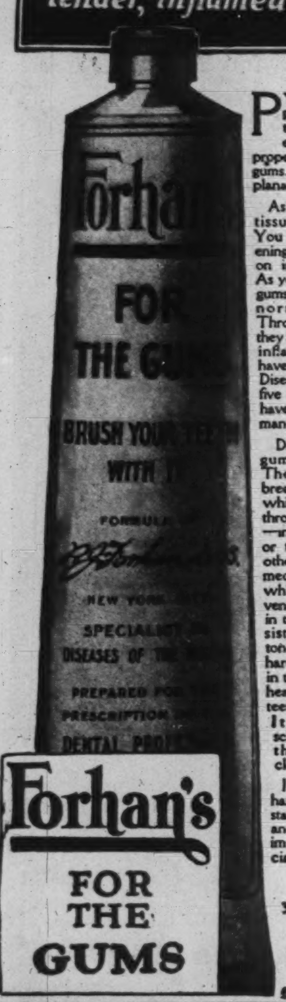
Beware of tender, inflamed gums


Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS
BRUSH YOUR TEETH WITH IT
FORMULA OF
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SPECIALIST IN DISEASES OF THE
PREPARED FOR THE PRESCRIPTION OF THE DENTAL PROFESSION

PYORRHEA, with a premature loss of teeth, is almost inevitable if you do not properly care for your gums. Here is the explanation:

As you age the body tissues naturally relax. You see this tissue-loosening in the neck. It goes on in your gums, too. As you grow older your gums shrink below the normal gum line. Through lack of care they become spongy and inflamed. Then you have Pyorrhea (Riggs' Disease). Four out of five people over forty have Pyorrhea. And many under forty, also.

Don't let a tender gum spot develop. These tender spots breed disease germs which enter the system through tiny openings—infecting the joints or tonsils—or causing other ailments. Immediately get Forhan's, which positively prevents Pyorrhea if used in time and used consistently. Forhan's tones the gums and hardens them. They in turn keep the teeth healthy. Brush your teeth with Forhan's. It cleans them scientifically—keeps them white and clean.

If gum-shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

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Don't wait a single day before taking steps to rid yourself of the ailments or bad habits that will be millstones about your neck as long as you live, if you don't free yourself from them. When a man is on the limited for the scrap heap, every day counts; what is easy today will be a heap harder tomorrow, almost impossible if you wait too long.

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My book, **"Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy,"** will show you how they did it: how YOU can do for yourself what they did for themselves, in a simple, easy, natural way. Send for a copy—IT'S FREE. Enclose three 2c stamps to cover postage and packing and I'll mail it to you at once.

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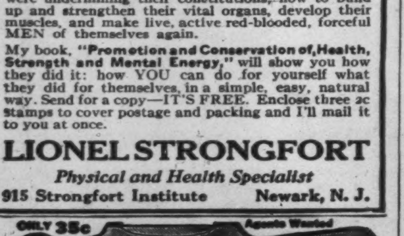

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PERFECT SALES CO., 140 N. Mayfield Ave., Dept. 1 Chicago, Ill.

Why Not Call It By Its Right Name?

[*Continued from page 24*]

those who have nothing to seize the property of those who have something. Historically, Lenine talks about "the continuity of history manifest in revolutions." He says the first revolution was against kings; the second revolution against nobles; the third revolution against the landed gentry, when the middle classes came into power; and now comes the final revolution of the lower classes, the proletariat revolution, to overthrow the middle classes. In the former revolution, when the middle classes gained their power, they cut off the head of Charles I. of England, and of Louis XVI. of France; and now the Bolshevist crowd propose to dethrone, and if necessary behead, the middle classes.

In terms of ethics, Bolshevism is the dethronement of God, and the repudiation of law, order and justice. It takes the tyranny of the old dethroned kings, emperors, and czars and carries their crimes up to infinity. In actual life it is the enthronement of brute force, guided by passion, hate and lust, moving toward chaos, and without any court to which the sufferer can appeal. Never before in history has the intelligent class, the law-obeying class, the class that represents fair play and justice, kindness, industry, and good will, been attacked and arrested without charge, shot without trial, merely because they had saved up something by industry and thrift against sickness and old age. The testimony of Ambassador Francis, of Madame Breshkovsky, of Swedish, Danish and English diplomats, who succeeded in escaping; of the Russian fugitives and refugees, who found it as difficult to escape from Russia as the allied prisoners from the German prison camps, is that Russia has become a kind of Vesuvius, a fiery crater boiling with hate, greed, lust and cruelty.

The little Mother of the Revolution, Madame Breshkovsky, who succeeded in escaping, tells us that the cruelty and tyranny of the agents of the Czar were as nothing compared to the bloody crimes of Lenine and Trotzky. Once the revolution was to overthrow the autocracy of the Czar and secure an elective parliament, but the Bolshevist leaders have substituted for the autocracy of one family the autocracy of a class, and that class the lowest one, and have denied the right of suffrage to the middle classes, the landowners and the professional classes. The Bolsheviki have killed most of the owners of great estates, and divided up the pastures and meadows, the houses and barns, the herds and flocks. In the villages they assembled the shopkeepers, lawyers, manufacturers and bankers, with the women who happened to have title deeds to a house and garden, and shot them. Armed with machine-guns, they looted cities like Petrograd and Warsaw and Kiev. During one week they looted one street, and lived upon the accumulated spoil; the second week they put machine-guns in another street, at points sometimes two miles distant, with machine-guns at the cross streets, shut the inhabitants of that long street in their homes, then went along with huge military wagons, stripped the houses of rugs, furs, art treasures, and selecting such young women as they desired, drove away. Within sixteen months, Petrograd, that was a city of two millions, now has five hundred thousand people. The great suburban residential sections are in ruins. Large stores on the principal streets of Petrograd stand open, the snow lying thick in the aisles, the floors often covered a foot deep with ruined goods. The photographs of these ruined Russian towns, brought out by Russian exiles and fugitives, resemble in a striking way the looted towns of northern France after the Germans had fled.

The defenders of the Bolsheviki liken the Soviet to the old New England town meeting. They assert that the Soviet is composed of peasant delegates in the villages, and factory workers in the towns; they insist that the New Republic of 1917 failed to break up the estates and distribute the land to the poor. On the other hand, the Russian Bolshevist government has issued documents and decrees which fill a small volume, and these decrees expressly disfranchise persons using hired servants, persons living on their interest upon investments or income from factories or farms, persons who act as merchants buying at wholesale and selling at retail, with all persons who belong to churches and receive pay. The Bolshevist decrees abolish inheritance by law or will, and upon the death of the inventor, manufacturer, or farmer everything that he has saved becomes the property of the Bolshevist Soviet. But how does the Bolshevist régime work? If any one knows its practical workings certainly Gorky should. After one year of Bolshevism, Gorky testifies: "In Russia, conscience is dead. The Russian people have lost all sense of right and wrong. 'Pillage whatever there is to pillage,' is the motto. Churches, museums, shops and stores are robbed. Every Bolshevik shares in the spoil. The Red Guards shoot without trial any one whom they suspect."

Out of the mouth, therefore, of this leader of Russian thought Bolshevism stands convicted before the civilized world.

Nothing illustrates the Bolshevist spirit better than the statement of the Russian refugees who finally reached Switzerland. They tell us about bankers, manufacturers, merchants, lawyers, university professors, the frail and slender upper-class women, working in the fields, sweeping the streets, carrying away garbage, driven under the lash of an ignorant and vulgar guard, who is not afraid to shoot down one of his victims to terrorize the rest. Manufacturers who have given a lifetime to the invention of their tools and the building of their plants are clothed in rags and go through the alleys looking for a stray crust in a garbage pail. Even Tolstoi's house was looted by the very people to whom he had given his life. For years Tolstoi wore the peasant's robe, and lived in the simplest way, that he might save every penny to help the people, and now these very peasants have turned upon his family, seized his estate, looted his home, and committed unspeakable crimes upon the persons of some of Tolstoi's oldest friends and rural neighbors.

In his fight with Apollyon, passing between two smoking mountains, Greatheart saw a furnace door open, and flames gush forth with poisoned gases that killed all pilgrims who passed that way. And after listening to and reading the testimony of a group of young Russian refugees, whose story we heard in the Russian Refugees' Home in Berne, Switzerland, last September, one's conclusion is that the Bolshevist leaders, Trotzky and Lenine, have opened a door that leads into hell itself!

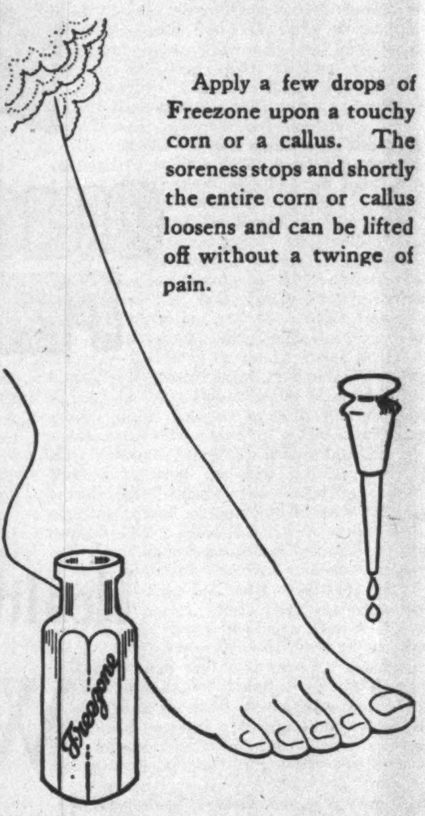
Full understanding of Bolshevism is possible only through a detailed knowledge of its workings in practical life. The testimony of some of our escaped Americans and of certain English nurses and physicians, who were in Petrograd, makes clear the failure of this ignorant and criminal group.

During the war between Russia and Japan, the government erected several large military hospitals. One of these hospitals contained two thousand beds. At the time of the abdication of the Czar the hospitals were crowded with wounded soldiers. A few months later, after the second revolution, the Bolsheviki took charge of that hospital. They deposed the head surgeon, and all the specialists in charge of the various wards, who were experts on bone surgery, on nervous troubles, and on fevers. Then the question came up as to who would have charge of the hospital. The head scrubman claimed that he had had a very hard time and very low wages, and finally the Bolshevist crowd, with their long beards, dirty clothes, unwashed and filthy persons, a group composed of one hundred ignorant soldiers, sailors, peasants and newly-released criminals, put the head scrubman in charge of that hospital, and other creatures in charge of the different wards, that they might have their turn at high salaries. Two or three days later, when the nurses and physicians were preparing for flight, these wounded soldiers began to realize that the head scrubman, who could neither read nor write, actually supposed that to take the place of the chief surgeon all he had to do was to tie tightly a hemp cord around a man's leg and then saw it off, and in their terror and alarm, on finding that the nurses and physicians had disguised themselves and fled, these sick and wounded soldiers at midnight crept on their hands and knees down the corridors and out into the night, to escape from certain death, at the hands of ignorant Bolsheviki.

Several thousand Russian fugitives and representatives of various countries have now escaped from the Russian whirlpool

Lift Corns Out With Fingers

A few drops of Freezone loosen corns or calluses so they lift off



Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a touchy corn or a callus. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.

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of anarchy. These leaders have given their testimony, have been subjected to cross-examination, and the plain truth has been separated from what may be the truth but has not been fully proved. One of these Russian refugees, who is an ardent believer in representative government, and assisted in fashioning the Russian constitution on the basis of our American government, has given out a detailed statement about a manufacturer whose plants are in Petrograd and Moscow. This business man is of English birth. Many years ago he was a clerk in the Ambassador's office, and resigned his position to start a little manufacturing plant. He manufactured farming implements and built up two plants that furnished work for several thousand laborers. In November of 1917 the Bolsheviki seized the factory and a mob surrounded his house. They swarmed into his hall, crowded his sitting-room and parlor, and told him that the house belonged to them, that their muscle labor had created his plant, and that they wished to take possession of his home as their clubhouse. Several ignorant peasants moved in and took charge. They put his wife and children into the garret, but permitted this English woman the use of her kitchen for two hours each day.

Then the Bolsheviki seized his deposits at the bank, took charge of all promissory notes, threw out the foremen and experts in the shops, who had been carefully trained; reduced the working day from ten hours to six, started the factory at nine in the morning and closed it at twelve, took two hours for dinner and a good time, started the machinery again at two o'clock and closed the works at five. Having nearly halved the hours of labor, they voted themselves first double and then quadruple wages. When this Russian exile escaped, the Bolsheviki had been running the factory for nearly a year. During that time the tools had gone to pieces, through bad workmanship the factory had lost its prestige, no customers could be found who would buy the products, all the money belonging to the firm that had been paid over to the Bolsheviki by the bankers under duress was gone, the factory was reduced to a mere shell, and the Bolshevist workmen were starving. Meanwhile, realizing that they had killed the goose that laid the golden egg, they denied to this inventor and manufacturer, with his family, the right to return to England. Witnesses seem to agree that this event is typical of this régime of anarchy and lawlessness.

The Nationalization of Women

For a long time thoughtful men, and widely traveled, denied all rumors as to the nationalization of women. Now the testimony of Russian refugees, of Ambassador Francis, of witnesses called before the Swedish Commission as well as those of Berne and Paris, have rendered doubt and denial no longer possible. Many copies of the proclamations issued by the council of the Bolsheviki in divers Russian towns and cities have been published. One proclamation, signed by the head of the Soviet, notifies the head of the military for his little town of less than ten thousand people to cause sixty girls and young women to be registered with the officers of the Soviet for the personal use of the soldiers in charge of the town. In the proclamation posted by the Soviet on the door of the city hall of Soutow, there are twenty-two separate provisions, out of which seven are revelatory of the other fourteen:

1. From March 1st the right to possess women having reached the ages of seventeen to thirty-two is abolished.

2. The age of women is to be determined by a birth certificate or the testimony of witnesses.

4. The former owner may retain the right of using his wife without awaiting his time.

5. In case of resistance of the husband he shall forfeit the right of the former paragraph.

6. All women according to this decree are exempted from private ownership and are proclaimed the property of the whole nation.

9. Male citizens have the right to use women not oftener than three times a week for three hours, observing the rules specified below.

22. All those refusing to recognize and support this decree will be proclaimed enemies of the people and counter-anarchists, and will be held to the severest responsibilities.

It is now conceded that the interior towns and cities of Russia have gone over to this nationalization of women. But when the family falls all institutions fall with it. In the dawn of history polygamy may have increased the number of human animals, but if polygamy gave us the race monogamy gave us civilization. In destroying the family, therefore, Bolshevism is turning Russia into a vast barnyard for human cattle.

Bolshevism in This Country

IT is a matter of grief and shame to all Americans that Trotzky, the Russian Jew, first attracted the attention of German agents by his anarchistic meetings in New York. Thousands of business men walking through Madison Square have seen Trotzky standing on his soap-box, teaching the rankest treason against this government, urging his hearers to overthrow the republic and substitute the I. W. W. seizure of all property whatsoever. As early as 1915 he seems to have been in conference with certain German-Americans who we now know were paid German agents and who are now fugitives from this country. In 1916 the English Government, through their secret service, discovered certain German letters addressed to Trotzky, and at that time they laid bare the whole plot to ruin Russia. The British and French governments promptly petitioned Washington not to permit Trotzky and his thirty associates to sail for Germany, but in spite of every protest the government in Washington not only gave passports to Trotzky and his thirty friends but to four hundred and fifty more of his followers. As soon as he received his passports a farewell meeting of German and Russian anarchists and American I. W. W. men and women was arranged, and this meeting was actually held at a German hall in the Bronx on March 26, 1917.

Trotzky's Charge

In his farewell address Trotzky gave his hearers this charge:

"*I want you people here to organize and keep organizing in this country, in order that we may be able to overthrow this dirty rotten Government of the United States. I am going back to Russia to overthrow the Government there and stop this war with Germany.*"

A report of Trotzky's speech was sent to Washington and a charge of treason against Trotzky was made. Nevertheless, the next week Trotzky and his followers took their passports down to the steamer and sailed for Russia, to overthrow a government that at that moment was friendly with the United States. One of the first things that Trotzky and Lenine did after overthrowing the Russian Republic was to seize over $100,000,000, sending millions of it to Sweden, to start a Bolshevist movement there, while other millions were started toward Switzerland in the hope that this money could be transferred to Mexico and so to Trotzky's friends in the United States.

No explanation can be more naïve than that of Lenine and Trotzky. "For every million rubles spent in sowing seeds of the Bolshevist movement, we will get ten millions and a hundred millions back so soon as the proletariat can be made to see that all the property owned by the middle class belongs to us. All money spent in propaganda will be returned to us by revolution, and one hundredfold!"

In New York we have nine anarchistic newspapers, with a circulation of six hundred thousand. We have half a million people in this city who cannot converse in our language, and four million more who are either foreign-born or the children of foreign-born parents. They herd in their own section, speak their foreign language, read in their own papers these anarchistic statements, and the reason why the Bolsheviki and the I. W. W. give their money so freely to this propaganda work is that Trotzky has convinced them that for every dollar they spend in preparing for their revolution they will receive in return ten dollars or one hundred in the form of loot. Therefore, "Throw down your spade and buy a gun."

But why should the anarchists, the I. W. W., and the radical socialists want to start a Bolshevist revolution in this country? The American working-man now enjoys four times the average yearly income of the other nations of the world. Russia, Siberia, and anarchistic Germany to-day eat crusts, wear rags, and even before the War had had only one-quarter of the good things enjoyed by the people of this country. If the working people of Europe eat cheese and rye bread, with meat twice a week, the foreigner, working in a coal mine or steel plant of the United States, has meat twice

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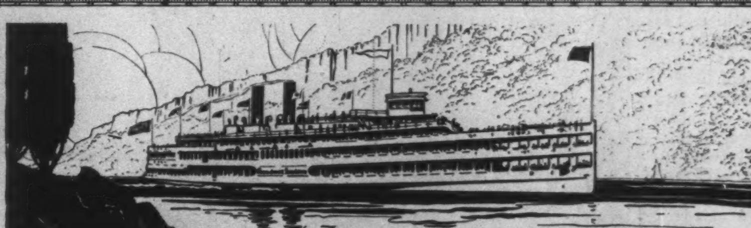

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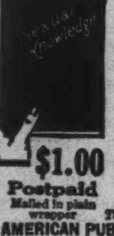

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A Laurel Leaf

For "Our Boys in France Tobacco Fund"

An American Fighting Man Writes the Closing Chapter of this McClure-Inspired, Nationwide Movement to Maintain the Doughboys' Morale!

Frederick L. Collins, President of McClure Publications

WE were sitting before the fire in the "Y" hut at Brest — Bud and Bill and I. Our pipes were lighted, and down inside us there was a warm, comfortable feeling, even though the eternal French rain was beating down outside. For we were due to sail in a few days to the most wonderful place in the world — home!

"Well, men," said Bud, knocking his ashes on the heel of his hob-nailed shoe, "what's the first thing we're going to do when we get back to the States?"

"Go home — and stay home!" Bill announced emphatically. I nodded approval.

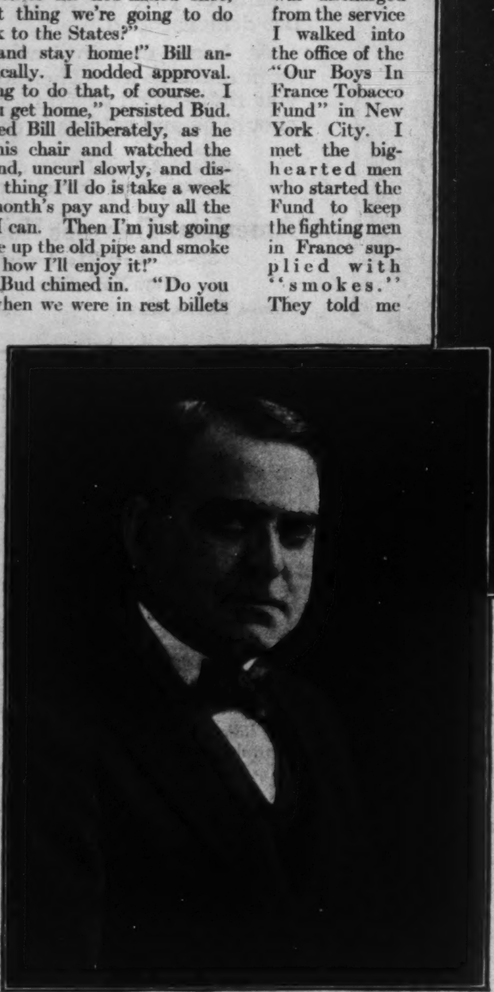
"We're all going to do that, of course. I mean — after you get home," persisted Bud.

"Well," drawled Bill deliberately, as he leaned back in his chair and watched the smoke rings ascend, uncurl slowly, and disappear, "the first thing I'll do is take a week off and my last month's pay and buy all the smoking tobacco I can. Then I'm just going to sit back and fire up the old pipe and smoke — and Oh, Boy! how I'll enjoy it!"

"You said it!" Bud chimed in. "Do you remember, Bill, when we were in rest billets in the Toul sector after our first go at the trenches? Cold, clammy old stables they were and not a cigarette in the whole outfit. So we tossed up, and you and I were elected to walk six miles to the nearest canteen to bring back the 'smokes.' Six rotten muddy miles, and we dog tired already. And when we got there, they told us they didn't have a bit of tobacco in the place! So we sits down, plumb down and out, to rest up before starting back, wondering what that gang back in billets was going to say to us when we blew in empty handed. Just then in rattles an old 'flivver,' and a Red Cross man. 'Smokes, boys! Come and get 'em!' Did we make a dive for that fellow? Oh, Boy! We just naturally took his whole load away from him. And when we got back, the whole company wanted to kiss us for joy."

We all puffed away in silence a while, and I wondered if Bud and Bill were thinking of the same things I was: Of the wounded in No Man's Land, more anxious to get a soothing cigarette between their lips than to tell the stretcher-bearers where they were hit; of the white figures lying on the hospital cots forgetting their pain as they inhaled good old American tobacco — a breath of home; of the grim, khaki figures crouching on the fire-step of the trench waiting for the whistle to send them over the top — how cigarettes soothed their strained nerves and made the hell they were about to go through seem not so bad after all.

How fine it would be, I thought, to meet face to face some of the people who were behind the movement that supplied the fighting men with tobacco and to thank them personally for the pleasure their efforts had brought me and my pals and thousands of other soldiers in a country where pleasures were few. I looked at the familiar cartoon of "smokes" I had received from the Red Cross. "Our Boys In France Tobacco Fund," it was labelled.

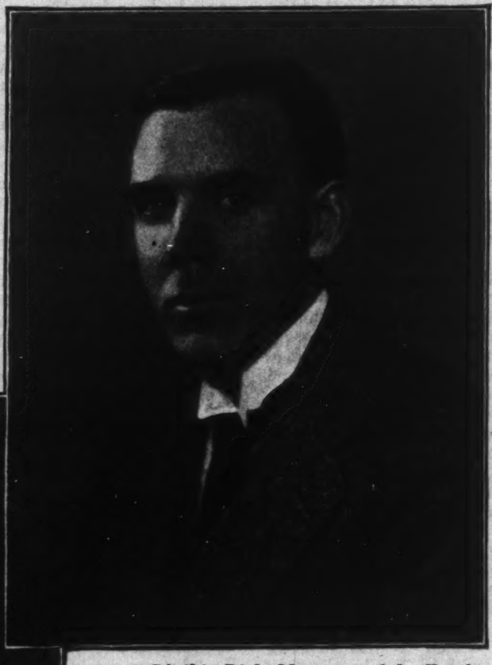


Edwin Brown, Manager of Supplies

Daniel Henderson, Director of Publicity

So it happened that a week after I was discharged from the service I walked into the office of the "Our Boys In France Tobacco Fund" in New York City. I met the big-hearted men who started the Fund to keep the fighting men in France supplied with "smokes." They told me the inspiring story of how $415,000 was contributed by patriotic Americans. I am going to sketch the story for you:

The idea of a fund of nation-wide proportions to supply tobacco to American soldiers overseas sprang out of the desire of members of the McCLURE staff to do something for the personal comfort of each embattled Yank. It was A. Blaikie Dick, of the McCLURE organization, who first suggested such a Fund when America entered the war. It met with enthusiastic approval from the officers of McCLURE Publications. "Our Boys in France Tobacco Fund" became an instant reality. Frederick L. Collins and Mr. Arthur S. Moore, respectively president and treasurer of McCLURE's, promptly offered office space, postage, and clerical help for the Fund gratis. Mr. Dick consented to serve as General Manager. Daniel Henderson became Director of Publicity and Edwin Brown Manager of Supplies. These were all men with families and beyond the draft age. They felt a responsibility toward the boys "going over" that led them to volunteer to serve without compensation for their services.



A. Blaikie Dick, Manager of the Fund

The Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy gave their official endorsement of the Fund. Charles Hanson Towne, editor of McCLURE's, interested himself in securing the endorsement of prominent men and the co-operation of leading authors and illustrators. Colonel Roosevelt sent instant encouragement in these words: "I wish you all possible success in your admirable effort to get our boys in France tobacco." From scores of governors of states and from such eminent churchmen as Cardinal Gibbons, Rabbi Wise, and Lyman Abbott came letters of approval. Everybody was enthusiastically enlisted in the great task of supplying "smokes" to soldiers.

Through the months of the war the sponsors of the Fund toiled with unflagging zeal. A large share of the credit for the splendid showing made by the Fund goes to the four hundred newspapers that conducted individual campaigns on its behalf. From Alaska to Florida money poured in. Every cent was spent for tobacco for fighters.

Major J. B. A. Fosburgh, of the Red Cross, declared: — "Nothing which the Red Cross has supplied to our men has been so eagerly awaited, and so joyfully received, as tobacco, and the packages which your Fund has furnished us have unquestionably been of great value in stimulating the morale of our men by making them realize that the people at home are thinking of them, and also by furnishing the one article which is most difficult to obtain in France, and which they probably most desire."

All told, $415,000 were collected by "Our Boys in France Tobacco Fund" and expended for tobacco for our men overseas. Of this amount, The Providence Journal raised $94,757, and to this publication was awarded the silver cup donated by the International Silver Company of New York to the newspaper contributing the largest amount to the Fund.

In addition to the Providence Journal cup, one of similar value was awarded to the Elizabeth Daily Journal for raising the most money in the class of newspapers the circulation of which was under fifty thousand. This cup was donated by the Mount Vernon Silver Company of New York.

The names of individuals and business concerns which generously assisted "Our Boys In France Tobacco Fund" with services and supplies will be printed in a later number of McCLURE's.

Since returning from overseas, thousands of doughboys, scattered from the Atlantic to the Pacific, have written to the managers of "Our Boys in France Tobacco Fund" thanking them for their unstinting efforts in behalf of the soldiers' comfort. It is in response to the requests of these Yankee fighters that the photographs of the organizers of the Fund appear on this page.

Arthur S. Moore, Treasurer of McClure Publications

McClure's Market-place

The McClure audience of over 500,000 intelligent and responsive readers provides an excellent field for high-class small advertisers desiring to develop their business by mail. This column can be used to make sales by mail or to draw inquiries for descriptive booklets and catalogues from which orders can be secured. Rate $2.50 a line with 1-6 off for 6 consecutive insertions. Minimum space 4 lines. Maximum space 10 lines.

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18 Ways to Use a Tea-Kettle!

See the announcement concerning a brand new idea in Aluminum Ware, on page 52 of this issue of McClure's.

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a day, and everything else in like ratio. The condition of the people in 1913, in most of Europe, put over against that of the working classes in the United States, the same year, is like a desert put over against fountains, date palms and orchards. One can understand a man's anxiety to get rid of crusts and rags and bare feet, but why try to get rid of warm clothes, good food and the comforts of life? The anxiety to expel winter is universal, but why start a revolution against summer, with its harvests of plenty against the winter? Speaking recently at a great steel plant, an interpreter translated my questions to a group of foreigners; and their answers, as to what they thought of this country in comparison with Southeastern Europe, were most emphatic. "Here we have four dollars a day instead of forty cents in Europe, and for the first time in our lives we have plenty to eat and wear, and no worry in winter as to snow and cold because of no fire. Why, this country seems like paradise! It is better even than our dreams told us." For those men, later on, therefore, to attempt to destroy what they have under the delusion that each revolutionist will live in a Fifth Avenue palace, is senseless stupidity, or a wicked crime.

The outbreak of Bolshevism in this country is an amazing and disquieting fact. Within a few weeks the police of twenty American cities have rounded up gangs of anarchists, I. W. W. leaders, and self-confessed Bolsheviki. Vast quantities of Bolshevist literature have been seized and destroyed by the authorities. The burden of the speeches in their secret meetings in halls, where their guards at the door allow only those to enter whose allegiance to the Bolshevist cause is well known, is substantially this: "The United States is the richest country in the world, having two hundred and fifty billions of dollars. Let the working men throw away the spade and the hammer and buy a gun." One of these speakers used this expression, "If you will follow me, before dark we will all be rich!" That anarchist was talking about organizing the working-men on Fifth Avenue at 12 o'clock into a mob to break in the plate-glass windows, loot the shops and stores, and carry away the spoil after the manner of the mob in Petrograd.

Secret Instructions of Trotzky and Lenine to Their Bolshevist Agents in This Country

The whole world was horrified, a short time ago, when the American Ambassador to Roumania discovered and sent to Washington the instructions by the German Government, directing their German agents how to break the capsules containing the bacilli of glanders upon hay and straw, so as to communicate this incurable disease to animals and then to Roumanian men and women. So dastardly were these instructions that all men stood aghast. Now comes from Trotzky and Lenine a still more terrible document. The original is now in the hands of the head of the Ukrainian Staff. The document is called "General Instructions to the Bolshevik Agents in Every Country." The paper was obtained through counter-espionage service. The original was translated by Serge Persky, and the certified copy has just come to me through C. D. Wood, of Berne, Switzerland. Dr. Persky says: "At the beginning of November, 1918, at a private council held by Lenine, at which Trotzky, Joutkovsky, Radek, and Tchitcherin took part, general instructions were drawn up for agents of the Soviets abroad, and were sent immediately by couriers." The certified copy reads as follows:

General Instructions

A.—International Relations

1. Support Chauvinist movements and national conflicts.
2. Provoke agitation in order to bring about international conflicts.
3. Make attacks on representatives of foreign powers.
4. Thanks to such action internal disorders and collision will be encouraged and agitation strengthened in the interest of the Social Democratic party.

B.—Internal Politics

1. Compromise the reputation, by no matter what means, of influential men.
2. Attack those in power.
3. Provoke anti-governmental agitations.
4. Stir up general and partial strikes.
5. Destroy machinery and boilers.
6. Spread propaganda literature.
7. Collisions will be facilitated so that we can seize power.

C.—In the Economic Domain

1. Provoke and support railway strikes.
2. Blow up bridges.
3. Do everything possible to disorganize transportation.
4. Hinder the shipment of wheat to the towns.
5. Stir up financial difficulties.
6. Inundate the market with false banknotes.

D.—Results

1. These actions will bring about economic troubles which will lead to inevitable catastrophies.
2. Then the *coup d'état* will meet with the sympathy of the masses.

E.—In the Military Domain

1. Strong propaganda among the troops; stir up conflicts between officers and soldiers and provoke attacks upon superior officers.
2. Blow up arsenals, bridges, railroads and powder magazines.
3. Seize shipments of raw materials destined for factories.
4. In this way the complete confusion of the army will be brought about and the soldiers will adopt the workmen's program.

F.—Search and Spying in Conformity With the Requirements of War Time

1. Strategic search and spying in the army, in fortresses, exact estimate of armed forces and their morale.
2. Tactical search and spying on the front and in the interior.
3. Search and espionage in the navy, movements of squadrons, naval docks and bases.

It is impossible to over-estimate the importance of this confidential document. It should be published by every newspaper in the United States and be made the subject of discussion by the press, the pulpit, and analyzed in the schoolroom. There are nine Soviets in Greater New York and they are being highly organized in all the large cities of this country. Germany's plot to disrupt Mexico and bring on war between the two countries is as nothing in comparison with this plot of the Bolsheviki to foment strife, treason and riots in our native land.

Are We Playing With Matches in a Powder Magazine?

PETROGRAD, that is now a starving city of a half million people, instead of two millions of prosperous citizens of a year and a half ago, offers no alluring rewards to American workers. New York over against the Petrograd of to-day is like an oasis over against a burning desert; like a family gathered round a blazing fireplace on a bitter January night over against travelers freezing to death in a snowstorm. When one thinks of this country he thinks of palm trees beside a fountain, while Russia is like a group of skeletons lying on a Sahara desert. In a generous mood the Republic has welcomed thousands of anarchists into our national house. Now the time has fully come to close up the offices of one hundred and forty foreign newspapers, and for the next twenty-five years permit no paper to be published in any language save our own. The time has also come to close all alien schools where a foreign language is taught to the children of aliens, who refuse to learn how to converse in English, who herd in their own quarter of the city and seek to carry forward in this country all those influences that will help overthrow our government. These aliens believe in firebrands, in bomb shells, and pistols. Our Republic is based upon intelligence, industry, obedience to law, and sound morals. But what this nation sows we shall reap. If we allow these anarchists to sow sparks of fire the rest of us will reap conflagrations. If we sow anarchy we will reap treason. If we sow the tares from the hands of Trotzky we will reap a black and cruel régime as in Russia. Every man who loves the Republic might well take this old-time prayer upon his lips: "Oh! that the God of our fathers, by His Almighty power, may hold back our nation from destruction for a few more perilous years, that all the people as patriots toward their country, scholars toward the intellect, obedient citizens toward their God, may learn, where are those paths that lead to the most of happiness, and the most of peace and prosperity."

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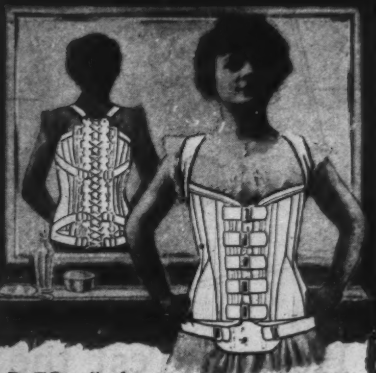

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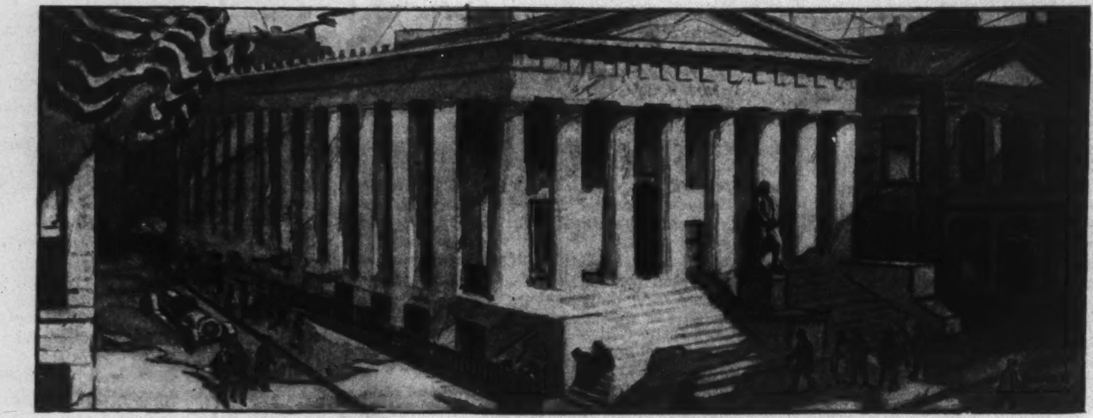

The McClure Financial Booklet

This Financial Booklet is intended for McClure readers who wish general information about financial, insurance and investment subjects. Many readers have written that it is invaluable to them. Requests for this booklet during the past year have assumed such proportions that the Financial Department is obliged to charge a nominal sum of fifteen cents a copy to partially cover the cost of printing and mailing. This book will enable you to avoid many of the pitfalls that a new investor is apt to encounter.

The Most for Your Money

by

Paul Tomlinson

Special Service of Inquiry Department

The Financial and Insurance Department is prepared to give general advice on the subject of investments and insurance, also information on standard investment securities. A nominal charge of two dollars per inquiry is made for this special service. The Financial and Insurance Department cannot undertake to give any stock market prophecies nor to suggest speculative opportunities. Address all letters and orders for booklet to McClure Financial and Insurance Department, 25 W. 44th St., New York.

BUSINESS is improving. Retail trade, always the first to be affected, is brisk, and this means that the public is buying. To meet the requirements of the public the retail stores must place orders with the wholesalers. The wholesalers in turn pass them along to the factories; a demand for raw materials is thus created and the chain is complete. With the chain complete there is work for all, everyone is earning money, and the country is prosperous.

If there is prosperity, a spirit of enterprise is engendered, which leads to new and enlarged undertakings, and prosperity is greater than ever. Provided, of course, that our prosperity is built upon a foundation of something more than mere hope or optimism, or inflation. Just as the man who makes a great deal of money easily is apt to lose it, so business if nurtured by imagination instead of fact usually comes to an untimely end.

The fact remains that prosperity and the spirit of enterprise usually go hand in hand. In the United States to-day confidence in our future is spreading. Because we are prosperous? Because we are going to be prosperous? Or because we feel that we are justified in having confidence in our country and the ability of our citizens? Perhaps we are optimistic by nature.

Is there reason for us to be confident? It would seem so. We have far more than our proportionate share of the world's money. We are the largest creditor nation in history. The other peoples of the earth must borrow from us, and what is more to the point they must buy from us. We have the raw materials, and we have the facilities to turn them into the finished products which all the world so badly needs. The destruction in Europe is almost beyond belief. To cite one instance: a big Belgian steel company, reputed to be the second largest in Europe, was so stripped by the Germans of its machinery — and what they could not carry away they wrecked — that one prominent steel expert figures it would take the combined tool-making capacity of France, England, and the United States five years to refit it as it was in 1914. Think of it! And even if this company, and many others, were able to resume normal production, it would not be enough.

The demands from abroad are enormous. Exports are the largest in our history. In our own country there are countless signs of returning activity in all the pursuits of peace. The building trade is busy; construction halted by the War is now being undertaken, and this is one of the healthiest signs of improving conditions. Business men in reply to the usual question almost invariably reply, "Fine!"

There are disturbing elements, of course. There always are. Some concerns are doing the biggest business ever, but their net profits do not always show a proportionate gain. The cost of doing business these days is enormous and profits are more dependent upon the cost of production than the price received for the finished product. Leaving out the increased expense of materials, the two items of taxes and labor alone are infinitely greater than formerly. Perhaps the War has made the taxes necessary. Perhaps the War has made increased wages necessary, too. It is fair enough for the laboring man to desire a share in the profits, and employers are few these days who deny the justice of such a desire.

BUT labor demands higher wages and shorter hours. Very well. If such an arrangement will stimulate production, well and good. But if not, no benefit is derived from it, least of all by the laboring man. Welfare cannot be acquired artificially. More money does not in itself mean better standards of living. Take the case of Russia; if travelers from that country are to be believed, money is of practically no avail there. It is useless simply because there is nothing to buy. Production has stopped in Russia, and production is the basis of a country's wealth.

In the securities market, however, and that is what is of particular interest to us here, it would seem as if all unfavorable factors had been fully taken into account. The prices of stocks and bonds reflect pretty accurately the conditions affecting the companies which issued them. What disturbing elements there are have been considered, and the worst that can happen has been discounted. Which is practically saying that any change will in all probability be for the better.

Everyone knows that a dollar will not buy as much as it would a few years ago. The cost of living has increased tremendously. It is said that in 1896 thirty cents would buy about as much food as a dollar will buy now. It is something to think about. Everyone is trying to make his money go as far as possible, and did it ever occur to you that one way of making it go farther now than it would a few years ago is to employ it in the purchase of securities? The average railroad bond is perhaps ten points lower than it was five years ago; a thousand dollar bond selling at ninety in 1914 is worth about eighty now. You can buy the bond, pay a hundred dollars less for it than would have been necessary in 1914, and yet you still get a thousand dollars for it when it comes due.

Does it sound like a good bargain? A five-per cent. bond purchased at ninety returns 5.55% on the investment. The same bond bought at eighty yields 6¼%, and when paid upon maturity gives the owner a profit of $200, or twice as much as the man who paid the higher price for it.

If you have any faith in the future of your country, securities are cheap. They are the cheapest things in the markets to-day. A banker made the remark the other day that after eighteen years' experience in Wall Street he had yet to see the time when securities were not a good buy when everyone was pessimistic. Wall Street is not so pessimistic now as it was, but the "professional" trader in stocks and bonds is notoriously a "bear." Some people are talking about the menace of Bolshevism and Radicalism and Socialism; are wondering what is to become of us, and if it might not be wise to sell everything and bury the money in the cellar. According to precedent, that sort of talk means that this is the time to invest.

Is there going to be a revolution in this country? Or are the American people too hard-headed to do the fool things the Russians have done? Nine-tenths of the agitators in the United States to-day are foreign born; citizens for conveni-

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McClure's Financial Booklet

Eighth Edition

Partial List of Contents

How the Financial Swindler Works
How to Avoid Worthless Stocks
Safe Investments for Little Sums
Safe Investments for Larger Sums
How to Choose a Broker
How to Send Money to a Broker
List of Sound Bonds
Six Per Cent. and Safety
Bonds, Stocks and Mortgages
List of Sound Stocks
A Safe Plan for Buying Stocks on Margin
Investments Readily Convertible into Cash
How Big Investors Place Their Funds
How to Analyze a Bond
How to Care for Securities and Prevent Their Loss and Destruction
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ence, perhaps, but with no more affection or loyalty for this country than they have for one another. Few Americans have time to bother with the silly doctrines expounded by these fanatics, or by the so-called parlor Bolsheviki, the pseudo-intellectuals who give us the choice of a social revolution or one of blood. Most of these agitators are publicity seekers, insincere or ill-informed. We need a change in our social structure, undoubtedly, but evolution, not revolution, is the more likely remedy. And a reasonable amount of intelligence is the best antidote in the world for revolution. We in the United States are better off than any people on earth. I believe, too, that as a people we are too intelligent to risk something proven to be good, for something we know to be utterly bad.

And so with securities. There are plenty of them of proven worth; why meddle with some we know nothing about? Certain methods of buying securities have been established as safe, and few people have the temerity to believe they can attempt to cast aside those methods and profit by it. Just as in our social organization good results are obtained by hard work, intelligence and a slow process of growth, so it is with investments. Disaster is about the only thing that comes easily.

Business is improving because the belief is growing that the bottom has been reached in present price reductions. In other words, there is no use in waiting if nothing is to be gained by the wait. Hoarded money never earned anything, either for itself or anything else. Capital invested in sound enterprises is working for its own benefit and the advantage of the public generally. Invested capital is productive, and as we have seen, production is the basis of all prosperity. Nor need there be any fear of production outstripping demand.

So it is that money invested in securities is performing a real service. The questions for the investors to consider are the best things to buy, and the most propitious time to make their investment. No one can deny that right now there are numerous enterprises offering most attractive inducements to the man with money, little or much as the case may be. Relying upon precedent, and with faith in the future of this country's ability to overcome whatever obstructions may be in the way of progress, it would also seem that the time is now propitious to take advantage of these opportunities. The purchase of securities at their present levels is just about the best method there is of getting the most for your money.

Books About Stocks and Bonds

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S. W. Straus & Company have published a "Questionnaire for Investors," an invaluable piece of literature, which shows how to test the safety of any investment. It will be sent on application to any one who writes S. W. Straus & Company at 150 Broadway, New York, or Straus Building, Chicago, and asks for Circular X-904.

The Postal Life Insurance Company, of New York City, has recently published two interesting booklets on Life Insurance. The titles of these booklets are "Do I Need Life Insurance?" and "How Much Insurance Ought I to Carry?" These booklets will gladly be sent upon request.

The Doherty News published by Henry L. Doherty & Company, operators and fiscal agents of Cities Service Company, is published monthly and gives the latest information regarding oil statistics and production figures in the United States. It also contains valuable information regarding public utilities and a general review of the investment situation.

"Acceptance" is the title of a comprehensive and thorough booklet which will be of great value to business houses dealing in acceptances. Both foreign and domestic acceptances are dealt with in this booklet. It will be sent upon request by the National City Co., New York.

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The Federal Bond & Mortgage Co., Detroit, Mich., will send free booklet M. C. "Key to Safe Investment." Deals with the advantages of Detroit Real Estate Bonds.

"Opportunity in Bonds" will be the leading article in "Bond Topics" this month. There will also be an excellent article by Samuel Insull on what the Middle West Utilities Co. has done during the war. "Bond Topics" will be sent on request by writing to A. H. Bickmore, 111 Broadway, New York City.

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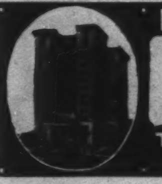

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will send booklet 118, dealing with Iowa First Farm Mortgages and Tax Free Municipal Bonds.

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John Muir & Co., odd lot and Liberty Bond specialists, 61 Broadway, New York, have recently made several changes in their partial-payment-plan terms which are explained in the new edition of their booklet "The Partial Payment Plan," which is free on request.

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R. C. Megargel & Company, 27 Pine Street, New York, are now running serial articles in their semi-monthly publication, "Securities Suggestions," dealing with petroleum from its inception to date. "Securities Suggestions" containing these articles will be sent to anyone free of charge upon request.

Farson, Son and Company, Number 115 Broadway, New York City, will send to you upon request their interesting and instructive booklet describing their new oil property, The Hercules Petroleum Company.

Aurelius-Swanson Co., of Oklahoma City, send upon request Booklet M-C-00, dealing with a selected list of Farm Mortgages.

The character of the present securities market is one based on justified confidence in the future. The whole situation in the business world is visibly improving. War-time earnings have made many companies rich, not only in assets, but in facilities for peace-time production. Comparison of earnings of companies whose securities are actively traded in may be obtained by writing to Dunham & Company, 43 Exchange Place, New York City. Ask for 54-CC.

Gerard & Company, 35 Wall Street, New York City, will send upon request some interesting booklets dealing with new offerings of securities.

The Twenty Payment Plan was originated by Slattery & Co., Inc., of 40 Exchange Place, New York City, and has been in successful operation for a great many years. Booklet describing the plan in detail will be forwarded to anyone by this firm upon request. Ask for 4-A.

Free booklet Mc 8, by The F. B. Collins Investment Co., Oklahoma City, gives information on Farm Loans in the Southwest.

"We're Right on the Ground," by E. J. Landers & Co., of Grand Forks, N. D., covers Farm Mortgages from the Northwest. Free.

Perkins & Co., Lawrence, Kan., will send free a list of farm mortgages. Send for list 718.

No advertisement is accepted for the financial section of McCLURE'S until after careful investigation by trained experts of the personal integrity of the advertiser and of the soundness of the proposition. While we cannot guarantee the result in any particular case, the acceptance of the advertisement by us is evidence of the strongest character that the advertiser is worthy of public confidence.

Coming

Do you think that you know Why Women Have Long Hair? We do not mean how *they have it, but the cosmic reason for its being there at all. Dana Gatlin will clear up this dusky-golden-auburn-midnight mystery for you next month.*

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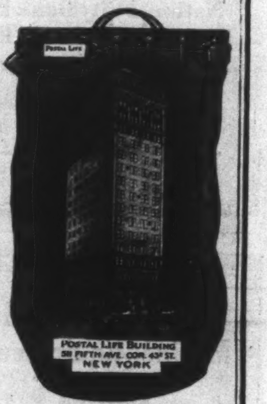

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Food for Thought

Eat Right—Stay Young—Achieve

by Mabel Dulon Purdy

FOOD is not merely something to eat. It is potential happiness and power. In listing their assets after the toll of war, in making note of the burden still to come, both men and women in the working world to-day cannot longer ignore or underrate the capital value of health. Under the stimulation and stress of war, more about food — all the way from economics to self-denial — has been revealed and taught than we, perhaps, can realize. Not the least important truth forced home to us has been the care and upkeep of our bodies, and the consequent value, as a material asset, of this care and upkeep to ourselves and to our country. To quote from one of our most prominent food authorities, whose three thousand feeding experiments covering the past four years have laid the foundation of a whole new knowledge of nutrition: *

"The investigations of the last few years have fortunately led to great advancement in our knowledge of what constitutes an adequate diet. Such knowledge can, if rightly applied, greatly assist in enabling us to make use of our food supply in a manner which will avoid mistakes sufficiently serious to become reflected in a lowering of our standard of public health."

And at no time in the history of the world has public health been more precious! We need sound bodies for repopulation. We need health and vigor and youth to help us earn the money to pay our war bills — and let us live and save besides. And rightly viewed and properly used, food can give us this. As a means of health insurance, the right diet can be one of our most effective sources of encouragement and inspiration in the days of making-over, of new ideals, and fresh hopes that lie before us.

From the new food knowledge now available, doubtless the most profitable and practical conclusions to be drawn are two: That meat as a regular, daily food is not as all-important and all-rewarding as it was once believed to be; and that no diet, however otherwise varied and carefully selected, will sufficiently feed, condition and preserve the body unless it contains "*fairly liberal amounts of milk and leafy vegetables*" — spinach, cabbage, sprouts, cauliflower, chard, celery, collards, onions, beet and turnip tops, lettuce and our other salad plants. Back to the farm, in other words — or, as one of our big food men very temptingly describes it, "Happy, wealthy and wise, the family with three acres and a cow!"

While science is convincing us that less meat than we have been eating may be better for us all, it is for the men and women who want to stay young and succeed, and more particularly for those past forty who must retrieve and rebuild, and re-stock for the future, who have still real work ahead, that too much meat means trouble. Tend a coal fire for a week. Study it when it burns freely, hot and clear — giving all the heating or cooking force we want. Note the difference when it is choked with ashes — a cold, dead fire — and you will understand the relation of too much meat to the day's work of the business man.

Meat, except occasionally — once or twice a week, possibly less — means clinkers, a dull head, a tight band across the back of the neck, sometimes dizziness, forgetfulness, no "go," and hardest of all, little accomplishment and poor results, *a dead fire!* And it is not as easy to clear our bodies as it is to poke away the ashes from a fire. So we tell a doctor all about it. And the doctors, many of them, are growing rich on money that we might spend for golf, or gas, or clothes, or our children's shoes, or put away in the bank — merely by keeping these unnecessary clinkers away.

The consistent meat eater will recognize the symptoms, although he may not admit them, and the man who has freed himself from the lure of meat will understand and rejoice. Fortunately, the present cost of meat is saving many who might otherwise be lost. Forced, almost, to do without it, we are finding out the good the change is doing us, and profiting accordingly.

Even more important, however, than a decreased use of meat is a general increased use of milk and the green leaf vegetables. No one food alone will give the body all the energy, and all the building, and regulating, and disease-resisting, and youth-preserving material it may require; nor will any combination of foods that excepts milk and the leafy vegetables so satisfy and safeguard the body. A pint of milk, and greens and salads liberally, and daily,—these are the foods that in addition to their food value *per se* will, according to the most recent research, make good all the deficiencies in all the other foods we may eat. This does not mean that they are to be used to the exclusion of other necessary foods, only that they must be included in some form as a regular part of the normal diet, if we would preserve our youth, our vigor, and ability to think clearly.

We may credit ourselves with using the needed or desirable variety of foods because we eat roast beef, and chops, and potatoes, and gravy, and bread, and pie, and fruit, yet carry a childhood prejudice against spinach and cabbage salad, and quite — without *malice prepense* — overlook our pint of milk, and so all unwittingly miss our saving foods. And then wonder where our youth has gone, and why we have so little "pep" and "go"!

But, important as the leafy vegetables are, milk is, after all, the "*greatest protecting food,*" and for that reason is recognized as our most valuable single food. Even where the price of milk may seem out of reach, the family milk bottle should be as large and full as real need requires, not only to protect our present health but to encourage by full demand the increased development of the dairy industry for our future prosperity and safety. From one-half to a pint of clean, whole milk a day for each adult, from a pint to a quart for each child under twelve, and a quart for each child under six, is a wise and patriotic family ruling.

More milk, more vegetables, less meat! A threefold ideal, and hardly tied to a star, but one which when accepted and realized by the business men and women of our country, must mean greater national as well as individual health, achievement and wealth.

> *"IF everyone in the United States could be taught that milk and the leafy vegetables are protective in character, in that they correct the faults in any other foods which we are likely to consume, and that it is a duty to include a fairly liberal amount of each of these in the diet each day, the benefit from such knowledge would be greater than that derived from the knowledge we now possess concerning immunization against diseases. Everyone should be taught that it is a mistake to buy any meat until each member of the family has a pint of milk each day. . . . Milk is our greatest protective food and its use must be increased."*
>
> *E. V. McCollum,*
>
> ***School of Hygiene and Public Health, the Johns Hopkins University.***

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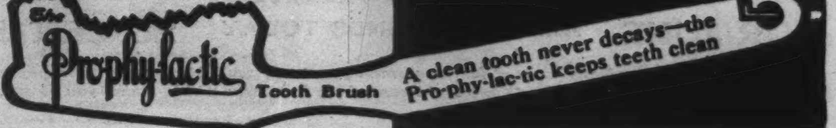
Your Child's Education The future of your boy or girl depends very largely on the school you select for him or her. McClure's School Directory will put you in touch with schools and colleges equipped to develop the fullest moral, mental and physical capacities of your son or daughter.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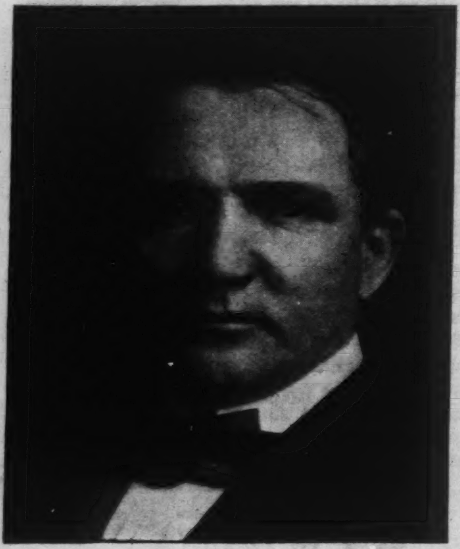
RAYMOND ROBINS'

Sensational Story of

BOLSHEVIST RUSSIA

begins in the Metropolitan

> *"I shall adopt the spirit of what you say, in something I am writing as to the lesson of Russia for us. There isn't anybody in this country I am so anxious to see and to hear at length exactly along the lines you speak of as you."—THEODORE ROOSEVELT*
> *in a letter to Raymond Robins in September, 1918*



RAYMOND ROBINS

BOLSHEVISM is a fact. It has overspread Russia like a torrent and is sweeping Eastern Europe. The days of ignoring it, of just calling it hard names, are past. Now we must face it, recognize it, understand it.

The American who knows Bolshevism, who dealt with Bolshevists daily, who has rubbed shoulders with the thing that is sending the world into spasms of terror, has consented to tell the story of Bolshevist Russia to the American people through the pages of the Metropolitan Magazine.

Raymond Robins went to Russia for the Red Cross in the early days of Kerensky. His appointment was the result of Colonel Roosevelt's earnest plea. Roosevelt knew his man.

Robins' job was to feed starving women and children. When Kerensky fell and Lenin and Trotsky rode into power it was still Robins' job to feed those who hungered. It was no time for quibbling or for politics. It was time for bread.

Robins went to Lenin and Trotsky. He demanded a free field and no interference. Would they trust him? They did, and Robins became the unofficial American representative to the Bolshevist group.

Robins will tell the whole story—for the first time, the real facts. Grown-up America should not fear facts. It will be supplemented with reproductions of sensational documents, the existence of which has never been suspected and which light up every step of this remarkable story. It is a dramatic, thrilling narrative of adventure among the shifting and turbulent scenes of an uprising of one hundred and eighty millions of people.

Through the story stalk the voluble Trotsky and the shrewd, capable Lenin, planning behind his slits of eyes a world in revolt. These two men Robins saw on an average of three times a week for more than five months. He learned their philosophy from their own lips.

Raymond Robins' story of Bolshevist Russia, as told to William Hard, begins in the June Metropolitan and will run for six issues.

Metropolitan

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If you are not conveniently located for newsstand purchase, send 25c to the Metropolitan Magazine, 432 Fourth Ave., New York, and a copy of the June issue will be mailed you postpaid

Conversations With Roosevelt

[*Continued from page 19*]

father with his troubles, he has a pretty good guarantee that the boy won't get into very serious messes. On the other hand, if the boy knows that he is going to get a dressing down every time his parent hears of some venial sin of omission or commission, boylike, he's going to try and conceal as much as he can. He will, however, get advice abroad if he does not get it at home, and he's mighty lucky if the kind he gets abroad is the kind he should have.

"That's why many a boy goes wrong who otherwise would in all probability have gone straight as H.

"Yes, sir, it's a mighty bad thing for a boy when he becomes afraid to go to his father with his troubles, and it's mighty bad for a father when he becomes so busy with other affairs, that he has no time for the affairs of his children.

"I had a friend lament to me once over the fact that his boy was wild and was constantly getting into scrapes. He was absolutely out of control, the father said, and he could do nothing with him. I knew the boy and liked him. He was a clean cut, upstanding chap — the kind that looks you straight in the eye when he talks to you and shakes hands as though he meant it. I did not believe there was anything very wrong about the boy, and said so. Finally, the father asked me if I wouldn't talk to the boy. I said I would.

"'I'll send him to you to-morrow,' he said.

"'No, you won't,' said I. 'You say the boy won't listen to you. Let me handle him in my own way.'

"Well, I saw the boy, and asked him what all the reports I was hearing meant. There wasn't anything serious, anything involving meanness or unmanliness — the trouble was mainly misdirected energy. We talked things over — the boy doing most of the talking — and, well, finally I advised him to make up with his father. I forgot to say he had left home and gone to live with a maternal relative.

"'Not much, Colonel,' said he. 'If I go to the Governor, he'll explode. He explodes every time the least thing not on the schedule happens. It's been that way ever since I was a kid. He's never given me a chance to tell my story — no matter what happens, I'm always wrong, I'm always to blame. It's always been that way.'

"I told him that might be so, that it probably was so, but that he should see his father anyway, and try and reach an understanding. 'You may not agree with me,' I told him, 'but your father's your best friend. You're more to him than all the rest of the world.'

"'You may be right, Colonel,' said the boy, 'but I wish he'd take some other way of showing it.'

"Then I sent for the father. I told him what the boy had said. I told him some things on my own account. He did not like them and came back at me — exploded just as the boy said he did with him. We were old friends and I did not mind that; in fact, as I look back, I rather enjoyed it. At any rate, I let him blow off steam. I knew he'd feel ashamed of himself when he paused for breath. Then I said some things to him.

"'If you talk to your boy the way you've been talking here,' said I, 'I don't wonder he's left home. I marvel that he didn't do it before he came of age, that he didn't run away or get into some scrape he'd never get over. He's got more in him than I thought he had. Now you go and get acquainted with him. Don't think you've got to eat a lot of crow — the boy wouldn't like that. Meet him half way, and let him see you are his friend. Go away for a week's fishing with him — it will do you both good. Why, man, all this trouble you've brought on yourself — you don't appreciate even now that your boy is a man — you've been too busy making money to have paid much attention to him.'

"It was strong medicine and the old fellow did not like it, though he swallowed it. He never referred to the matter again, but the boy did.

"'Colonel,' said he, one day after his father had sort of taken him into partnership, 'you must have talked turkey to the Governor — he hasn't been the same man since.'

"'Young man,' said I, 'all I told him was to get acquainted with you, just as I told you to get acquainted with him. You folks simply did not know one another.'

"That," he concluded, "is the advice I'd give every father of a boy — "get acquainted with him."

More of these Conversations next month

And So It Happened

[*Continued from page 29*]

on the contrary, the utmost admiration for it. We are merely attempting to emphasize the fact that these were Dora's first spoken words and that Meyer immediately was convinced that she was a wonder. He sat down and then immediately arose and, after an apology, whispered in Morris's ear:

"I think you're a darn fool! May I ask them both to come out and have lunch with us?"

Morris laughed.

"Mr. Meyer," he said, "is very bashful. He wants us all to go to some restaurant and have lunch with him. But he did say he had to take the twelve o'clock train for Poughkeepsie."

"There's a train at two o'clock," said Meyer.

No. Meyer did not take the two o'clock train. Nor did he take the four o'clock train. But, while he was not taking any train, Mr. Isenberg was nervously pacing his establishment, from his desk, far in the rear, to the windows that looked out on the street, wondering what was keeping Morris. He had allowed half an hour for his return. At the end of that time he turned to Malinsky, one of his salesmen.

"What do them taxis cost an hour?" he asked.

"About a dollar and a half," replied Malinsky, "when they're waiting. If they keep on going it's maybe six or seven or eight dollars an hour."

Isenberg groaned.

"I hope they're waiting," he said.

By two o'clock he was biting his nails. "I hope they broke down. I hope it exploded. Oy! Oy! All this time I'm waiting and paying for it!"

When his employer's back was turned Malinsky grinned.

"Look-a here!" cried Isenberg, "You heard me tell him to pay off the taxi at the depot and come back by street car, didn't you?"

Malinsky scratched his head. "I ain't sure," he said. "Didn't you tell him to ride back in the taxi?"

"No! No! No!" cried Isenberg. "I said it plain as day. Only up in the taxi and down in the street car. Oy! Oy! Three hours he's gone already! If he gets arrested for speeding, does he got to pay the chauffeur just the same?"

"Oh, sure," said Malinsky. "That's the law."

The agony of a penurious soul over the expenditure of money is a degree of suffering which the normal mind finds it hard to grasp. Dante, in his trip through the infernal regions, had a bully good time compared with what Isenberg went through while he waited for Morris to return. But all things come to an end — even life, love and governments — and Morris finally came back. It was a quarter to six. Isenberg was lying on a couch in his private office, his forehead damp with perspiration. He looked at Morris as he entered and then shut his eyes.

"Mr. Meyer kept me a long time," said Morris. "He took the six o'clock train."

"How much?" asked Isenberg in a hoarse whisper.

"The taxicab?" asked Morris. "Oh, somewhere between twenty-three and twenty-four dollars. I just gave him your twenty and Mr. Meyer paid the rest. I beg your pardon, Mr. Isenberg, what did you say?"

"I said," repeated Isenberg in a low voice that was tense with suppressed emotion, "that you're fired, bounced, discharged! Get out, and don't come back!"

Morris shrugged his shoulders and left the place. As he went down the stairs he whistled cheerfully. It was still raining, the sky was grayer and heavier than ever and the air was dense with gloom; but Morris's philosophy raised him to ethereal heights far beyond the influence of inclement weather. Such philosophy is really worth possessing.

Three days later Elsie Braun answered the door-bell and beheld Mr. Aaron Meyer with a huge bouquet of flowers in his hand.

"Hello, little one!" he exclaimed. "How's Dora?"

"I beg your pardon," said Elsie, drawing herself to her full height, "but I am just as tall as Dora. And I think you are very gawky to ask how my sister is before you've asked how I am. I am very well, thank you."

"If you get so sarcastic," said Meyer, laughing, "I'm not going to let you kiss me when I get married. How's Morris?"

"Oh, haven't you heard?" cried Elsie, eagerly. "Poor Morris! That old miser discharged him and Morris went to work in a glass-bottle factory. His uncle is away and doesn't know anything about it."

"A glass-bottle factory?" asked Meyer, frowning. "Where is it? I want to see him."

"If you'll stay here until six o'clock," said Elsie, demurely, "you are very likely to meet him. He stops in on his way home every evening."

"I'll wait," said Meyer. "And now you be a sweet little child and tell Dora I'm here."

Meyer waited and saw Morris and they talked and they laughed and they whispered to each other and laughed a great deal more.

The following morning Morris entered the cloak establishment of Mr. Isenberg. Under the amazed stare of a dozen wondering eyes he hung his hat upon the peg where he had formerly hung it, lit a cigarette and leaned against one of the counters piled with the latest product of the factory. Isenberg, sensing that something unusual was happening, came out of his private office, looked around the big room over the top of his glasses and then slowly approached Morris.

"What d'ye want?" he asked.

"Nothing," said Morris, smiling. "I just thought you might want me to sell goods for you."

And before Isenberg's countenance had an opportunity to record the slightest change of emotion the door opened and Aaron Meyer came bustling in with a loud and cheery greeting for all.

"Hello, there, Isenberg!" he cried. "Maybe you'll get a good order to-day. Where's Morris? Oh, there he is! Come on, now, Morris, and see if you can sell me a big bill of cloaks. We need them."

"I'll show you our stock myself," said Isenberg, with a mechanical grin.

"Not on your life!" said Meyer. "Morris knows just what I want — we talked it all over the other day — and he's the boy for me. Why, if it weren't for Morris, I would have gone to the Rosenthal Cloak Company. Their prices are lower than yours, anyway."

Isenberg's countenance seemed to take on a pale greenish hue. He turned to Morris.

"Well," he cried, "what are you standing there for? Show him the goods."

An hour later Morris entered Isenberg's private office and showed him a list of goods that Meyer had selected which made the old man's eyes sparkle greedily.

"This," said Morris in a tone of voice that his employer had never heard him use before, "is what I am thinking of selling to Mr. Meyer."

Isenberg stared at him in silence.

"Also," continued Morris, "I'm thinking seriously of not selling him anything."

Beads of perspiration appeared upon Isenberg's forehead. He did not know what was coming but he felt sure that it was going to hurt.

"You see," Morris explained, "Mr. Meyer was telling me that a good salesman ought to get at least twenty dollars a week, and he thinks I'm a fine salesman. The Rosenthal Cloak Company pays all its salesmen over thirty dollars a week. But I'd rather stay with you for twenty. I like you. I like your generous spirit. Do I get the twenty?"

And just then Meyer entered the room with a broad grin on his face.

"Don't forget about the letter, Morris," he said.

"Oh, yes," exclaimed Morris. "I forgot all about it. You see, Mr. Isenberg, my friend, Mr. Meyer, thinks it would be a fine thing if you wrote a letter to my uncle telling him you were giving me such a fine raise and saying what a good business man I am. I'll write the letter myself and you can sign it."

Mr. Isenberg was a miser, but not a fool. He knew that any of his rivals would gladly pay Morris twenty dollars a week if he brought with him Meyer's trade. So, with a sigh that racked his very soul, he yielded.

On reaching home a few days later Morris found that his uncle had returned.

"My boy," exclaimed Konetsky, "I'm proud of you. I got a letter from Isenberg telling me you're making good and you got a raise. I'm going to frame the letter. And what I said about the allowance starts in to-day."

"In that case," said Morris, "Elsie and I can get married very soon."

"Elsie?" asked his uncle, astonished. "I thought her name was—let me see—oh, yes! Dora."

"No. It's Elsie," said Morris, calmly, flecking some dust from his shoe. "One gets mixed up on names so easily."

Taxis of the Air

— *Continued from page 27*

I dined with Major E. W. Schroeder, U. S. A., the other night. In my pity for your condition I will step down from my pedestal of newly acquired knowledge to state that Major Schroeder broke the world's altitude record for an airplane on September 18th last, at Wilbur Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio, by rising to the height of 28,900 feet. I asked Major Schroeder why he got no higher; did his plane refuse to climb in the rarefied atmosphere of five and a half miles *up?*"

"Oh, no," he remarked, casually. "I just ran out of gasoline at that point."

"Up — up *there?*" I inquired, and he nodded.

"Then what?" I went on.

"I had to come down," he answered. "That's all. Just came down. Glided, you know. Took me twenty minutes. Terribly quiet at that height. Passed through three banks of clouds. Had a funny impression. Sounds foolish, now, of course, but it took so long that I began to be afraid — actually — that I had somehow *missed the earth*, and slid off into space. A little later I landed near Canton, Ohio."

There you are! The man ran out of gas at nearly six miles up and — just came down. And in my own simple, Chinese way I went up in a big Handley-Page machine with seven others, and both motors stopped at a height of fifteen hundred feet or so, and we came down, too. It was a wet day, and we landed in a swampy meadow, so the machine didn't come out of it well, but no one barked as much as a knuckle.

During the first two weeks of March of this year was held the first Aeronautical Exposition in New York at Madison Square Garden, and all the city and most of the contiguous territory flocked to it to see the commonplaces — as they will be this time next year — of air travel. The airplane was shown to be a real commercial factor there, and at the recommendation of the Exposition authorities the navy assigned a flying boat with a competent pilot to Major Helen Bastedo, the founder and commander of the highly efficient Woman's Motor Corps of America, and without preparation of any kind she brought a wounded man on a stretcher from Rockaway, Long Island, to the Hudson River at Ninety-sixth Street in New York, whence he was rushed to St. Luke's Hospital, all in forty-two minutes, the actual airplane journey being sixteen minutes. If the plane is safe enough for wounded men, it ought to be safe enough for you!

These are incidents only, perhaps mere straws, but day by day the public is becoming more accustomed to the airplane, and when the fear of the air gives way, flying will be as normal as motoring.

I mentioned a limousine flying boat a moment ago. A dainty trifle this, but it is solid

Sanford Bennett at 50

Sanford Bennett at 72

An Old Man at Fifty A Young Man at Seventy

The Remarkable Story of Sanford Bennett, a Former San Francisco Business Man, Who Has Solved the Problem of Prolonging Youth

By V. O. SCHWAB

There is no longer any occasion to go hunting for the Spring of Eternal Youth. What Ponce de Leon failed to discover in his world-famous mission, ages ago, has been brought to light right here in staid, prosaic America by Sanford Bennett, a former San Francisco business man. He proved it, too, right in his own person. At 50 he was partially bald. At 70 he had a thick head of hair, although it was white. At 50 his eyes were weak. At 70 they were as strong as when he was a child. At 50, he was a worn-out, broken-down, decrepit old man. At 70 he was in perfect health, a good deal of an athlete, and as young as the average man of 35.

All this he has accomplished by some very simple and gentle exercises which he practiced for about ten minutes before arising in the morning. Yes, many of the exercises are taken in bed, peculiar as this may seem. As Mr. Bennett explains, his case was not one of preserving health, but one of rejuvenating a weak, middle-aged body into a robust old one, and he says what he has accomplished anyone can accomplish by the application of the same methods, and so it would seem. All of which puts the Dr. Osler theory to shame. There isn't room in this article to go into a lengthy description of Mr. Bennett's methods for the restoration of youth and the prevention of old age. All this he tells himself in a book which he has written, entitled "Old-Age—Its Cause and Prevention." This book is a complete history of himself and his experiences, and contains complete instructions for those who wish to put his health and youth-building methods to their own use. It is a book that every man and woman who is desirous of remaining young after passing the fiftieth, sixtieth, seventieth, and as Mr. Bennett believes, the one hundredth mile-stone of life, should read.

PARTIAL CONTENTS

Some idea of the field covered by the author may be gained by the following topics: **Old Age—Its Cause; How to Prevent It, The Will in Exercising: Exercising in Bed—shown by fifteen pages of illustrations. Sun, Fresh Air and Deep Breathing for Lung Development; The Secret of Good Digestion; Dyspepsia; How I Strengthened My Eyes; The Liver; Internal Cleanliness—how it removes and prevents constipation and its many attendant ills; external cleanliness; Rheumatism; Varicose Veins in the Legs; The Hair; The Obese Abdomen; The Rejuvenation of the Face, Throat and Neck; The Skin, and many other experience chapters of vital interest.**

DON'T SEND ANY MONEY

"Old Age—Its Cause and Prevention," with its 400 pages profusely illustrated and handsomely bound in cloth, contains as much material as many Courses of Instruction selling for $25 or more. But you can secure a copy of this book for only $3. Before committing yourself in any way, however, the publishers will send you "Old Age—Its Cause and Prevention" on approval without deposit. Sanford Bennett's system as fully described and illustrated in his book, increases nerve force and nerve energy, benefiting every organ of the body—the brain included—by keeping the vertebrae of the spinal column young, flexible, elastic, and in perfect alignment. If, after examination in your own home, you feel you can afford to be without youth and health, send the book back within five days and you will owe nothing. If you decide to keep it, send your check for $3. There are no strings to this offer. No money is required in advance. Merely fill out and mail the coupon and by return post "Old Age—Its Cause and Prevention" will be sent to you at once.

MAIL COUPON

For having solved the problem of prolonging youth during life, the world owes Sanford Bennett a vote of thanks. Of course, there are those who will scoff at the idea, but the real wise men and women among those who hear of Sanford Bennett, will most certainly investigate further and at least acquire a knowledge of his methods. This the publishers will allow you to do without cost or obligation, through their "send no money" offer. But it is advisable to mail the coupon today, because this unusual no-risk offer is subject to withdrawal without notice. Address DODD PUBLISHING COMPANY, 601 Broad St., Suite 1034, Newark, N. J.

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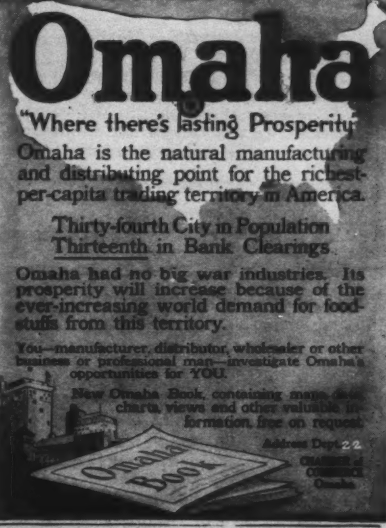

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Here He Is— The American Doughboy

Mrs. Helen Davenport Gibbons, with her husband and four children, occupied a little château near St. Nazaire in the summer of 1918. She believed in treating American doughboys from nearby camps quite special. The little château became a sort of home to many of them; it was always open to any of them. Mrs. Gibbons in a simple, easy, entirely delightful human way has achieved the task of getting the American doughboy on paper, in a book—what he thinks of France, what he feels about the war, what France thinks about him, etc., etc. She calls it "A Little Gray Home in France." It is a book of the heart that will touch the emotions of readers and fill them with the impulse to tell others about it. The verdict of the professional readers in the office in the publishers was enthusiastic and unanimous.

"A Little Gray Home in France" is published by The Century Co., New York City. It is sold at all bookstores for $1.50.

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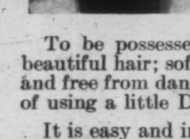

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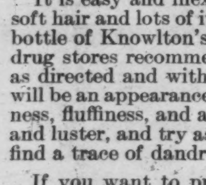

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and substantial and can whir down the air lanes at 125 miles an hour, and you'll never feel a jar. Look inside and you'll find comfortable upholstery, the usual motor flower vase, the clock. The pilot sits forward, in a separate cockpit, leaving ample room for two in the body of the machine.

One American company has developed a sedan type of plane that is an outcome of the De Haviland 4 machine. Within it looks like a comfortable motor car and seats three nicely. The whole thing is enclosed, pilot's seat and all, and there is no more need for heavy, fleece-lined aviation garments, helmet and goggles than there is in your own sedan or limousine. In fact the airplane is getting down to the luxurious and sane normal. Come to think of it, when do you ever see a motorist in the leather suit, cap, and gauntlets of ten years ago? To-day a man goes off on a fifty-mile jaunt in his car attired in white flannels, straw hat, and chamois gloves, if he cares to; milady dresses for the motor as she does for a lawn party plus one dustcoat — which won't be necessary in the air, by the way. Take a look at the great English aero-bus that makes the run from London to Paris and back carrying its twenty-five passengers, and note the comfortable cabin-like fuselage in which they sit.

And when it comes to romance there is a light machine called the Honeymoon Express. It, too, has an enclosed space with handsome upholstery and the usual appurtenances. In it the bridal couple may leave the suburban residence and travel anywhere they please. These are not possibilities I have mentioned; they are facts, and the machines are on the market.

JUST here I'd like to nail a fantasy. You are not going to telephone the garage for Maurice to bring the plane *quite* as you do for him to bring the car to-day. You won't leave from your own roof just yet, but to-day — to-morrow, if you wish, you can have a comfortable plane at your suburban residence, and you can travel to New York — or close to it, to Chicago, or any other city as regularly as clockwork; but the roof landing place must wait just a little, though block landing stages will appear within five years.

A little bit ago I mentioned a light express service between New York and Chicago. Why *light express*, first; why not passengers first? you ask. Quite simple. The great god Economy forces the issue and crowds Convenience, his lesser brother in the Elysian category, out of the picture. It happens thus: To-day the transfer of securities between the two great cities requires 48 hours. Let that fact sink in. Then listen to this:

A syndicate of financiers approached a well-known airplane manufacturer of Cleveland, Ohio, and in the short, terse terms in which all bankers are popularly supposed to speak, said to him:

"Can you furnish airplane equipment that will maintain an express service between here and Chicago (here being New York at the Garden aforesaid) at least two hundred and forty days out of the year, and make the run under twenty hours?"

"I can," returned Martin. "Why? What's the idea?"

Attune your ear to a monetary chuckle as the banking syndicate replies:

"If we can save a day in the transfer of securities we can save a day's interest. If the service costs us less than three thousand dollars a day we can save money that will make it worth while."

When a part of the Tank Corps of the A. E. F. returned from France a few weeks ago, with it came Lieutenant Wesley A. Hill, of Phœnix, Arizona. He had watched the flying on the Western Front, and he says that for many days he figured on the possibilities of commercial passenger service. He knew that England had started her commercial development program two years ago, for she had the vision, and now her commerce plane routes are mapped from London to Everywhere. Her aerial machine is a going concern. When Hill landed in the United States he dashed out to the Pacific Coast, displayed his figures, talked his plans, and, by the grace of certain devotees of Mammon who were men of substance, was able to return to the East and give his order for four machines of the light-bombing type, adapted for carrying passengers instead of bombs.

"The first of the machines will be delivered June 15, 1919," he told me; "the other three before July 15th. On August 1st I intend to start the four on their flight to the Coast, carrying twelve people in each, only flying by day, and taking about three days for the trip. Then we'll put them in service between San Diego and Los Angeles, and a little later extend the service to Riverside."

The details of the New York-Philadelphia service have been worked out to the last detail — save one, and that is the most difficult of them all, viz.: the landing places. You can travel between the two points now, and make the distance in forty minutes, but you'll have to travel another thirty minutes, at the Philadelphia end from landing field to city, and another forty at the New York end; whereat the economy of time disappears in a smother of disappointment — to-day. But the problem will be solved, and, I believe, right speedily, for I happen to know of a conference that is going to tackle the problem in a few days from this writing. I have an idea that a terminal company will make its appearance for the purpose of erecting landing stages in great cities convenient to centers of population. Just bear in mind that to reap the benefit of speed the planes must land *in* the city, and not *outside* it.

The plan to be adopted finally, I think, will provide for a great deck of steel, two hundred feet in the air, with latticed spaces over the streets to pass sunlight and air, and with elevators to the street levels. The engineering and architectural phases are as simple as erecting a skyscraper. The thing is hardly a problem, save from the realty standpoint, for the hangars for plane shelter can be fifteen miles away where land is cheap.

And then there are the lighter manifestations of air travel. The Forestry Bureau has arranged to use planes for scouting over the national forests on the lookout for fires; two ranchers are using planes for inspection of their herds; the prospector can be grubstaked by a syndicate and do his prospecting through binoculars while the pilot drives him; the fisherman may scout for fish schools a mile in the air from a flying boat, and by wireless telephone report to the fishing fleet. Did I say, may? Nay, the job has been done from a Massachusetts port within the month, though the wireless telephone was absent. Surveying and mapping are now the common work of airmen, and, like every other epochal progression, the plane will create a thousand uses for itself. Why, even the New York Police Department has ordered four planes, and Commissioner Rodman Wanamaker has twenty-two trained aviators in the force.

Of course privacy has gone forever with the development of this travel in the third dimension upward.

To-day we judge cities, towns and even single buildings from the viewpoint of the level, and architects design their structures so, but the increase of air travel will surely force them to take cognizance of the third factor, and harmony of contour and beauty of line and color must be extended to the thing as seen from above, thus forcing human development into new visual channels. Now we gauge effects and determine location from the horizontal, but with transport proceeding aloft the human eye will be forced to adjust itself to ever-changing combinations of the horizontal and the perpendicular, and the bird's-eye view will be no longer a phrase. Study a photograph of Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street taken from the Library steps; then take a snap of the same spot viewed from aloft, and the chances are a thousand to one against your recognition of it. So the following type of colloquy is perhaps but a few months distant:

"SAW Jenkins' new house yesterday at Blinkhurst that Bungs & Bunkins did for him."

"Yes. Rotten job of architecture. Looks fine from Laurel Avenue, but looms like a shell crater or something from above. Pity, because it's right on the Boston route. Those chaps never could do anything with top contours."

But all these are incidentals if the great work is to be neglected by Congress. The plane is but one of the manifestations of air travel. Aerial routes must be mapped, and landing fields provided and marked for identification by day and by night. There must be Federal regulation to guard the interests of the public. There must be standards of construction inspected and tested by the Government; there must again be Federal licensing of air pilots, and a system of aerial navigation devised and standardized. The lanes must be established; for example, it must be determined at what levels the various classes of travel shall proceed. The 5000-foot level may be for fast passenger traffic; the postal routes may lie above; the freight routes a thousand feet above that again, and the private or light flying at the lower levels. Marks for the types and classes of traffic must be provided, and the necessary signals.

To-day there are several branches of aerial activity; there should be but one Department of the Air, and when Congress convenes next December that legislation should be placed early on the legislative calendar, for, while we may have invented the airplane, we are doing less with it than any other first-class nation. Great Britain is two years and more ahead, and her legislation is a fact, where ours is in the making. State control and municipal control spell ruination. If you expect to ride to and from here to there and back again, remember that the plane is waiting fully equipped to fly, but it needs laws for its regulation. It is like a stranger in a great city. Powerful, strong, effective, it lacks a guide. Give it one, and the thing is done. Tennyson's vision in "Locksley Hall" will be accomplished.

Great Guns and Little Railways

— *Continued from page 15*

resting them upon massive steel beams on the road-bed over which they slide back in the recoil.

"We used often to think," this officer said, "what a wonderful thing it would be if we could have a big gun steam up close to the enemy, fire a few half-ton projectiles where they would do the most good, and then steam away again before it could be located by enemy artillery or airplanes."

I may add, as showing the formidableness of these American coast-defense guns, that they weighed from seventeen to ninety tons each, and their projectiles weighed from 200 to 1,200 pounds each. This also was of interest to Germany, which nation was greatly inferior to either France or England in her strength of railway artillery.

But America must hurry — that was the supreme necessity.

Contracts for railway mounts were straightway given to the American Car and Foundry Company, the Baldwin Locomotive Company, the American Bridge Company, the Morgan Engineering Company, the Harrisburg Manufacturing and Boiler Company, the Pullman Company, the Marion Steam Shovel Company, the Kilbourn and Jacobs Company, and several other representative American concerns.

Then note what happened! Here was a piece of terribly complicated engineering work that would have required a year and a half to do in ordinary times, but, because these manufacturers were intelligent and efficient and splendidly patriotic, three of them, dividing the job among them, completed one of these railway mounts for a twelve-inch gun in *eighty-five days.* Eighty-five days to build a massive rolling structure, 105 feet long, resting on thirty-two wheels (an ordinary Pullman car has only twelve wheels) and weighing *three hundred tons,* including the gun. Eighty-five days because Uncle Sam was in a hurry!

And now came another jolt to the optimism of these officers and manufacturers, a very serious jolt, when a cable was received from General Pershing stating that American railway mounts for eight-inch guns and twelve-inch mortars must be constructed to run on narrow-gauge French railways. This rendered the problem almost impossible of solution, for the rails of a narrow-gauge French track are only two feet apart, whereas the rails on a standard-gauge track are 4 feet, eight inches apart. The best engineers in the country threw up their hands. They said that to mount a railway car weighing 180,000 pounds (with its gun load) on trucks whose gauge was twenty-four inches was like trying to transport a grand piano on a pair of roller skates.

To which the reply was made that General Pershing's instructions were perfectly clear. His instructions were that these guns and mortars must run on narrow-gauge French railways, and *that very thing was going to happen!*

It did happen! One of our army officers told me of a certain distinguished expert who had insisted that this transportation feat would never be accomplished, although a sign in his office reads, "The man who says a thing cannot be done is interrupted by some one else doing it." By a happy coincidence this same expert witnessed the first test of the narrow-gauge artillery equipment designed by the Army. It was demonstrated at the Aberdeen Proving Ground that our railway artillery, guns and mortars, could now travel over the narrow-gauge French railroads at twelve or fifteen miles an hour, without danger of derailing. An astonishing thing, in view of the fact that these narrow-gauge railways are built without solid road-beds or proper grading — often scarcely more than tracks rapidly thrown across fields for war emergencies.

This apparently impossible thing was accomplished — thanks to Yankee ingenuity — by the use of exchange trucks with twelve wheels instead of six wheels, to spread the weight; also by a device which made it possible to lower the center of gravity by sliding the guns off their mounts on to flat cars while in transit, after which the guns could be quickly slid back into place.

It is not necessary to go further into details of this remarkable achievement; the main point being that it was now possible to do something that had not been possible during the first four years of the War; that is, to shift big guns and mortars from the standard-gauge railroads of France and run them at good speed over the network of narrow-gauge tracks that cover the whole region directly behind the battle line. Neither France nor England had ever tried to do this with their railway artillery, and Germany had never tried to do it; but now America had done it. From now on — that is, from the middle of 1919, when the United States would have reached the peak of her war production — it would be an easy thing for American big guns and mortars, hauled by locomotives, to advance to battlefield vantage points never before attainable.

As showing what amazing accuracy of fire is possible with these big guns on railway mounts, I will repeat a story told me recently by an American Colonel of Coast Artillery who had oversight of our railway artillery activities in France, fighting for months in the Argonne-Meuse sector. There is little that he does not know about the uses and battlefield possibilities of railway artillery.

"I don't mean to offer this as an ordinary occurrence," he said smiling, "but I give you my word it really took place — within a thousand yards of Verdun. Such a thing never happened before and will probably never happen again; but it happened this time. There were many witnesses.

"In the night we had brought up a twelve-inch gun on a railway mount and, for hours, beginning at dawn, a young American artilleryman had been pounding away with half-ton projectiles at the German supply line, miles back of the German army.

"The Germans sent out bombing airplanes to put our big cannon out of business, if they could. One of their airmen had been circling over our lines all the morning, sometimes drawing dangerously near to the camouflaged gun. Once or twice he passed just in front of its line of fire.

"'The next time that bird flies across my line I'm going to take a pot shot at him,' said the American — joking, of course, for you might as well try to hit a mosquito with a revolver as to try to bring down an airplane with a twelve-inch cannon.

"However, luck was with this young fellow, for presently the bomber sailed across his line of fire again, just above it, so the boy had to elevate his gun a little, then — bang! — a thousand pounds of American steel started straight after that Boche.

"It wasn't a direct hit, but the projectile passed so close to the flyer that the violent air currents created sent the airplane whirling out of all control, and, a few seconds later, the doomed machine, with observer and pilot, crashed down to earth within our lines."

The Colonel also mentioned an incident that occurred on the last day before the Armistice, which indicated the approaching fulfilment of our American dream of railway artillery efficiency. This happened in the region near Metz.

"The Germans had a dangerous concentration of field artillery at this point which just out-ranged our artillery," he explained. "One of our officers had complained about this, and I told him I thought I could fix the thing for him. I knew we had received an American-made piece of eight-inch artillery that could carry out the idea of steaming up and firing and steaming away, with practically no loss of time in getting ready. So at 2 A. M. I ordered this gun to go forward drawn by a locomotive, and away it went chug-chugging up the line to the Front. Presently it stopped and almost immediately began firing 200-pound projectiles at that troublesome enemy artillery nest; and within fifteen minutes the German field pieces were silenced by the plunging fire of this superior weapon, and half an hour later our eight-inch friend came chug-chugging back to us, its excellent work accomplished."

I asked the Colonel if he had observed the effects of long-distance projectiles fired by our railway artillery upon the Germans.

"I should say I did," he answered. "I saw the effects of an American bombardment with railway artillery, twenty miles distant, upon a German railway center at Conflans. Here the great yards and the roundhouse were hit twenty-seven times by our big projectiles and every track in the whole region was torn to pieces. Not bad shooting from twenty miles, was it? These projectiles, when they burst, after their plunging descent, excavated huge craters 100 or 150 feet across and 30 feet deep. I never saw any destruction to compare with it. When the bombardment began these railway yards were full of German soldiers, and the havoc among them was terrible. To show the force of these explosions, I saw a steel rail, only eight feet long, that had been literally curled up into a bow-knot and thrown five hundred feet on to the top of a building!"

"Could you tell me something about our plans for a railway artillery attack upon Metz?" I asked.

The Colonel vividly described such an attack, which was actually impending, the military plans having been perfected. There would have been no attempt to take the fortress of Metz by direct assault — that was out of the question; but the fortress would have been enveloped and cut off by two armies, French and American, attacking on either side, while an immense concentration of American railway guns and mortars, with their out-ranging fire, neutralized the German forts. Before the Armistice, our huge fourteen-inch guns on their railway mounts had begun to arrive in France and were ready to be assigned to their targets.

What a sight that would have been, this attack upon Metz! Far back of the battle lines, perhaps a hundred miles back, massed between the Meuse River and the Argonne Forest, is a concentration park for all forms of railway artillery at the disposal of the Allies and the Americans. These great guns on their mounts are camouflaged not only by painted irregularities, but by overspread nets and by green burlap.

The attacking trains, thus camouflaged, start in the night, one by one, from this concentration park. Each great gun requires an entire train for itself—some twenty cars, resembling an enormous hoisting and wrecking outfit. First come four steam locomotives belching out black smoke, but, after fifty miles, for secrecy, these are replaced by two powerful American gas-electric locomotives which give out no smoke. Behind these, on its 100-foot truck and its thirty-two wheels, comes the 90-ton cannon pointed slantingly against the German heavens like a huge finger of doom. Then three ammunition cars loaded with 1,000-pound or 1,200-pound projectiles and elaborate hoisting equipment. Then a fire control car with all manner of sighting apparatus. Then various repair cars, rolling tool-shops with complicated accessories, and a car for various spare parts, and four flat cars for all manner of supplies, and several other cars to accommodate the seventy-five or eighty officers, men and crew who are needed for the operation of this single gun.

As soon as one of these gun-trains reaches the point from which it is to attack, say, twenty-five miles from Metz, the railway mount is run on a length of specially prepared curved track, the *epis*, about 100 yards long, the purpose of this being to give the gun a traverse movement so that it can be aimed to right or left, as is necessary. It is evident that by running the gun forward a few feet or inches, or back a few feet or inches on this curved track, the direction of fire can be changed, more or less. As a matter of fact, this length of curved track gives a sufficient traverse to permit one of these great guns to sweep a ten-mile front at a distance of twenty-eight miles.

Soon after daybreak the attack begins, perhaps a score of gun-trains concentrating their fire upon a single target from different points, miles apart, the operation of each gun-train being directed by a separate battery commander.

"You can see what the combined effect of such an attack upon Metz would have been," continued the Colonel. "One accurately aimed shot from a twelve-inch or a fourteen-inch gun — it takes 450 pounds of powder merely to propel one of these projectiles — would utterly wreck the Grand Central Terminal or put the New York subway system out of business. What must have happened to Metz, under such bombardment, is perfectly evident — any such enemy target would be utterly annihilated."

I asked the Colonel about American plans for spectacular long-distance shooting, like the German bombardment of Paris.

"We had plans fully worked out," he replied, "for an American gun that would throw a shell weighing 450 pounds with seventy pounds of high explosives, over five States — from Aberdeen, Maryland, to New York City, a distance of 125 miles. It is a simple matter to build such a gun if any one wishes to pay for it. The gun would be about two hundred feet long and would weigh three hundred tons; also its caliber would be relatively small, say ten inches. The projectile, at the highest point of its flight, would rise forty-five miles above the earth.

"All this has spectacular interest, but no military value, and our plans were abandoned. A single bombing air-plane, costing $30,000, will do far more damage by dropping high explosives directly on a target than such a gun, costing two and a half millions, can do from a great distance. The accuracy of a bombing airplane is far greater than that of a long-distance gun, which can only hit some vast mark like a city. However, it is worth mentioning that our fully planned long-distance gun outdoes the German achievement by a range of at least fifty miles."

I may conclude this article, as I began it, with another instance of American heroism — the story of Joseph E. McKinney, a New York boy, a young clerk just out of high school, the pride of his father, Charles E. McKinney, a New York police captain.

When Joe went off to the War, his father said to him: "I want you to do your duty over there just as I have always tried to do my duty here, on the force; but I don't want you to do more than your duty — understand?"

The Captain knew what kind of boy Joe was — full of dash and pep, the very one to throw himself into unnecessary danger. So he warned him; but it was all in vain.

Joe fought with the Rainbow Division in the glorious hell at Château-Theirry, and there came a day when his regiment was cut off, threatened with annihilation. He saw two runners, carrying desperate appeals for help, start off through the enemy's barrage; and he saw them fall, first one, then the other, before they had gone a hundred yards. It was not Joe McKinney's business to rush out into that slaughter and snatch the message from his fallen comrade and carry it himself; but that is what he did. He had no orders to do this, but he did it. He plunged into the barrage, and got through somehow. He leaped into the Ourcq River with water spouting all about him from machine-gun bullets, and somehow he swam across. He was shot in the leg, but almost dead from fatigue, he stumbled on; *and he saved his regiment!*

Joe McKinney certainly went beyond his duty, just as his father thought he would; but they all loved him in the French hospital where he was taken with his wound, and they tried hard to save him. One of his pals gave his blood for transfusion, in a last desperate effort; but it was in vain. Joe died.

And when the boys came home and marched up Fifth Avenue (March 25) in the great welcome parade, Joe's father asked for a detail at headquarters, because he could not bear to see them — with Joe missing; but he got Captain Peggy Brunner, one of the Woman's Motor Corps Police Reserves, the prettiest girl in New York, "the soldiers' friend," to get out her motor car and drive the lad, who tried to save Joe, up the roaring line. And Peggy did it. And hundreds of thousands cheered their heads off as they saw those two sweep along with the veterans of Château-Thierry and the Argonne Woods. And some knew about Joe, the New York clerk who had no medal (but he will have), the New York high school boy who went beyond his duty, and made his father the proudest policeman in the world because the Captain knows that he did the finest thing any American can do — he gave the best he had to his country.

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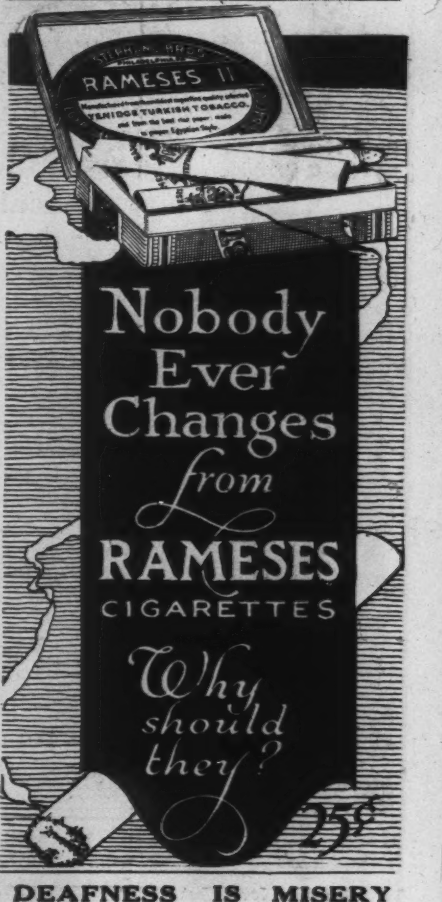

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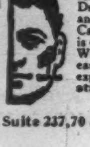

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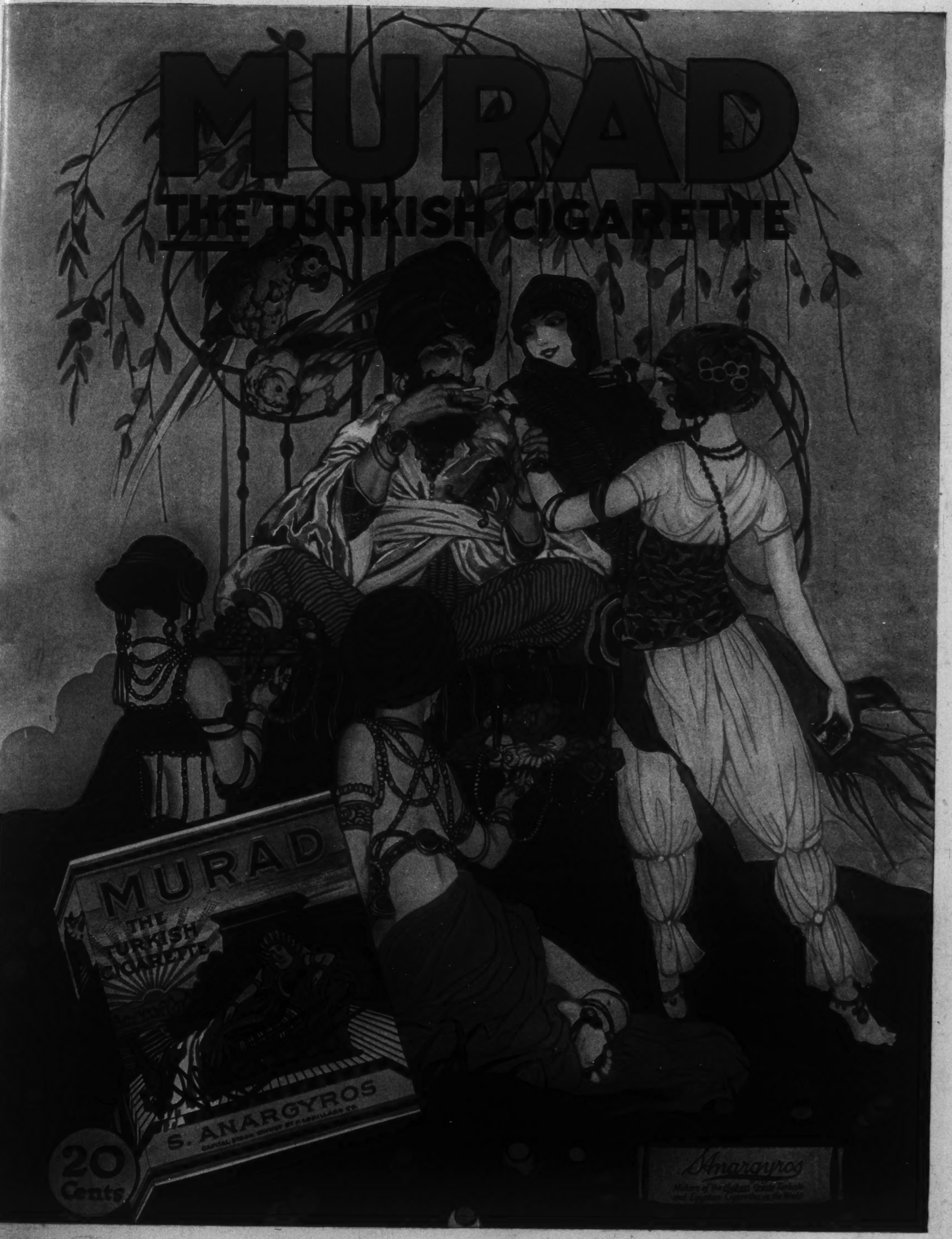
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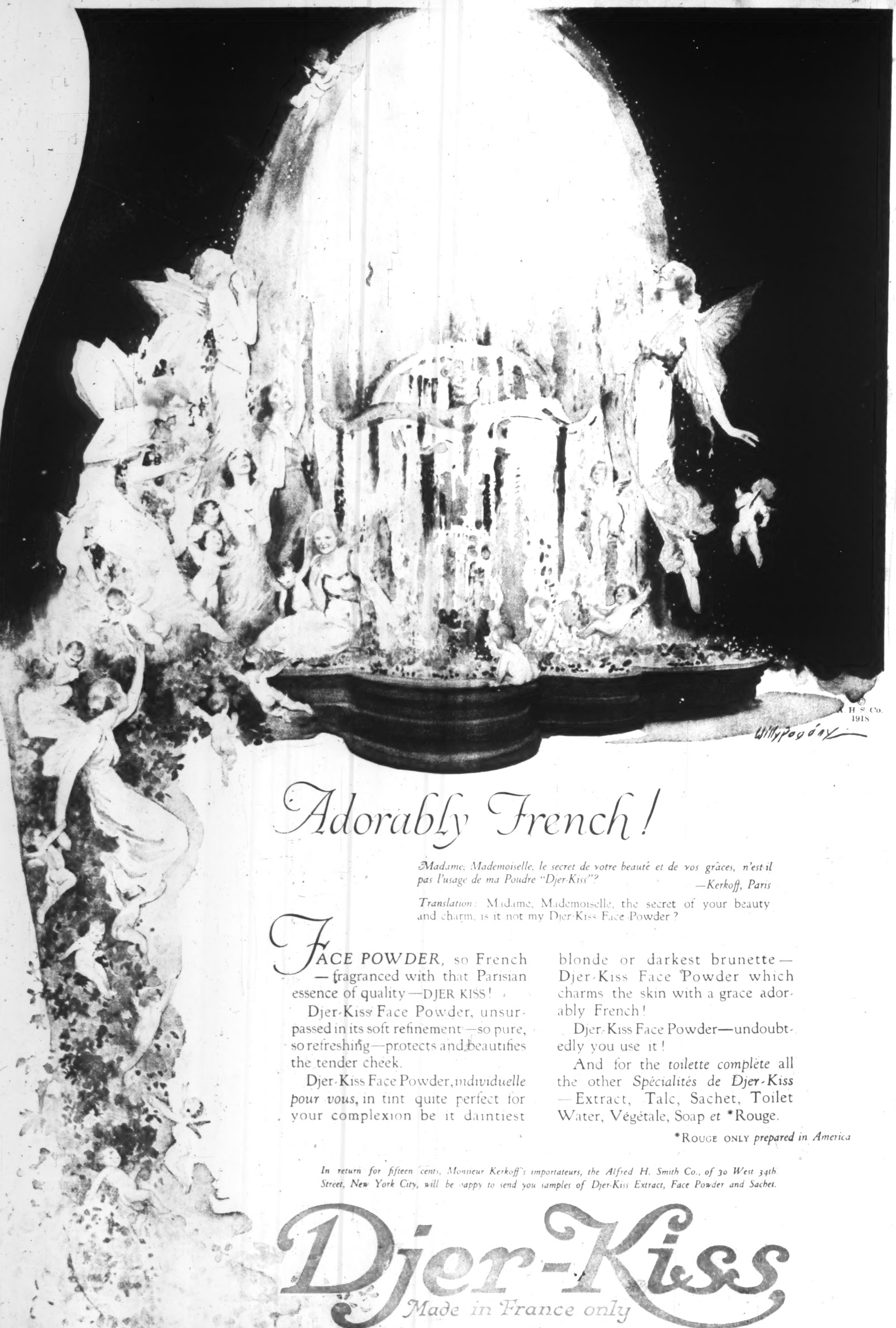

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